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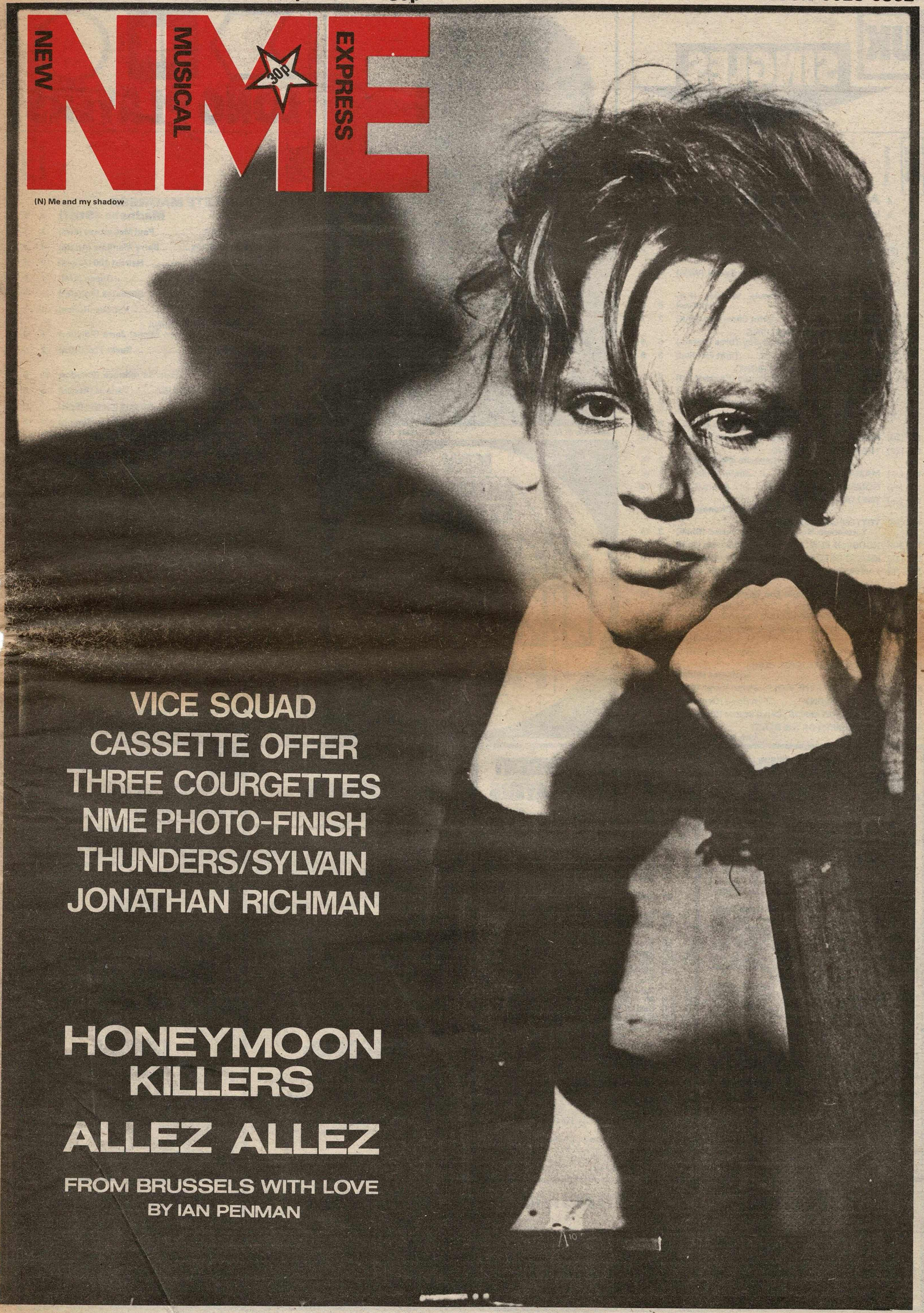
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

30p

(N) Me and my shadow



VICE SQUAD
CASSETTE OFFER
THREE COURGETTES
NME PHOTO-FINISH
THUNDERS/SYLVAIN
JONATHAN RICHMAN

HONEYMOON KILLERS

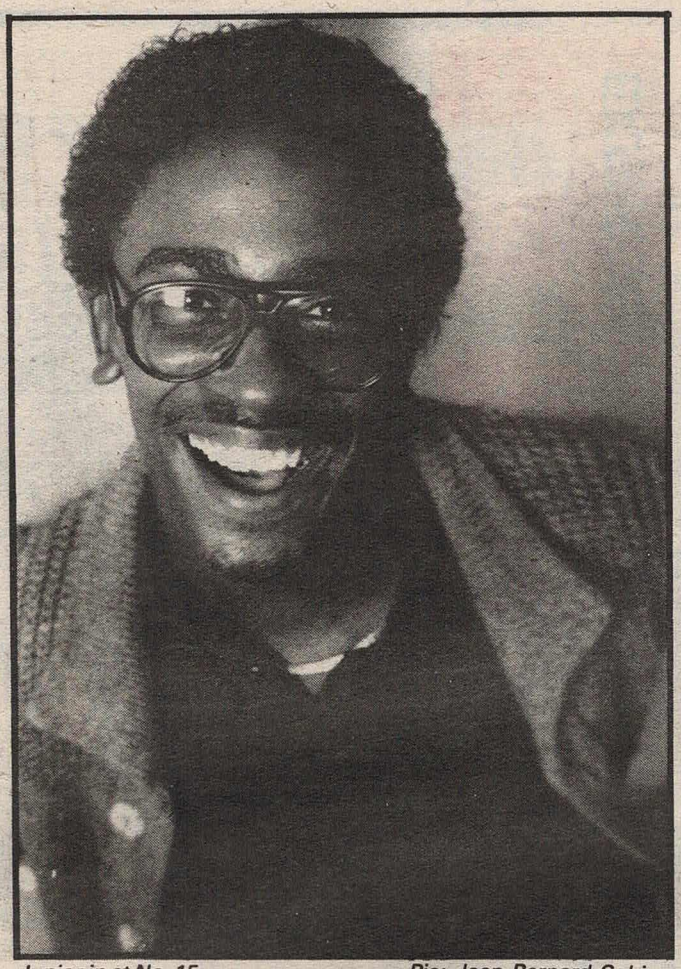
ALLEZ ALLEZ

FROM BRUSSELS WITH LOVE
BY IAN PENMAN

Veronique of The Honeymoon Killers sitting in the shadow of love/Photo by Anton Corbijn

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
	4	**A LITTLE PEACE . Nicole (CBS)**	3	1
2	5	**I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL** Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)	4	2
3	1	**I WON'T LET YOU DOWN**.....Phd (WEA)	4	1
4	(9)	**ONLY YOU**.....Yazoo (Mute)	2	4
5	6	**WE HAVE A DREAM** Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)	4	5
6	3	**EBONY AND IVORY** Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)	6	1
7	15	**GIRL CRAZY**.....Hot Chocolate (RAK)	3	7
8	7	**REALLY SAYING SOMETHING** Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)	6	6
9	27	**FANTASY ISLAND**.....Tight Fit (Jive)	3	9
10	2	**THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)** The England World Cup Squad (England ER)	6	2
11	18	**INSTINCTION** Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrystalis)	3	11
12	19	**PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE** Simple Minds (Virgin)	4	12
13	(20)	**FORGET ME NOT**.....Patrice Rushen (Electra)	2	13
14	(22)	**THE MEANING OF LOVE** Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	14
15	(—)	**MAMA USED TO SAY**.....Junior (Mercury)	1	15
16	(—)	**GOODY TWO SHOES**.....Adam (CBS)	1	16
17	(—)	**THE LOOK OF LOVE** ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	1	17
18	(26)	**TOTTENHAM TOTTENHAM** Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Squad (Shelf)	3	18
19	(—)	**HOUSE OF FUN**.....Madness (Stiff)	1	19
20	(23)	**ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**...Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	20
21	13	**FANTASTIC DAY**.....Haircut 100 (Arista)	6	9
22	16	**SHOUT! SHOUT!** Rocky Sharpe & The Replays (Chiswick)	3	16
23	11	**EVER SO LONELY** Monsoon (Mobile Suit Corp/Phonogram)	5	11
24	8	**PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG** Pigbag (Y)	7	3
25	(—)	**CLUB COUNTRY**.....Associates (Associates)	1	25
26	12	**I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD** Shalamar (Solar)	5	8
27	(—)	**HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF**...Duran Duran (EMI)	1	27
28	(—)	**THE TELEPHONE**.....Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	1	28
29	(—)	**SUSPICIOUS MINDS** . Candi Staton (Sugarhill)	1	29
30	(—)	**THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST** Iron Maiden (EMI)	1	30



Junior in at No. 15 *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week		Weeks in	Highest
1	3	**COMPLETE MADNESS** Madness (Stiff)	4	1
2	1	**TUG OF WAR**.....Paul McCartney (EMI)	3	1
3	2	**LIVE IN BRITAIN**.....Barry Manilow (Arista)	4	1
4	5	**PELICAN WEST**.....Haircut 100 (Arista)	12	1
5	(—)	**HOT SPACE**.....Queen (EMI)	1	5
6	(—)	**NIGHT BIRDS**.....Shakatak (Polydor)	1	6
7	(—)	**CHARTBUSTERS 82**.....Various (Ronco)	1	7
8	(—)	**THE CONCERTS IN CHINA** Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	1	8
9	(9)	**ARE YOU READY**.....Bucks Fizz (RCA)	2	9
10	7	**CHARIOTS OF FIRE** Various/Soundtrack (Polydor)	20	6
11	6	**DISCO UK & DISCO USA**.....Various (Ronco)	3	6
12	(—)	**PINKY BLUE**.....Altered Images (Epic)	1	12
13	(—)	**PORNOGRAPHY**.....The Cure (Fiction)	1	13
14	(—)	**SWEETS FROM A STRANGER** Squeeze (A&M)	1	14
15	10	**THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST** Iron Maiden (EMI)	6	1
16	8	**LOVE SONGS**.....Barbra Streisand (CBS)	18	1
17	4	**1982**.....Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	3
18	(11)	**DIAMOND**.....Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	7	10
19	13	**BAT OUT OF HELL**.....Meatloaf (Epic)	29	9
20	(—)	**I LOVE ROCK 'N' ROLL** Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)	1	20
21	12	**SHAPE UP AND DANCE VOL 2** Angela Rippon (Lifestyle)	3	12
22	15	**STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES** Rainbow (Polydor)	4	5
23	(—)	**COMBAT ROCK**.....The Clash (FMLN)	1	23
24	20	**PEARLS**.....Elkie Brooks (A&M)	25	3
25	18	**ALL FOR A SONG**.....Barbara Dickson (Epic)	15	3
26	(—)	**STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART** Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	1	26
27	19	**TIN DRUM**.....Japan (Virgin)	19	5
28	14	**JUMP UP**.....Elton John (Rocket)	5	9
29	21	**FUN BOY THREE**.....Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	7	6
30	29	**MUSN'T GRUMBLE**.....Chas & Dave (Rockney)	3	16

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(2)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
2	(5)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
3	(6)	**Attack/Alternatives**	Exploited (Exploited)
4	(1)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
5	(3)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(—)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
7	(4)	**Look Now**	The Fall (Kamera)
8	(7)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
9	(16)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
10	(18)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
11	(26)	**Love Is All — Is Alright**	UB40 (Dep Int)
12	(21)	**East To West**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
13	(14)	**Big City Peroxide**	Subhuman (Spider Leg)
14	(9)	**The Winner**	Infa Riot (Secret)
15	(8)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
16	(17)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
17	(—)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
18	(12)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
19	(13)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
20	(24)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap 3)
21	(10)	**Gangland**	Violators (No Future)
22	(22)	**Lest We Forget**	Blitzkreig (No Future)
23	(28)	**Police State**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
24	(25)	**War Across The Nation**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
25	(23)	**Long Live The Past (EP)**	The Pack (Cyclops)
26	(15)	**Smash The Discos**	The Business (Secret)
27	(11)	**I Hate People**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
28	(19)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
29	(—)	**Pagan Love Song**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
30	(—)	**Storm**	Carmel (Red Flame)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(13)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
3	(2)	**4th Draw Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
4	(6)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
5	(—)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
6	(5)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
7	(4)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
8	(9)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
9	(8)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
10	(10)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
11	(3)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
12	(11)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
13	(12)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
14	(14)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
15	(7)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
16	(23)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
17	(28)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Big Beat)
18	(15)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
19	(22)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
20	(21)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
21	(18)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
22	(—)	**Before The Dream Faded**	Misunderstood (Cherry Red)
23	(19)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
24	(17)	**Swing To The Right**	Utopia (Bearsville)
25	(—)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
26	(24)	**To The Shores Of Lake Placid**	Various (Zoo)
27	(—)	**Live At Marquee**	Chelsea (Chaos Tapes)
28	(20)	**Collision Time**	Swell Maps (R. Trade)
29	(16)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
30	(—)	**Key Of Dreams**	Section 25 (Factory)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Key To The World**.....Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
2 **Roots Man Skanking** Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
3 **Rocky Road**.....Mikey Dread (Do It)
4 **Cool Down Amina**.....Keith Douglas (Fashion)
5 **Smiling In The Morning**.....Carol Thompson (PR2)
6 **L.A. Summer Dreaming**.....Mark E (Dolphin)
7 **Miss Attractive**.....Victor Evans (Epic)
8 **Bush Master Connection** Billy Boyo & Little John (Greensleeves)
9 **Ghetto Man** Papa Michigan & General Smiley (Greensleeves)
10 **Rasta Reggae**.....Black Slate (Top Ranking)
11 **One In A Million**.....Pat Kelly (Paradise)
12 **Shut Me Mouth**.....Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
13 **Proverbs Extraction**.....Pablo Moses (Island)
14 **If Leaving Me Is Easy**.....Lloyd Chalmers (KR)
15 **Fall For Your Love**.....Legato (Ital)

REGGAE LPs

1 **Team It Up**.....Black Uhuru (Island)
2 **Two Bad D.J.** Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)
3 **Far Over**.....Burning Spear (Radic)
4 **Mr Yellow Man**.....Yellow Man (Greensleeves)
5 **Music Nostalgia For Today**.....Tan Tan (Rainbow)

Bonaparte Records, 31 Market Square, Bromley

US SINGLES

1 **Ebony And Ivory** Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
2 **Chariots Of Fire**.....Vangelis (Polydor)
3 **Don't Talk To Strangers**.....Rick Springfield (RCA)
4 **I Love Rock 'n' Roll** Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
5 **867-5309/Jenny**.....Tommy Tutone (Columbia)
6 **I've Never Been To Me**.....Charlene (Motown)
7 **'65 Love Affair**.....Paul Davis (Arista)
8 **Freeze-Frame**.....The J. Geils Band (EMI America)
9 **The Other Woman**.....Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
10 **Did It In A Minute**.....Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)

US LPs

1 **Asia**.....Asia (Geffen)
2 **Chariots Of Fire**.....Vangelis (Polydor)
3 **Beauty And The Beat**.....The Go-Go's (A & M)
4 **Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet** Rick Springfield (RCA)
5 **I Love Rock 'n' Roll** Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
6 **Freeze-Frame**.....The J. Geils Band (EMI America)
7 **Diver Down**.....Van Halen (Warner Bros)
8 **Get Lucky**.....Loverboy (Columbia)
9 **Always On My Mind**.....Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10 **Aldo Nova**.....Aldo Nova (Epic)

CANADA

1 **Don't You Want Me**.....Human League (Virgin)
2 **Don't Talk To Strangers**.....Rick Springfield (RCA)
3 **I Love Rock 'n' Roll** Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4 **Freeze Frame**.....J. Geils Band (EMI America)
5 **Ebony And Ivory** Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (CBS)
6 **Did It In A Minute**.....Hall & Oates (RCA)
7 **867-5309/Jenny**.....Tommy Tutone (CBS)
8 **We Got The Beat**.....Go-Go's (IRS)
9 **Make A Move On Me**.....Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
10 **Chariots Of Fire**.....Vangelis (Polydor)

Courtesy Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest** Rod Stewart (Riva)
2 **Ain't Gonna Bump No More**.....Joe Tex (Epic)
3 **The Shuffle**.....Van McCoy (H & L)
4 **A Star Is Born (Evergreen)**.....Barbra Streisand (CBS)
5 **Lucille**.....Kenny Rogers (UA)
6 **Got to Give It Up**.....Marvin Gaye (Motown)
7 **Good Morning Judge**.....10cc (Philips)
8 **Free**.....Deniece Williams (CBS)
9 **Mah Na Man Na**.....Piero Umiliani (EMI Int.)
10 **Hotel California**.....Eagles (Asylum)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Metal Guru**.....T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
2 **Could It Be Forever**.....David Cassidy (Bell)
3 **Rocket Man**.....Elton John (DJM)
4 **A Thing Called Love**.....Johnny Cash (CBS)
5 **Come What May**.....Vicky Leandros (Philips)
6 **Amazing Grace**.....Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (RCA)
7 **At The Club/Saturday Night At The Movies**.....Drifters (Atlantic)
8 **Oh Babe What Would You Say?**.....Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
9 **Tumbling Dice**.....Rolling Stones (Decca)
10 **Vincent**.....Don McLean (United Artists)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Silence Is Golden**.....Tremeloes (CBS)
2 **Waterloo Sunset**.....Kinks (Pye)
3 **Dedicated To The One I Love**.....Mamas And Papas (RCA)
4 **Pictures Of Lily**.....Who (Track)
5 **Puppet On A String**.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
6 **Then I Kissed Her**.....Beach Boys (Capitol)
7 **The Wind Cries Mary**.....Jimi Hendrix (Track)
8 **The Boat That I Row**.....Lulu (Columbia)
9 **Seven Drunken Nights**.....Dubliners (Major-Minor)
10 **Somethin' Stupid**.....Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Good Luck Charm**.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **I'm Looking Out The Window**.....Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3 **Nut Rocker**.....B. Bumble (Top Rank)
4 **Love Letters**.....Ketty Lester (London)
5 **As You Like It**.....Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6 **Wonderful Lane**.....Shadows (Columbia)
6 **Come Outside**.....Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
8 **Last Night Was Made For Love**.....Billy Fury (Decca)
9 **I Don't Know Why**.....Eden Kane (Decca)
10 **Ginny Come Lately**.....Brian Hyland (HMV)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Motorhead in ritual stage gear L—R: Philthy, Lemmy, Eddie. Pic: Paul Cox

"I just got sick of wearing the red nose and antlers"

Eddie quits Motorhead

MOTORHEAD have parted company with guitarist Eddie Clarke, following a lengthy series of disagreements on musical policy and direction. It seems that matters came to a head last week in Toronto, where Lemmy was recording with Wendy O. Willians Of The Plasmatics — the idea was for them to record a send-up of the country classic 'Stand By Your Man', but Clarke evidently disagreed with this brand of humour, and consequently quit the band.

It's not the first time that Clarke has left the outfit, but this time his departure is regarded as permanent. They played their last show together at New York Palladium last Friday, but Clarke's sudden walk.out has now led to the cancellation of seven dates on Motorhead's current US tour. Ex-Thin Lizzy and Wild Horses guitarist Brian Robertson has flown to America to take over from Clarke and, after four days of intensive rehearsals, they hope to pick up their schedule in Detroit on Friday.

At present, Robertson is a temporary replacement for the duration of the US tour. A decision on a permanent new guitarist will be taken when the band return to Britain at the end of June, in time for them to start work on a new album and undertake a series of European festival dates.

Gang Of Four, Pigbag expand — see page 5

Clash blow last dates

ALTHOUGH JOE Strummer was reportedly on the point of returning to the fold on Tuesday, it was decided — as a safeguard — to re-schedule the last three dates in The Clash's tour, in order to catch *NME's* press deadline.

Events took a dramatic turn last weekend, when the band's spokesman Kosmo Vinyl claimed that a private detective had been working on the Strummer case, and had now located the absentee. On Monday, Vinyl told *NME*: "I think we'll soon be back in business. I'm just off now, hopefully to bring Joe back."

When last seen, Vinyl was heading in the general direction of Paris. But on Tuesday morning, agent Ian Flukes of Wasted Talent took the decision to re-schedule the remaining dates. He explained: "I've not heard from Kosmo since he left for Europe — so, in view of the time factor, I've had to take the initiative."

The two concerts at London Brixton Fair Deal, planned for this Saturday and Sunday (22-23), are now re-set for July 10 and 11 — existing tickets remain valid for the respective dates, though cash refunds may be claimed if desired. The Leeds University Show next Monday (24) is also being moved, and the revised date will be announced next week.

Joe — still missing

Outcast Colin killed in crash

NORTHERN IRELAND'S music scene suffered a sad blow last week when Colin Cowan, drummer with top Belfast punk band The Outcasts, was killed in a road accident. One of three brothers in the group, Colin was returning home last Thursday after a day spent working at the family's painting and decorating business when his car collided with a van. He was killed immediately.

Colin, 25, had founded The Outcasts almost exactly five years ago along with younger brother Greg and older brother Martin. As the group rose to prominence as both a musical force and well-known characters at the centre of a closely knit scene, it was Colin — an affable and easy-going bloke — who became most popular offstage.

The group's manager Ross Graham echoed the sentiments of both the group and their fans on Friday:

"Colin's staunch individualism and strength were typified by the way he instigated and co-ordinated The Outcasts' own record label Outcasts Only Records. He performed purely for the enjoyment that it brought both to himself and his audience. His optimism and humour will be sorely missed by us all."

By strange coincidence almost two years ago Colin's brother Greg was nearly fatally injured in a car crash, while the group's guitarist Getty has just recently returned to action after spending three months in hospital with a severe bout of stomach poisoning. But although shaken, the group are definitely going to continue and the nationwide tour they have booked for the first two weeks in June seems set to go ahead as planned.

As the group have a second drummer in their line-up, there is no urgent need or indeed desire to replace Colin. The group's new single, a reworking of the Glitter Band chestnut 'Angel Face', is released this Friday 21 and will now be dedicated to Colin.

The funeral took place in Belfast on Monday.

— **GAVIN MARTIN**

Pic: Anton Corbijn.

Outcasts L—R: Martin, Colin and Greg Cowan, and Getty.

Fashion, Otway bugged

FASHION bassist Martin Recchi was rushed to hospital in Birmingham last week, when the band were rehearsing for their first major headlining tour starting this weekend. He collapsed suffering from severe stomach pains, now diagnosed as caused by a duodenal ulcer. His condition is satisfatory, but he has to remain in hospital for several weeks. In spite of this upset, the tour is going ahead on schedule, with lead singer and guitarist Dee Harris doubling on bass pedals.

☐ **JOHN OTWAY** collapsed last Friday on his way to a gig in Winchester with Wild Willy Barrett, and was taken to the city's hospital suffering from acute stomach pains. He is still there, though at press-time his condition hadn't been diagnosed.

Teddy 'may not walk'

CONCERN is growing over the condition of Teddy Pendergrass, nearly three months after he was seriously injured in a car crash. He is still in hospital, and has been transferred to the rehabilitation unit, but he remains partially paralysed and has not recovered the use of his legs. He is reported to be making very slow progress and there are genuine fears that he may not be able to walk again.

TOUR NEWS

Stones blow Wales... P.5

Raincoats, Passions, Alarm, Saxon gigs ... P.37

Break the sound barrier.

maxell

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The ratatouille trio. Pic: Pennie Smith

Marrow-minded music-makers

ADRIAN THRILLS takes his accapella unaccompanied

AS AUGUST Darnell finally wheels his colourful fresh fruit platter onto the British concert stage, those sharp enough to have secured their ringside seats are being treated to an unexpected *hors d'oeuvre* of strictly vegetarian greenery.

This nutritious side salad comes in the shape of The Three Courgettes, a calorie-conscious West London combo who have cooked up a rather dainty dish to set before The Kid.

The trio — Michael Parker, Jerry Kreeger and Barbara Younger — have landed themselves one of the support slots on the current Kid Creole tour — although they won't be appearing on exactly the same stage as August, Coati and the rest of the Coconutised crew, The Courgettes will be presenting their musical morsels in theatre foyers, bars, maybe even on the pavement outside — just about everywhere except for the bogs and the main stage.

The Three Courgettes rejuvenate the forlorn and forgotten tradition of the vocal group, their accapella assault usually being accompanied by nothing more than Michael's acoustic guitar and some enthusiastic handclaps.

Taking their musical cue from American barbershop quartets and negro spirituals, they are a world away from the rock stage of Marshall stacks, lighting rigs and dry ice. But they compensate for this lack of conventional volume and power with the wit and spontaneity of their vocal delivery. the three voices complementing and counterpointing one another, dipping and soaring as they bounce harmonies around like skittled snooker balls.

"We started off on the premise that we just wanted to sing for people," says Barbara. "A voice is a bit like a footballer's muscles. If you don't keep exercising it, then it will go out of condition, but the more you sing the better you get."

"There's never been a really strong vocal tradition in English music, apart from on the folk scene," adds Jerry. "So we were more influenced by the black American Vocal genres like jazz, blues, soul and gospel. It's that jazz feel, those *blue* notes and the roughness, the real emotion that gets me right there.

"We're not into a sophisticated crooning style. We have already been compared to people like Manahattan Transfer, but that's not what I'm into. I wouldn't knock their professionalism and polish, But I wouldn't want to be associated with that lounge-lizard nightclubbing thing. I like shouting and really letting go, not being cool and contrived."

THEIR IMAGINATIONS fired by some of the long-lost giants of the accapella genre like The Golden Gate Quartet and The Prisonaires, Michael, Jerry and Barbara began singing together only last September. Rather than try and make their initial mark in the clubs, however, the threesome literally took their music to the streets, busking regularly in Leicester Square, Notting Hill and the King's Road.

"People are generally a bit intimidated by buskers," recalls Michael. "They seem to expect that *distance* that you get between the audience and a performer in a club or gig. We always used to get a big semi-circle around us because people were frightened to come too near. In Leicester Square, it was even worse — the cinemas would usually put some muzak on the PA outside the foyer to try and drive us away.

"Strangely, though, we never got treated really badly by the police. The one time that they got really heavy was when we began to attract a big crowd in Notting Hill. If you are no good and don't attract an audience, then they leave you alone. But if you're good enough to pull a crowd, the police claim that you also attract pickpockets.

"The only other time that we got moved on was when we performed in the King's Road the same day that Chelsea were playing Spurs. The police suggested that we got out of the area for our own safety!"

BY THE END of last year, the Courgettes had also moved into the clubs, appearing in London's Monday night rap trap The Language Lab and the more eclectic Dance Dive (every Thursday at the Sol-Y-Sombra in Charlotte Street, just off Tottenham Court Road).

After attracting the attention of Island Records, the trio recently signed a singles deal which guaranteed them both a financial advance — "about enough to buy the back end of a Ford Cortina" — and the chance to appear on the next Ze compilation album, possibly another Christmas affair, with the enthusiastic blessing of label supremo Michael Zilkha.

More immediately, their first Island single 'The Three Courgettes' is released this week, produced by Barbara's husband Dan Younger and featuring a more weighty percussive backdrop than those who have witnessed the band live would expect. Whether such a concession will be enough for them to crossover into the pop mainstream is doubtful, although their presence on the Kid Creole tour will hardly harm their prospects.

"I think some people might still see us as a bit of a novelty," says Barbara. "But we're not just three singers doing '40s cover versions. When we went into the studio, the object was to make a good pop record by The Courgettes, not just establish our credentials as an accapella group.

"Our vocals are obviously the most important ingredient, but it's not just an accapella thing. The single uses percussion and kettle drums. If it was just the three voices, we'd probably never sell a single copy. We want to make good records that are accessible to whoever happens to listen."

The kind of greens that anyone can eat between meals.

Phonogram's non-stop party

YOU KNOW that tape you've been meaning to put together of the past coupla years' finest funk hits? Well don't bother — Phonogram have already done it.

Obviously put together with an eye on the legions of Walkman owners, the 'Dura-Dance' cassette offers 90 minutes of music on chrome tape for the price of a single LP. There's 13 tracks in all — full and unexpurgated remixes of the very best dance music released through the Phonogram stable in the last two years such as Junior Giscombe's 'Mama Used To Say', Kool And The Gang's 'Get Down On It', The Gap Band's 'Burn Rubber On Me' and 'Oops Upside Your Head' and The Four Tops' recent smash 'Don't Walk Away'.

It's a great collection of footsore music, just right for the height of a party, a Walkman or stepping out with a soundbox in the summertime. Only a piece of product maybe, but a piece of product that — like *NME's Dancin' Master* cassette offer last year, on which it was reportedly modelled — makes the music more accessible, mobile and worthwhile. The cassette was the brainchild of Phonogram marketing manager John Waller.

"I wanted a way of presenting all the full length versions of the best soul and disco records we and our sister companies had released over the past year or so. When the tracks were all assembled to 90 minutes of music, which would have meant releasing 2½ LPs. The cassette format seemed the obvious choice as it offers considerably better value to the consumer."

Junior: 'Mama' out in 27 different mixes and now yet another tape compilation. Pic: Pennie Smith

'Dura-Dance' is mounted on an LP size cardboard backing so it'll be given a place in the browser/display racks in most record shops. Waller admits that the tape is a marketing experiment and future releases depend on how well it sells. All the signs so far have been encouraging, and 'Dura-Dance' stands as a refreshingly realistic attempt to understand and cater for the pulsebeat of the times.

— GAVIN MARTIN

Massive drop in sales, reductions in staff

Cold wind hits record industry

A WOEFUL picture of the music business is drawn in the new British Phonographic Industry Year Book, published this week.

It speaks of an "unprecedented" sales decline in the past three years leading to a one-third reduction in staffing, and the closure of several factories. The industry's production capacity has shrunk from 250 million units in 1978 to 190 million — that's 10 million short of actual demand (the balance being made up by "parallel imports".)

The main reason for the cutbacks, says the BPI, has been the sharp fall in LP sales, from a peak of 91.6m in 1975 to just 64m last year.

Once again it fingers home taping for the slump and notes sourly that sales of blank cassettes rose from 50 million units in 1978 to over 70 million in 1981.

A press statement issued this week spares no detail of the industry's heroic struggle to keep prices down to "extremely competitive" levels.

"Effectively," says the BPI, "LPs are nearly half the price that they were 12 years ago and singles are two thirds the 1970 price."

But the battle doesn't stop there. More action is being taken through the visual and aural hoardings. In 1975 £7.5m went on advertising. Six years later the figure was £23.2m.

And yet . . . . "1.2 per cent of total leisure spending by consumers went on pre-recorded music — the lowest figure there has been in recent years."

A modified version of the gloom and consumer laxity came this week from *Music Week* editor Rod Burbeck, who told *NME* that the BPI data "doesn't totally reflect the situation as it is in May 1982". The freefalling, said Burbeck, had stopped, and although most companies were operating in the red many were on their way black again.

"They are learning to live within new strictures of a smaller profit base and not spending quite so freely as in the past. Hopefully these companies have learnt from their past excesses and mistakes."

The most miserable performance of any major, said Burbeck, came last year from WEA, with the strongest from CBS who — thanks to sound organisation and good signings — "went way beyond everybody else."

— ANDREW TYLER

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

DICK WITTS

NOT WHAT I WANT BUT WHAT I NEED
WITHOUT THESE THINGS I'D GO TO SEED
BUT IN THE SOLES OF MY FEET:

ain't no mountain — **diana ross**
california uber alles — **dead kennedys**
follow the leaders — **killing joke**
god save the queen — **sex pistols**
lively up youself — **bob marley**
river deep mountain high — **tina turner**
rowche rumble — **the fall**
satisfaction — **the residents**
tears of a clown — **smokey robinson**
plus productions of chic ltd & phil spector & zoo

AND IN THE LIGHT OF MY SIGHT:

messidor — **tanner**
the conformist — **bertolucci**
duck soup — **marx brothers**
orpheus — **cocteau**
the phantom of liberty — **bunuel**
but cinema's stuck with stories
and tv's a disease
so i prefer the visions of these:
rauschenberg, ed kienholz
gilbert & george, stuart brisley
tom phillips & other artists

OR AT THE BACK OF MY MIND:

i can't help but admire
tom stoppard — plays, david byrne — lyrics
andy warhol — images, ray lowry — satire
malcolm mclaren — nerve, merce cunningham — dance
laurie anderson — acts, budgie — banshee bang
nabokov — novels, steve beresford — noises

LIES THE HEART OF THE BEAT:

john cage — composer & poet & more
john berger — art critic & more
karole armitage — dancer
stravinsky — composer
louise brooks — filmgod!

AND SIMPLE KICKS TO KILL THE TIME:

on the blower with lois
peruvian flake & space cake
comings & go-ins

CONSUME THEM ALL, THEN THOSE CONSERVE
THAT HELP TO BUILD A BETTER WORLD

dick witts
the passage
may day 1982

Photo: Kevin Cummins

LINE-UP UPHEAVALS

Gang Of 4 to be 5

THE GANG OF FOUR have decided that the time has come to expand into The Gang Of Five and, with this in view, they are now looking for a girl singer to join them on their previously reported UK tour next month. Aspiring gang members are also required to have "percussive talents", and they are asked to contact Anne on 01-727 0734 without delay.

The band, in their basic quartet format, had their plans disrupted by the Pope last week. They were due to play three major concerts in Portugal, but that country's minister of Internal Affairs decided that they were too politically extreme to be touring there at the same time as the Pope. The dates have now been re-scheduled for the end of May, when the Pope will be touring Britain — though, in turn, his plans could be disrupted by General Galtieri.

A couple of alterations have been made to the Gang's UK tour schedule — Birmingham Locarno moves from June 2 to 21, replacing Hemel Hempstead on the latter date, and Bristol Locarno is switched from June 8 to 20. Further dates are being finalised, and the four appear in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* on May 27.

Pigbag add horns

PIGBAG have now confirmed two new members, Oscar Verden (trombone and keyboards) and Brian Nevill (sax and percussion), with whom they are currently rehearsing — and it's expected that a third newcomer will be added in the near future. They resume live work next month, mainly in Europe, though they will be playing a couple of British dates — including a London concert — with details to follow shortly.

Classix quitter

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX announce their first line-up change in 2½ years with the departure of guitarist Gary Steadman, who has been replaced by Jimi Suman — a Finn who plays several instruments, sings and writes, and has released three solo albums in Scandinavia. In fact, he played with the band on their recent UK tour, but has now joined permanently.

No more outdoor Stones

IT NOW seems unlikely that The Rolling Stones will be playing any more open-air concerts in Britain, apart from their two previously announced shows at Wembley on June 25 and 26. Wales has now fallen out of the reckoning completely and, according to their spokesman, they're unable to find a suitable outdoor venue in Scotland. This leaves only the Irish Republic, when an open-air gig can be expected in Dublin at either the Guinness Castle or Slane Castle.

The problems in Cardiff arose when the band decided against playing the Arms Park, even though a licence had been granted for that venue, because of the structural alterations taking place there. They opted instead for Ninian Park soccer ground, but last week the city council rejected a licence application for that site, as it's in a more built-up area than the Arms Park. And as the Castle grounds are regarded as too small for a Stones gig, they have reluctantly scrubbed Wales from their schedule.

It now seems that the rest of the Stones' dates will be confined to 2000 or 3000-capacity indoor venues, of which four or five are expected to be announced at the end of this week. As forecast by *NME* last week, Newcastle City Hall is likely to be among them — and disappointed Welsh fans might do well to prepare themselves for a trip to Bristol Colston Hall.

Poetry cornered

SINCE *NME* published Owain Barton's request for illustrated poems to put in an exhibition earlier this year, he's received 1,500 entries from 350 poets — over half of them the paper's readers, he estimates.

"A lot of them were personal and very melodramatic," he says. "Sort of self-therapy by putting your heart in the post-box and forgetting about it."

Besides a large proportion influenced by fears of an impending nuclear holocaust, there were two by poets contemplating suicide, including one written in blood which finished *"I'm going off to do it now."*

"I don't think she can have done," comments Owain. "The postmark on the letter was three days later. The best entries were those that were personal but set in a wider context."

Next week the exhibition goes on show at the Chenil Art Gallery in Chelsea. Among the exhibits there will also be a slightly larger than head-sized box. Visitors will be politely requested to put their heads in it.

"They will then have a one in five chance of being kicked up the arse by a poet," explains Owain. "Not hard, but just enough for their cries to rebound a bit." This process, as you might imagine, illustrates Owain's definition of the function of a poet.

The exhibition of illustrated poetry — at the Chenil Art Gallery, Glebe Place, off the King's Rd, London — opens on Tuesday 26 May for a week, 10.30-6.00. Entrance 40p or free if you're on the dole. Photostats of the poems will also be on sale.

— LYNN HANNA

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June 5th

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SCORPIANS
JUDAS PRIEST
ZZ TOP ● POINT BLANC
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at Vorst Nationale, Brussels £60
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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Fridge raided

☐ Police raided The Fridge club in down town Brixton last Saturday night. Bristol 12-piece **Huwuawua** had just finished their set when at 12.45am a vanload of policemen invaded the club flashing searchlights and demanding the music stop. They were followed by around 50 policemen and women from Brixton Police Station, just over the road.

The club's owner, **Andy Czezowski,** was informed he was being inspected under Section 77 of the Licensing Laws which stipulate that food must be served with drinks after hours.

"They counted how many tomatoes we had at the salad bar and asked everyone if they'd had anything to eat," said Czezowski. "We were also told that we would be summoned in due course. So far we haven't been charged."

Some people were also searched.

Brixton Police declined to make any comment on the raid when contacted by *NME*, claiming that the matter is sub-judice.

☐ Recording of the new **James Brown** LP in Nassau is rumoured to have hit a snag — namely that JB has walked out. He's apparently dissatisfied with the playing of **Sly'n'Robbie,** who were originally drafted in to boost the soul star's flagging career.

Ozzy and Geezer — back together?

☐ Rumours persist that loathsome **Ozzy Osbourne**'s to rejoin **Black Sabbath.**

☐ **ABC** have parted company with their bassist **Mark Lickley.** Apparently, he wants to play live and they don't (or should that be can't?).

☐ **Elvis Costello And The Attractions** played a one-off at Chippenham's Goldigger's club last week as surprise guests on the **Nick Lowe** tour. Our informant **Mark Ware** reports that they played for about 50 minutes and featured several new songs from their forthcoming LP, provisionally titled 'The Imperial Bedroom'.

☐ 'Wargasm', the punk anti-nuke compilation LP, was officially 'launched' last Monday with a press binge at North Eastern Group Control Centre, Wanstead — a nuclear bunker loaned for the occasion by the GLC.

LONELY PLANET

Lip smackin' . . . Teardrops L-R: Sylvain, Rosie Rex, Danny Reid

SYLVAIN SYLVAIN: RETRO COOL METRO

SYL SYLVAIN was the tiniest Doll of all, the pet jewboy of the group. He co-wrote 'Trash' and 'Frankenstein' and clutched to his heart a copy of *16* magazine with Donny Osmond on the cover.

Today, in the Brent Cross maisonette where he's settled with his wife and kids, Sylvain is the Doll who's left the group's legend the furthest behind.

Where bad boy Johnny is scarcely more than a walking spectre of his own notoriety, tough, ambitious little Syl is scheming for commercial success — in style. For instance, photos have to be postponed to a day when he can get the right make-up artist. Every eyelash must be in place.

Syl was the Doll who with Davy Johansen split off from the miscreants Thunders and Nolan and later co-wrote Johansen's ultra-urbane vignettes of city life 'Funky But Chic' and 'Cool Metro'.

"'Cool Metro' is supposed to be about me, it's like the kid from Cairo, where I was born, the kid who's been everywhere and got it all sussed."

Now the Kool-Aid Kid is a responsible breadwinner. His wife is his drummer.

Tea with the Sylvains is like a real-life Long Island sitcom. "Have a cookie, chunky" he loudly indulges his bothersome four-year-old son, who's abandoned his prototype toy guitar in order to concentrate more thoroughly on breaking my cassette recorder. "Go! Scram! Go to the bathroom and contemplate your existence."

Do your hear the canned laughter, or is it just my diseased brain?

Syl has all the intimidating sincerity of the liberal Jewish-American papa. Where irony is the very air Johnny Thunders breathes, Syl is very serious about his career. So far, two records have appeared under the name Syl Sylvain And The Teardrops, though neither his wife Rosie nor Danny 'Tubby' Reid (bass) played on the first, which bore the "kamikaze" title 'Peurto Rickan Reggae'. Both records glow with irresistibly catchy, skilful songs that run a positive

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

WE, HERE AT THE BUENOS ARTES HOME FOR FAILED CARTOONISTS COULDN'T GIVE A FLYING ONE ABOUT WOMBAT ROCK OR ANYONE'S CRITICAL ASSESSMENT, OVER--VIEW, REACTION TO, SAID ARTEFACT-BUT WOULD LIKE TO WISH JOE SINGER ALL THE BEST IN HIS CAREER AS A FUGITIVE— BECOME A DRUNK IN MEXICO, JOE! THAT'S WHERE THE GOOD GUYS GO!!
MESCAL!!
BACK AT THE RAUNCH..
ONE THING PISSES ME OFF..
MILLIONS OF ARGYS DRUNK!
SPUD PRICES UP ER..
EVEN MORE THAN THE STULTIFYINGLY BORING, REACTIONARY, CLAPPED-OUT, IRRELEVANT STATE OF THE ROCKNROLL BIZ..
MILLIONS OUT OF WORK
MILLIONS OF ENID BLYTON BANDS
MILLIONS OF SUN HACKS PISSED!
AND THAT'S THE MILLIONS OF STULTIFYINGLY BORING, REACTIONARY, CLAPPED-OUT, IRRELEVANT HACKS, SOUNDING OFF EVERY WEEK...
MILLIONS OF TREES DIE TO BRING YOU THIS
R.I.P. LESTER BANGS
ABOUT THE STULTIFYINGLY BORING, REACTIONARY, CLAPPED-OUT, IRRELEVANT STATE OF... ETC, ETC, WHIMPER.. GIBBER...
SOB! SNUFFLE..
RIP.. TEAR..
SPARE US A COUPLE OF BOB.. THE MEANING OF LIFE ER..

ENDGAMES

BOYS

"Besides The MC5, we were probably the first gang group. We were just the crazies of that neighbourhood but we got to be the most famous garage band of all time. We never got on any shows. We never got an encore. We never made a dime. And the hype thing, like the drag and the make-up? We was so broke we had to make our own clothes. What we taught people was you don't have to be no virtuoso to take rock'n'roll one step further. We wrote some important songs, some damn great rock'n'roll songs.

— Sylvain Sylvain

Three of the original New York Dolls are in London. BARNEY HOSKYNS (words) and PETER ANDERSON (pictures) chart their destinies.

Just plain smackin' . . . Johnny Thunders

JOHNNY THUNDERS: PUTTING YOUR ARMS ROUND A MEMORY (DON'T TRY)

gauntlet of popular and ethnic influences. The second album for RCA, called simply 'Syl Sylvain And The Teardrops', is presently available on import only, but songs like the wistful 'Lorell' and the arch 'Formidable' (pronounced as the French word) have gone down extremely well with English audiences.

Why the move to England?

"Well, we were so disappointed with the way we were being handled in the States we thought it worth chancing the move. RCA promised us a tour to promote the second album and then passed on it. When eventually we did dates all over the States, hundreds of kids were coming to see us and our record wasn't even in their stores!"

Are they looking to make it over here as a singles band?

"I wanna make hit records, and I think the records we've made *should* have been hit records. So yes, I think we are a singles band. In the States we coulda just toured and toured and toured, but that way you get to hate everything, however much you love to perform. We don't wanna make it just for the sake of making it, but I think we can make it."

It's a fine irony that when Syl wanted to form a band in New York in '76 Johnny gave him the name The Criminals. And equally fine that Syl returned the favour with the name Heartbreakers — almost as good as James Joyce noting that Jonathan Swift and Laurance Sterne should have swapped names.

"I tend to think we're a very across-the-board group. Like, we're not just a rock'n'roll band or just a dance band. We're entertainers. And a true entertainer is going to entertain for a long time, not just for as long as his particular music and image are in fashion.

"THERE'S A certain charisma about a guy that everybody thinks is about to drop dead. It's like when Daffy Duck blows up on stage and then you see him as an angel in heaven saying 'Yeah folks, it's a great show but you can only do it once!'"

— Sylvain on Thunders

WHEN A MUSICIAN is more famous for being a dope fiend than for writing and playing rock'n'roll songs, something has got to be wrong.

Johnny Thunders is still alive and living in New York City but today he's rock'n'roll's premier exile.

The halcyon hell of the New York junk scene has become one of the post-punk's secret shames, a disgrace to the name of entertainment. While we all but canonize the pathetic Sid Vicious or, more respectably, mourn the loss of George Scott, the fact that Johnny is still around actually counts against him.

So let's hear the chorus of the new artschool gentry: Get off the stage Thunders you're FINISHED.

Cast out like a leper, Johnny Thunders' legend has turned on him, become his curse. Currently he is reduced to humiliating himself in front of washed-out relics from '77 and vacuous would-be degenerates who've buttoned down the Heartbreakers image to a sterile, adolescent art form and shift nervously around trying to cover up the creaking of their leather pants.

Not that he can't put together a good set: at his best he's as camply aggrieved as the lg of 'Metallic KO'. The current band of Stevie New (ex-Rich Kids, Iggy) on guitar and Tony James (ex-London SS, Gen X) on bass, plus of course Jerry Nolan, is as good as one could want under the circumstances. But . . .

Johnny is now so alone we have to see drugs from his side of the blur rather than our side of the myth. Only Jerry has stuck with him, and he isn't exactly in much better shape. In fact, Thunders' whole act is based on his degradation — he has little choice but to revel in it.

"Don't bother me what people think . . . people gonna write what they want to anyway," he announces at a toneless 16rpm. "Journalists don't unnerstan' anything of what I'm about, so kids that read what people write about me don't get the true . . . meaning . . . of what I'm about."

And what are you about?

"I jus' do what I do, it's all different every night. I don't have to live up to what anybody thinks, you know, I just do what I do . . ."

And what do you do?

"I play rock'n'roll, it's just a form of making kids happy, making kids dance, you know, that's all I set out to do . . . everything's been done, I mean, nuttn's original. I don't try to create somethin' noo coz everything's been done. I just maybe put my own personality into it, into somethin' that's already been created. All these kids that think they're doin' sump'n noo is a buncha bullshit . . ."

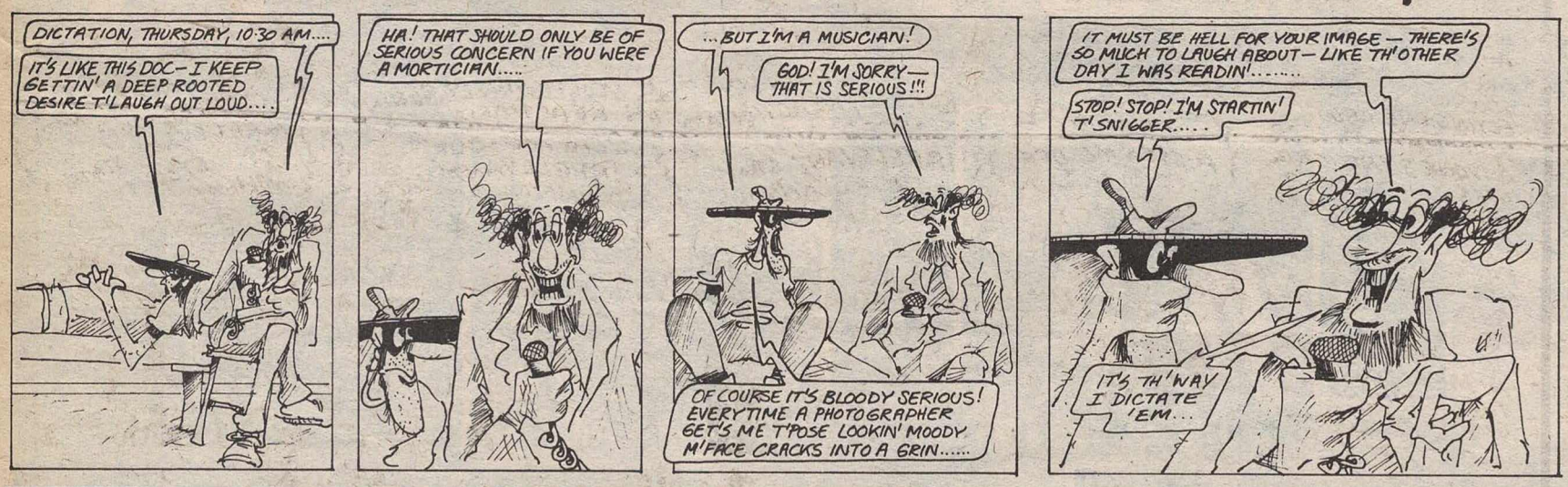
What shaped your musical 'personality'?

"Stuff I grew up with, Eddie Cochran, Howlin' Wolf, Ronettes, Ventures . . . it was more fresh in those days. All these bands nowadays just think they're so . . . on top of it all . . ."

Are you happy with the way

■ *Continues over*

The Lone Groover — Benyon


DICTATION, THURSDAY, 10:30 AM....
IT'S LIKE THIS DOC— I KEEP GETTIN' A DEEP ROOTED DESIRE T'LAUGH OUT LOUD....
HA! THAT SHOULD ONLY BE OF SERIOUS CONCERN IF YOU WERE A MORTICIAN.....
...BUT I'M A MUSICIAN!
GOD! I'M SORRY— THAT IS SERIOUS!!!
OF COURSE IT'S BLOODY SERIOUS! EVERYTIME A PHOTOGRAPHER GET'S ME T'POSE LOOKIN' MOODY M'FACE CRACKS INTO A GRIN.....
IT MUST BE HELL FOR YOUR IMAGE — THERE'S SO MUCH TO LAUGH ABOUT— LIKE TH'OTHER DAY I WAS READIN'.....
STOP! STOP! I'M STARTIN' T'SNIGGER.....
IT'S TH'WAY I DICTATE 'EM...

WE FEEL GOOD

DAVE HILL gets drilled by . . . The Native Hipsters. Pic: DAVID CORIO

Not just screaming nutters

Nanette and William take the search for sounds to the great outdoors.

NANETTE BLATT and William Wilding live above a shop right next to London's frantic South Circular road. Just the other day, it was even noisier than usual; some men were digging up the road. William rushed downstairs to ask them a favour.

"There's a microphone up there," he said, pointing at the open window; "would you mind drilling in rhythm? I want to make a recording." The workmen were more than obliging, and it's not impossible that within the wonderland of words and sounds of a future . . . Native Hipsters disc, you may discern snippets from the first ever pneumatic drill rendition of 'The Blue Danube'. Eccentricity is not for the few at the fringes. It's a public resource! It just needs pointing out.

Nanette and William, your actual . . . Native Hipsters, might easily be looked upon as strange. Or weird. Screaming nutters even, but they're not, you see. Their recent 12 inch 45 on Glass/Illuminated Records, 'Tenderly Hurt Me' is far from the random product of lunatic minds. In fact it showcases a profound and rather brilliant type of perception; a meticulous reorganisation and distortion of dialogue and noise, picked very largely from the regular carry-on of me and you.

What you get is William's extraordinary soundtrack of instruments going sideways, bits of aural nonsense and borrowed noises, to which he, and mainly Nanette, deliver a stream of abstracted, but related, words, phrases and cliches with careful 'wrong' inflexion, and in tones of perfect wonder. This stuff could upset your brain.

"It's humorous," considers Nanette, as we sit in the sunshine of Wandsworth Commons" . . . but it isn't." . . . Native Hipsters are collectors, of a kind. They've built up their very own data bank of stuff they like, on tapes, on bits of paper, and in the backs of their minds. All manner of amusing things.

Nanette: "Usually we *collate* an idea around a set of words, which then becomes 'a song'. And then William will take that and put sounds and music around it."

William: "For all that to become what we do . . . we just piece it together like a jigsaw." Apparently, the Chinese folk next door really like it.

When Nanette looks me in the eye, and says that she and William are 25-year-old identical twins, I reckon she's pulling my leg; but I know when they talk about their work that . . . Native Hipsters is an earnest pursuit. Their first recording, a single, 'There Goes Concorde Again' was something of an indie hit. Two people called Fawcett and Cubitt were part of the group then, and the single was recorded in N and W's front room, where the real creative stuff goes on.

Encouraged by versatile publisher and Cherry Red activist Theo Chalmers . . . Native Hipsters used a proper studio for 'Tenderly Hurt Me', which includes, apart from the title track, 'Hang Ten', whose source at least lies in the jargon of surf; 'Poor Prince', a dog-eats-master black comedy; and 'Stuck', perhaps the most immediate number, and also the most abstract.

Nanette: " 'Stuck' is a collection of ideas around the image of someone with their head stuck in the railings. There's a lot of almost cliched lines in there about the way people assess situations, the way they think about things, what they say immediately they're faced with a crisis. Or not even a crisis!"

Are the Hipsters detached, critical? Do they regard people as rather stupid?

"Oh I don't think we remove ourselves quite as drastically as that," smiles Nanette, "I think, you know, 'We're amongst all this stuff'. We happen to notice things and they amuse us."

Assisted by saxophonist Liduina Van Der Sman and sound mixer Harlen Cockburn . . . Native Hipsters have played live, and are working on a stage presentation which gives people more to look at, and greater comfort in which to appreciate their work. Naturally, such unconventional material is prone to the heckling numbskull . . . Native Hipsters will eventually overcome. Meanwhile, buy the record, and ponder this pregnant soliloquy: *"Have I fainted yet? Naturally, I do not know the answer to this!"*

People, I bring you genius at play.

THUNDERS

■ *From previous page*

your life's going?

"I wouldn't say I was happy or not, it changes day by day . . ."

Isn't your apathy a direct result of junk?

"Uh, hardly . . . it's just, you know, just the way I feel at this point in my life. If I wanted to kick it I would. It's very personal, you know, most kids take it coz they wanna hurt somebody, you know, and they take it out on themselves. I never gave it up, so I dunno . . . what it would be like . . . it's hard, uh . . . impossible . . . I don't think it's the right time for me to stop now."

But you aren't making very much music these days. Aren't you just letting yourself down?

"I jus' need a record deal. I have plennya material for a noo record, but I need to find somebody I can trust. Lotta people are scared of me, scared of my reputation. But, uh, we jus' recorded an EP in New York, Jimmy Miller prodoocin' . . . the single's called 'In Cold Blood', an' there's one called 'Diary Of A Lover' . . . one called, uh, 'Who Do Voodoo', and one . . . called 'You're Just Another Girl'. That's Jerry Nolan, Walter Lure, and myself. I play bass an' guitar on it. Er, would you have a coupla cigarettes?"

Certainly, but do people idolise you in the wrong way?

"Er, yuh . . . they think, like, it's glamorous to take drugs . . . that's the only part they see . . . I mean, I don't take any more drugs than a normal entertainer does . . . I don't think. A lot of 'em take a lot more'n I do an' you don't hear nuttn' about it.

"Drugs are good for me, not good for everybody. The kids over in the States, like in suburbia, they're tryin' to change heroin into a social drug, they don't see what happens afterwards . . . sure isn't a pretty sight."

Did you ever idolise anyone in the way people have idolised you?

"Just myself."

MAYBE JOHNNY's still trying to bury the heartbreak of separation from his wife, maybe it's so long since he felt anything he can't remember what feelings are. Either way heroin remains a stupid nullification of pain that only brings worse, and considerably less interesting, pain later.

"The kids don't learn . . ." The voice, by now merely a gurgle in the back of his throat, trails away. "They forget real quick when someone dies . . ."

Is that Johnny Thunders' epitaph?

"Uh, I never really thought about dyin'."

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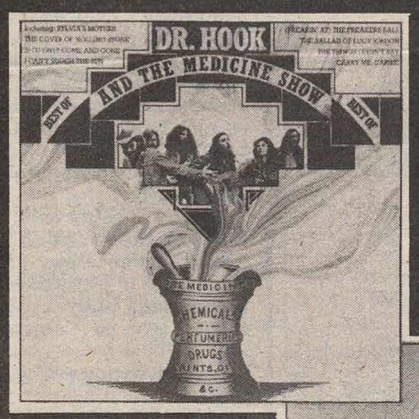

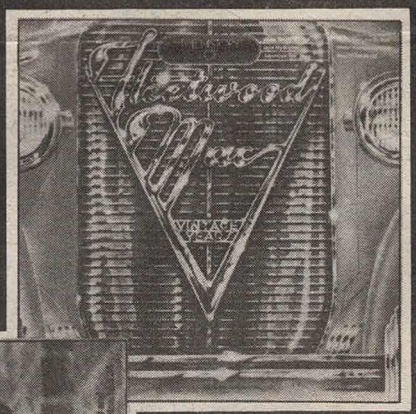

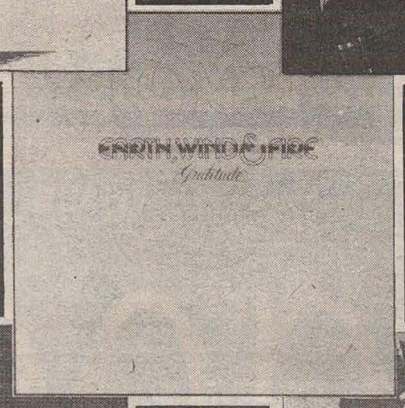

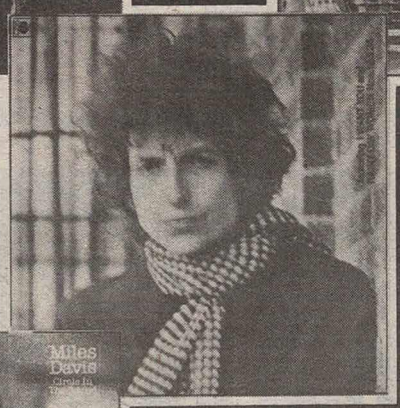

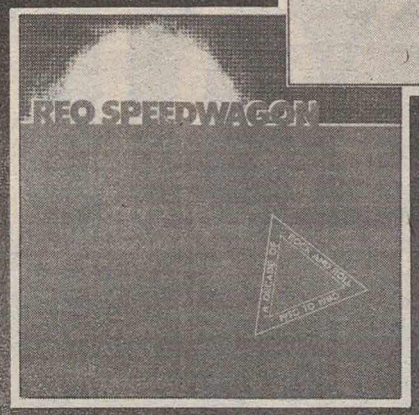

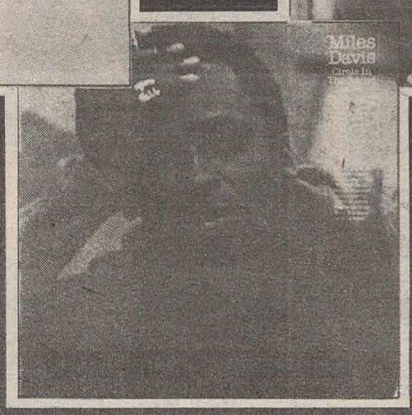

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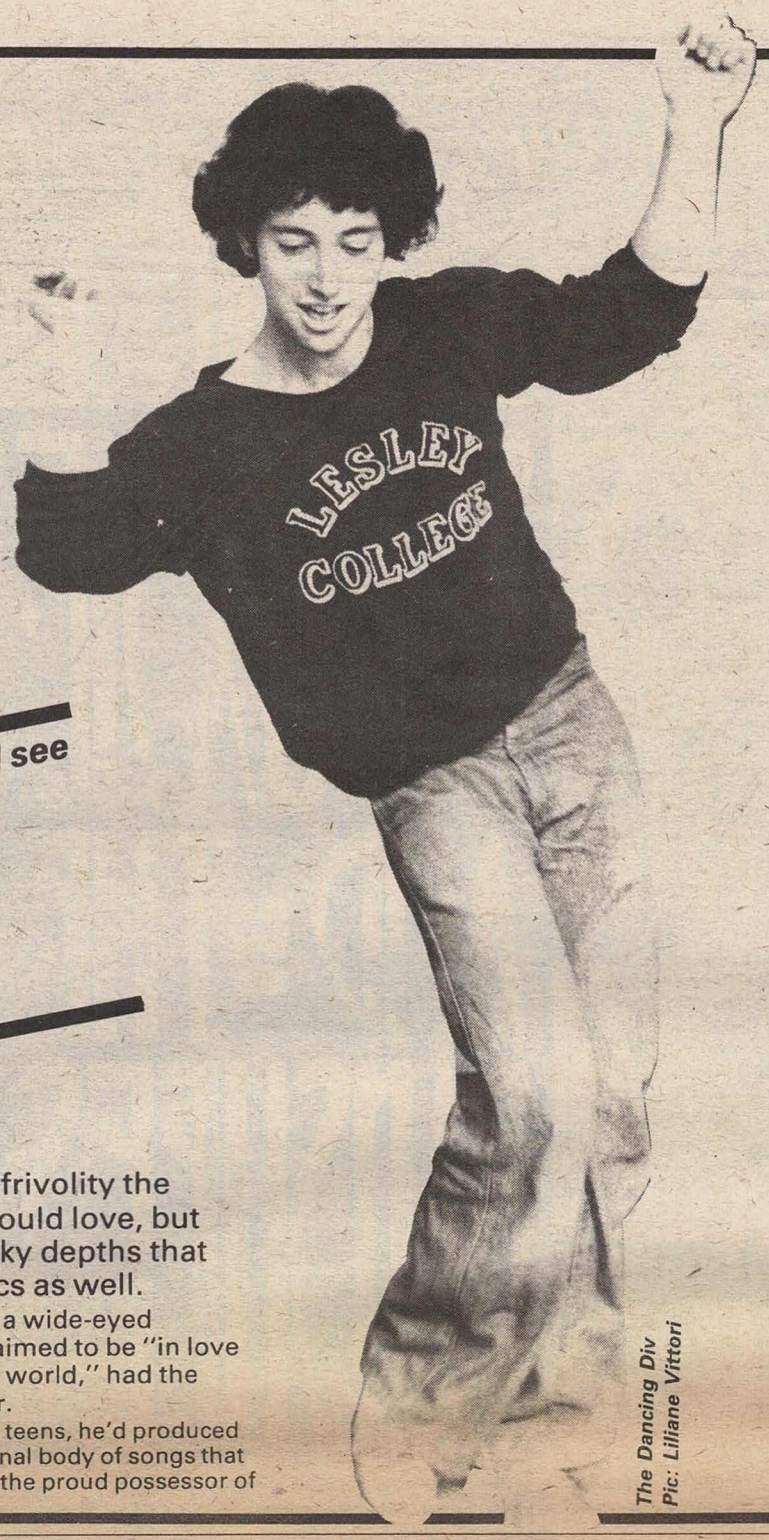
THANK HEAVENS FOR LITTLE BRAINS . . .

"I'm not a rock musician anymore. The way I see myself is as an international cabaret guy like Maurice Chevalier, George Burns or Victor Borge..."
Yes, JONATHAN RICHMAN is still around.
And still as daft as ever.
KRISTINE McKENNA humours him.



The Dancing Div
Pic: Liliane Vittori

WHEN JONATHAN Richman emerged from the woods of New England in the early '70s, he and his band the Modern Lovers had a better than average shot at being the next big thing. Richman's music had a pop-ish frivolity the mainstream could love, but had dark, quirky depths that intrigued critics as well.

And Richman, a wide-eyed innocent who claimed to be "in love with the modern world," had the makings of a star.

Barely out of his teens, he'd produced a remarkably original body of songs that showed him to be the proud possessor of a deliriously unfettered imagination, profound concern for his fellow man, and wonderfully droll sense of humour. The basic joys and sorrows of Suburbia USA were Richman's beat, but he handled hackneyed puppy love themes with such deadpan sincerity, they became downright bizarre.

Primed to take over the airwaves, in 1971 the Modern Lovers journeyed to Warner Brothers Records in Los Angeles to work on a debut LP to be produced by John Cale, whose group The Velvet Underground had had a big impact on Richman. Things quickly began falling apart, however, as Richman would have no part of the compromises the star-maker machine demanded. Producers came and went, things went from bad to worse, the band fell apart and Richman returned to New England.

He then found a home on the independent Beserkeley label, released five albums, had gold records in Europe and toured there extensively, but remained a mystery on his home shores.

With Richman maintaining a virtually invisible profile in America, the tales of eccentricity flourished and the rumour was that he'd evolved into a sort of lone wandering minstrel playing family restaurants in the New England area. Meanwhile his records, with fantasy tunes about 'Nature's Little Mosquito', came to sound more and more like nursery rhymes.

The general consensus was that he'd flipped.

LAST YEAR Richman began performing regularly in the US. Appearing sometimes as a solo act, sometimes backed by the full Modern Lovers line-up, he proved to have developed into a dazzlingly well-rounded entertainer. Dancing, singing, tossing off comedy monologues with crack timing, he showcased a wealth of new material and won hearts where 'er he roamed. After a decade of wrestling with internal voices and the demands of the external world, Richman appeared to have made his peace with his musical calling and his public.

Then an interesting story about Richman drifted down the grapevine. It seems he was performing about eight months ago at the Peppermint Lounge in New York and the surly

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mob who'd assembled to cheer his humanistic odes were less than polite to the hapless comedian who opened the show. Any fan of Richman should know that he's *very* big on common courtesy and seeing the oafish behaviour of the Pepp crowd, he's said to have vowed then and there, "No more rock clubs EVER!"

I called Richman to see how much of this was true and this is what he told me.

"Hey did I tell ya? I'm not a rock musician anymore! The way I see myself is as an international cabaret guy like Maurice Chevalier, George Burns or Victor Borge. 'Egyptian Reggae' was an international hit and I'm real glad it was 'cause it helps to pave the way for what I want to do now — stuff that can appeal to everyone. When I say everyone I mean EVERYONE, and I'm practicing up my international repertoire and learning songs in different languages. I want to perform in cabarets all over the world. A cabaret is different from a rock club because it offers more general entertainment and has a more mellow mood. A lot of 'em have candlelight on the tables. I like to make a friendly atmosphere so why should I play clubs where all they're trying to do is give people a place to be aggressive?

"Rock clubs aren't bad places but I simply don't belong in 'em 'cause they go counter to everything I'm trying to do. I want to play places where people go to be entertained, not places filled with rich kids who are out slumming.

"I mean, I can put my show over in rock clubs but why should I bother? I can also successfully negotiate my way through 20 feet of dog doo. You know, that horrible gig at the Peppermint Lounge was one of the best things that could've happened 'cause it made me decide once and for all, no more rock clubs. I told my manager, any more gigs like this and I'm going back to being a messenger. I'm so happy to get away from all that 'cause when I don't play rock clubs the jerks stay home. Rock clubs pay the most but so what? I still plan to avoid 'em.

"For years that was the closest category to describe my act, but whatever I am now, it sure ain't rock. You know, since I started playing cabarets, I've performed more in the past six months than I had in the last few years put together, but none of these shows has been reviewed anywhere. They're trying to punish me, but you know how it's working? Not too good for them 'cause I'm packin' 'em in where ever I play!"

In the course of our conversation I made the fatal mistake of mentioning that an interview I'd done with him some time earlier was about to appear in *New York Rocker*. In an uncharacteristically acquiescent mood, Richman had OK'd the appearance of the interview.

The Pensive Poet — *Pic: Stevenson*

"But now," he exploded, "I'm back to my old cantankerous self! I can't believe I told you that was OK! I hate *New York Rocker* and I want to punish them! They don't deserve a story on me ever again 'cause they did some very bad things in the past. I don't care what kind of opinions they've got as long as they don't let them get in the way of their journalism, but the journalism there is very amateur and they have no regard for the performers they write about.

"It's not that they put me down. See, people can put my music down as long as they get the facts straight. I just don't like them taking liberties with the facts. They just printed this nasty interview with a guy who used to be a friend of mine and this journalist kept saying things like, 'it looked like Jonathan was thinking such and such'. It was full of unfounded innuendos!

"But they're no worse than most other magazines. They all do that kind of stuff. I've got nothing against real magazines — magazines like *Variety*. And *NME* is OK. At least they've been around since the era when people were actually writing music reviews instead of all these 90 pound jerk journalists trying to pretend they should wear black leather jackets. The magazines I'm discriminating against are the hippie publications like *New York Rocker* and *Rolling Stone* — even though they cut their hair, they're still hippie publications.

"You know, *New York Rocker* might as well be writing an article about a plumber for all I have to do with them. I mean, would Tom Jones or Harpo Marx have anything in *New York Rocker?* But the *Rocker's* fans aren't fussy. They just read that magazine 'cause they're into that scene. Most people with guitar straps over their shoulder are not musicians, and just because someone has a pen and paper that doesn't make them a journalist. It's what you care about in terms of your profession. Are you just doing it so someone will pick you up or something like that?!"

SO MUCH FOR rock criticism. So, what else is up with you Jonathan?

"I haven't been to Europe in nearly three years and I can't wait to play there again. If someone made me an offer I'd be there, but I don't know when I'll get there. My manager checked it out for me a little and he seems to think I can't make any money over there, but I don't accept that. It's always gone great when I've toured there. If you talk to *NME* ask 'em if they think I can make any money over there. Yeah, tell the boys at *NME* that I want to play there again, but I'm playing cabarets and not rock clubs because rock music has changed and I no longer consider myself a member.

"My manager Norman Epstein is taking this demo tape I did around trying to get me a record deal. So far nobody seems to be interested in the tape but I'm not worried. Making records is OK, I mean, it could be good, but the sounds they get nowadays aren't usually what I like. What I mainly want to do is play live. I'm real proud of the demo tape though. The vocals for all seven songs only took 20 minutes and we made the whole tape in just a few hours. In some ways I think it's as good as anything I've done in the studio.

"It was done at this guy's house in the suburbs of Boston and the whole tape only cost us 50 bucks! But it tells the world what I want it to know — it's my songs with me singing 'em and the Modern Lovers in the background."

Richman is reputed to have mixed feelings about much of his early work, particularly cult classics such as 'Pablo Picasso' and 'Road Runner'. How, in fact, does he feel about those old songs?

"I have no more contact with Beserkeley at all. That's all past. The first side of 'Rock 'n' Roll With The Modern Lovers', and 'Party In The Woods' off of 'Back In Your Life' — those songs still get me. But as for the rest of my old stuff, I don't think I even know how to make records yet so I don't really care about those old records. And I haven't made money off hardly any record I ever made. My biggest seller was 'Rock 'n' Roll With The Modern Lovers' by a mile, and that's the record I like best too.

"But I never think about that old stuff 'cause I'm writing tons of new songs — more now than ever. And I've been reading a lot and I'm also interested in learning how cars work. And I've been listening to all kinds of different music. I like what Paco DeLucia can do with a guitar. You've probably heard of him 'cause he got famous by playing with John McLaughlin. DeLucia plays flamenco guitar and he can play the shit out of the thing! I listen to a lot of South American music, and tons of old rock 'n' roll like always."

How about new stuff? Does any of the current music appeal to you?

"Sure, there's new music being made all over the world that intersts me. It doesn't get the press 'cause it's not about Sandinistas but it's just as new as anything those guys are doing.

"The date is still 1982."

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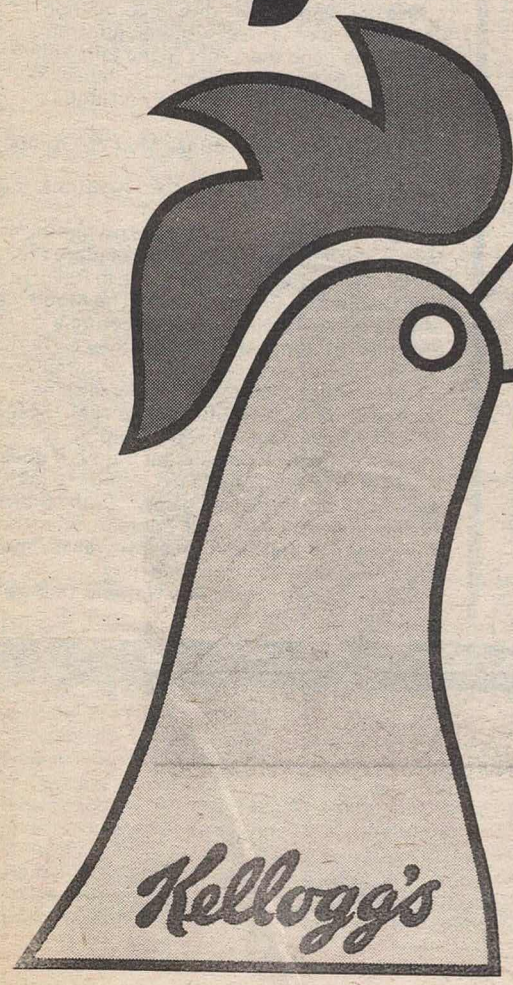

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PETE TOWNSHEND
Taken from the forthcoming L.P. K50889
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FACE DANCES PT 2
K11734
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L'amour, la folie, Paris in the springtime, Dutch decolletage . A misguided tour by the light of a criminal moon, by way of a silvery croon. Adrift in the language of the Continent, IAN PENMAN — *voyeur* — spies on some coarse and brightly coloured Belgian night birds. ANTON CORBIJN — *voleur* — steals the glances exchanged

Roland & Sarah of Allez Allez

I TAKE A TRIP TO SEE TWO BELGIAN SOUNDS. "CHANGE OF SCENERY. CHANGE OF HEART. AND DO YOU KNOW?"

What? No, don't. I can guess. You had a marvellous time. You don't say.

Oh, but I do.

". . . traces. An airline ticket to romantic places. Still my heart has wings. These . . ."

THE HONEYMOON KILLERS: MANIACS, MASQUES, TIGHTROPE WALKERS, PANTO, PUNCH & JUDY SHOW.

Rough translation: *les tueurs de la lune de miel*. Merger of an ancient Honeymoon Killers and something named Aksak Maboul. All will become quite clear.

Yvon Vromann is the punch (the originary Honeymoon Killer, the outspoken idealogue) — chant et guitare.

Veronique Vincent (Judy, slyly paradic glamour) — chant.

Marc Hollander (backroom boy, record label magnate, lab coat, sober anchor, originary Aksak Maboul) — keyboards, drum machine, tapes, sax.

Jean Francois Jones Jacob (long name, athleticism, big drummer) — drums.

Vincent Kenis (African, jazz, salsa knowledge) — bass.

Gerald Feneberg (judo champion of Belgium) — guitar.

Original Honeymoon Killers released first LP in hothouse year '77 on a label run by a Telex operator. Only Yvon remained up to his inexhaustible vision. Met in 1980 with Marc's Aksak Maboul, merged, started incessant Euro-touring. Recently released eponymously titled LP on Marc's *Crammed Discs*. Single, 'Route Nationale 7', a famous standard, has gained them some notoriety and sales in France and Belgium; shows them at their MOR-iest, which is pretty neat. 'les Teurs' LP reviewed at some length by I. Penman in *NME* 10.4.82, where he convinced himself they were French. BUY the LP if only (not really) for the sleeve and the lyric sheet. Honeymoon Killers getting bolder by the hour, Yvon getting drunker. They'll get round to UK eventually. Wait in trepidation.

EVEN NOW, in the NOW-fixated clutter of the new-pop rush, do you find yourself dreaming of a rather more disagreeable music, something aggressive and without flannel, something a bit disturbed? Not accepting those mood-musics who use obvious conjunctions and gestures to establish something grainy and disturb*ing*, do you, like I, crave some shriek "not on the side of the possible, however incendiary it may be"? And still a lot of fun?

The Honeymoon Killers are embarrassingly fashion-free, although certainly not without a vast private charm all their own. They come like a jerk on a cartoon fishing line — and the monster jumps out and swallows you whole.

The Honeymoon Killers will not be a thing too fashionable to look at, for when they are live, they are wilfully blemished and misbehaved — veering from *jejeune* (I love that word) sexual jinx to a lot of belching. Their sound on record, and the impression you might gain from their record's sleeve (how smoothly it showcases their vanity) could create an aura for them which the rude avalanche of performance will tear apart. It's a performance which lays outrageous stress on the encounter, conflict, the *first time* . . . trying to slip outside repetition. The residue of the act "is repeated, but its content is absolutely inaugural". Songs are flayed rather than played — or they are played with, indiscreetly.

Honeymoon Killers' performance act is voluptuous, tearing, stamping, petulant . . .

(I fill a notebook with suggestions their act prompts. But then lose it. You can decide for yourself whether this is apt, or something else).

The tension between Marc's slow, persistent and mostly considered musicality and Yvon's demonic gibberish keeps them from sliding into precocious *avant* sandbox dribbling. The performance juggles with roles — Veronique a vapour in siren's clothing, materializing in a slink: cooing, cutting Yvon's antics off with a far too knowing smile. The sparks are ritualistic, and still hilarious. Damn the solemn! A truly Nietzschean stand-up comic spirit is at work here . . .

. . . Yvon is one of those lepers madly immersed in a criminal's love of rock and roll spirit levels, its history and ideology: anti-moralizing, anti-preening, questing. To paraphrase Barthes, the 'mission' here might be to succeed in shifting the dormant rock and rock spirit a great distance and in throwing the anonymous, hideous body of the performer straight at an audience's gaping face.

"It granulates, it crackles, it caresses, it grates, it cuts, it comes:" . . . it's only . . . *hahaha!!!*

Yvon is not one, though, who pursues "the edge" for the sad, satiated sake of mythical debauched RUINation; more to use it to unlock the kind of throny, horny, violently carnal celebration of selfish pleasure — contradictory pleasure — that rock and roll was born(e) as. To be in excess of certain inaccessibles . . .

FOR A start, Yvon declares his prime and perhaps his only subject to be the union or otherwise of the sexes (I'm not sure how many he meant: we didn't get round to discussing polysexuality, as such.) He is as far as he can get from treating his subject with a polarised 'political' propriety. Yvon's songs are not really that sociological — i.e. reasonable — in their delineation of the lover's frenetic discourse. They are coarse, pithy, sweaty, alternately detached and demented . . . and . . . *hahaha!!!* Love's fleshy movement can freeze as much as free the committed participant . . .

For those of you who missed my treatise on the Honeymoon Killers' LP, a repeat reprint of a fragment is perhaps called for. Take this lover's tiff dialogue from 'J4':

"Oh no! you're a cunt! you shithead, you pig, you moron, sadist, bastard, faggot!!! you're killing me, you stink, I can't stand your ugly face anymore!! leave me alone, fuck off, you're rotten, you make me sick, you're so weak!!"

And 'his' retort . . .

"Sophie, I promise not to beat you up anymore . . ."

Perhaps Dollar should cover it.

After midnight, probably, and after The Honeymoon Killers latest assault on a mostly bewildered Parisienne audience, we take a stagger to an unsuspecting restaurant and *a)* try to get something like an interview somehow taped, *b)* try to get absolutely blind crawling singing-to-the-pavement drunk. We're hindered by Yvon's zigzag metabolism, our language problem and a mad graphic designer friend of the Honeymoon Killers who has already been *c)* for some hours.

You started out *ten whole years* ago, Yvon?

"It was strange music, free music but not free jazz . . . strange songs. The group invented an adjective to describe . . ."

Philip, the graphical friend, starts to declare *ORDER!* on the table, with his forehead. Yvon nods in his direction.

"He did a parody of Tin Tin, you know, Herge's *Adventures Of Tin Tin?*"

Yvon sees to his friend. I turn to Veronique, who was a model and a journalist before . . . well, whatever this madness is. Who do you idolise, or even just like, Veronique?

"Lydia Lunch . . . French Classical Literature . . . Barthes . . ."

The list goes on — consummate taste, you see — but something is lost without her accent.

Yvon blurts back with translations via Marc, who is still maintaining a remarkable impression of sobriety.

Yvon likes "XTC's 'White Music', Captain Beefheart, B-52's — Cindy's voice I think is marvellous . . ."

What do you like about Beefheart?

"So rich! So rhythmically . . . uh . . . rhythmically *GENEROUS*," he decides with a whoop. Come to think of it, could you wish for a better description of Beefheart?

"In concert, we absolutely don't do the same thing as in the studio . . ."

There was a song I didn't recognise from the LP, a lovely MOR song with saxophone from Marc, what was that about?

Giggles. A seminar. Yvon tries to sing.

"Hair, the colour of . . . uh, bourbon ginger ale. If you love me . . ."

OK. I get the picture. What are the advantages or disadvantages of singing rock and roll in your own language? For 20 odd years all the 'classic' songs and the subsequent mythology has been worked out in English . . .

Yvon defers. "I think English is a SWINGING language!"

Do you? Isn't it a bit stodgy in comparison with French; rather like the relative national cuisines?

Yvon defends by example: "AWOPBOPALOOBOP ALOPBAMBOOM??? — stodgy?"

That's not English? I feint.

"It depends on how you use it. I *try* to make a song swing in French."

Where's the wine? Who are your cultural heroes, Yvon?

"Um. Louis Ferdinand Celine . . . Serge Gainsberg . . . Stanley Kubrick I like very much."

You didn't like his last film — *The Shining* — did you?

"Very much, very much!"

(Things get pretty animated here. Movies: I'm off.) No, no, no! Pathetic!

"You're crazy! I don't talk to you any more! It's full of poetry!"

Po-e-try??? Snort!

"It's great, beautiful, the moment when the little boy is going . . ."

CORN-y!

A stream of manic French abuse. "Alright you. Finish what you're eating and get out! The blood out of the elevator — it's a beautiful image!"

At this point, we all degenerate into a Jack Nicholson-eyebrow-screwing-up competition, and I forget to turn the tape back on when we talk about what Yvon calls "war sex . . . sex war?"

ALLEZ ALLEZ: CLOWNS, JUGGLERS, DANCERS.

They are? A girl, four boys, some number of intertwining bassists (couldn't quite fathom this one out).

Let's break (it) down.

Allez Allez: an English girl, four Belgian boys — one darker than the other three, one slightly larger.

The girl is **Sarah** (ex-Kensington Market, ex-Repetition, ex-Marine) — voices, texts, talking in various tongues, playing some trumpet, and making sure I understand.

Nico (ex-Belgian surf-movie-comic-bop Cherokees, ex-Marine) — guitar, gourmet, movie goer, and the larger of the four or five.

Roland (details as for Nico) — percussion, vocals, say it proud he's black and laughs loud.

Christian (ex-Belgian punks Mad V) — guitar, the sleepiest eyes.

Robie (details as for Christian) — drums, the quietest.

Basically, they all met up in Marc Marine's Marine assemblage — moment of glory the pretty marvy pre-'funk' days 'Life In Reverse' (Les Disques du Crepescule 7"). The Moody M. Marine quit his troupe minutes before a Summer '81 John Peel session, they carried the load on regardless, found they rather liked it and . . . Allez Allez remain. New refrains. New recordings, like 'Stirring Up' (EMI/Scalp 7") and 'African Queen' (EMI/Scalp 12" or mini-LP — get it, especially for Side 2. It goes round at 33⅓ revolutions per minute — love each in its still immature gaiety). Both records reviewed *NME* 3.4.82. by I. Penman, when he knew none of the above. In a few weeks time, Allez Allez zip to London for a new B.E.F.-produced single, 'My Name Is Culture'. Just wait for them.

GOOSEBUMPS IN

"HAH! IT'S

Penman . . . want a beer?"

"What?" What on earth is this accusatory and knowing giggle doing here? thinks the timid *voyeur* as he completes his creep around the catacombs beneath Amsterdam's *Paradiso* concert hall, coming to rest before an Allez Allez being photographed. Who is this girl with . . . the same language — she's refreshed, I'm relieved — as him?

Although he didn't go along knowing, it turns out that Sara and the boy voyeur were introduced some 17 months ago at the 1980 *NME* Xmas party (Polecats, Funkapolitan, Repetition, Alexei Sayle . . . all pretty dodgy). I remember! I wore a grey coat and manacled, melting expression. Sara remembers . . . me and my shadow running around with a succession of small/larger drinks, being abusive *(accurate)* and me being older and weightier *(inaccurate* — the reverse is true).

Sara, I remember Repetition. You were awful! (*Accurate* — they were Pete Petrol's idea, risible Banshee English Gothic) . . . the nicest thing one could say would be that the name was rather apt. Comfort: it turns out that Sara hated them more than we could. *Hated.* Just imagine!

Now, Sara . . . Is resident in Brussels. Mother and hairdresser to these crazy young Belgian boys. She translates Allez Allez for me. (Actually, I forgot to ask that.)

She has brash white-bleach-blondey hair, replete with a recently constructed synthetic waterfall of *Antennae* glue-in (dread)locks — an accessory for the adventurous cosmopolitan kerb-prowler. Topped with a tiny Chairman Mao cap, she manages to make them look casual; I'd previously been unconvinced.

She has been ruled out of participation in alcohol, and anything adjacent, by a doctor who worries about her heart, but just guess who induces her back into gin and tonic again?

After success at the Paradiso, we take a table at the sort of flash hip-shake club I always imagined dopey Amsterdam would lack. The opportune moment for an interview, really, but it doesn't get done, we spend too much time talking. You know . . . The usual stuff: mutual acquaintances, abhorrences, London gossip, psychology, her consummate taste in voices (Holiday, Khan, Franklin) and my suggested additions (Buckley, lady Daye), and then there's the world of Grace, the poetry of Tin Pan Alley lyrics, the luscious possibility — surely an inevitability! — of Sara's voice with strings and a sad old song, how she feels singing in a foreign tongue (funny . . . fine), the subtle gradations of an accent, the failings of psychoanalysis and socialism . . .

Anyway — push off; This is private.

"Sara, do you want a part in the first film I direct? I've got the story worked out. There's a good walk-out part for a cadaver . . ."

By the end of the night, there's a new heroine.

OK. Stop all this meandering, Penman! What did you really think of us?

"You're very easy to fall in love with, really, up there on that stage . . ."

No kidding!

No. Why omit to mention the unstated — yet nevertheless present — *amorous,* flirtatious aspect of the first encounter?

The heart, the most exotic port of call: "*because you'd be oh so easy to love, so easy to idolise . . .*"

"Why are these foolish undercurrents always left out of *criticism*? What, after all, could be a more pervasive influence on the critic's point of view?"

Alright, alright, but let's hear about the music.

The music is in the mezzanine . . . it comes out of these people, most of all out of their almost continual mirth — they're falling all over one another — their far from bitter Continental division, their *outlook,* sunniness, *lack* of concentration in a sense. Before and after their performances (I witness two) they're childlike, crazed; the rock-routine rot is a different country. Maybe because they have not grown up subjected to our culture's weekly poles of peer-'scene'-group pressure. (The UK's too small, and there's too much of nothing written about everything.) Perhaps because of their outsider's territorial ease, Allez Allez come out sounding breezy and unbluesy, unbruised. They complement one another.

Diving off that stage, where . . . they're bouncy as a dance, rather than the prevalent flik-flak-(male) funky. They're playing musical tag. They're going . . . to be good.

CONTINUES PAGE 51

Veronique Vincent & sax symbol

THE NIGHT

'HEAR NO EVIL.' GEORGE HARDIE.

ONE OF A SERIES BY CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS COMMISSIONED BY TDK.

TDK. The great name in tape cassettes.

CANDIDATE BENN AND THE MISFIT VOTE

Pic: Ray Lowry

"This number's not bad — do you reckon he writes all his own stuff?"

In a warring, out-of-work Britain, radical passions are becoming focussed on one politician. Has Tony Benn's time come? ANDREW TYLER has his doubts

TWO NEW BOOKS which dropped into my basket recently force an interesting question.

One is called *Alternative London* and is, in effect, an apotheosis of all that was wayward in the '60s; institutionalised in the '70s; bureaucratised in the '80s. Sometimes it is called Movement For Gay Vegetarian Abortionists (Living In Squats, Getting Stoned On The Heretical Sciences), or more simply — the Lost Tribe. *Alternative London* is, at last, their indispensable contact directory — Londoners or not.

The other book is called *Battle For The Labour Party.* It is by Messrs Maurice and David Kogan — the former a university professor of Government, the latter a political journalist of a moderate slant.

The Kogan book relates to that three-way cat fight for power presently undertaken — even in this dramatic season — by Michael Foot, Denis Healey and Tony Benn. *Battle For The Labour Party* is what is usually called a sobering book, sober in language, sobering in the lesson it delivers about the price of political apathy by the masses, and how a dedicated clique of zealots can achieve miracles even outside Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia.

The question the two books jointly force might be cumbersome but it is relevant. The question is this: Can the aspirations of young hearts, meaning those of us who still believe in a peaceful world, in sharing of wealth, in love, tolerance, liberty, imagination, a scaling down of brutality, unbridled art and sex . . . can we and our ideals somehow get plugged into Government?

And, moreover, is Tony Benn finally the vital lock-in?

The question is put now because I claim to sniff an incoming tide of political passion in this country that will sweep up a great many young people in the way Kennedyism took hold of the youth of America in the early '60s.

Jack Kennedy was magic. He used the magic of his father's great wealth ($400m) to project a clean Christian image of white athleticism. Kennedy was cleverness. He cared for the *disadvantaged* and the oppressed, and the fact that he emerged posthumously as a man with a crippled back and a whore, the guy who sent the troops into Vietnam to save the Yankee buck, or that he was the son of a pro-McCarthyite, didn't matter a flying crap to those who'll love him till they drop.

Kennedy had around him a core of youngish intellectuals and their younger sub-lieutenants from the keen colleges of the East — 'the best and the brightest' as they were called. It was their deathless commitment, coupled with the work of the tireless Kennedy clan itself, that projected JFK to power. They saw their way past the old men of the party, and took it.

Our own UK has less of the push-button glamour of America, 1961. Yet there are parallels between Kennedy and the incipient Benn legend.

I see that Benn is now being described *(NME* May 1) in the same superlative language once applied to Kennedy . . ." tall, elegant, good looking, fresh . . ."

There is also the common factor of youth . . . the utilisation of.

Kennedy's Kids wore button-down shirts and cultured slacks. Benn's — witnessed at recent annual Labour Party conferences — come in dungarees and one ear-ring. They wear badges banning the bomb.

Old Labour stars tuck their snouts into £30 boys club dinners while *they* are out attending world hunger meetings. They campaign for gay liberation, for El Salvador, anti-nukes, anti-apartheid, anti-police.

Ken Livingstone, Labour leader of London, has a 25-year-old colleague called Valerie Wise who is vice-chairman of the GLC Industry Committee. A senior tactician of the Campaign For Labour Party Democracy (the key reform body behind Tony Benn) is called Jon Lansman. He is 24.

Both would seem to epitomise the new breed of sharp-tongued puritan zealot; the wised-up generation who want action, not coffee talk. They'll have *Alternative London* on their shelves but will consider it playpen politics. And what the Outside Left of the Labour party has hit on is that it is foolish to cork up such people. Better to use them. And not as runners and tea boys as the Healey, Callaghan, Wilson breed would have done but draw them into the centre ring. Use their college-learnt tactical acumen. Their late-night energy.

This is not to say the 'kids' are putty. In fact the picture the Kogans paint is the reverse. The new Labour input might be thrilled at the attentiveness of a Tony Benn who is, after all, second longest serving cabinet minister since the war, but they are also prepared to cast him off if he departs too far from the beaten track.

The Kogans, and other useful pieces I've been reading, reveal Benn not as an inventor of doctrine and certainly not of the tactics to get that doctrine enforced but rather, to use a *Sunday Times* phrase, a "great populariser" of other people's ideas.

I HAD OCCASION to talk to Tony Benn a month or two ago on the subject of the House of Lords. It was Benn, you'll recall, who was the first peer in history to renounce his inherited title. It took him three years and after he'd finished battling and had got his Peerages Act 1963, his political perspective — he reports — had substantially hardened.

He had seen the devil. He had witnessed the corrupt force of the establishment and since this establishment included members of the press, my conversation with him was somewhat strained. It ended without goodbyes and phones being replaced fairly sharply.

He had been stating his famous line about issues not personalities being important and I'd said something like yes, but don't you think gossip brings down a politician just as often as any countervailing doctrine.

And he got *very* narked. Suddenly his issues-not-personalities credo seemed like a defence against some unmentionable reality.

To say that personality is irrelevant in politics is, in my opinion, the grossest horseshit. Or it is an attempt to obliterate responsibility. A leader cannot govern by manifesto. What did any 1979 manifesto or any party conference say about the Falklands?

Personality is a vital component. And if I were to make a bald judgement based on my ten minute conversation with Tony Benn I'd call him sour, paranoid and puritanical. But, of course, we have to go further than that.

We have also to look at Benn's assets and the appeal he holds for those numerous misfit types who can be expected to find heavy relief through the pages of the aforementioned *Alternative London.*

Through Benn they — we — finally hear our Great British Masters challenged, not from the rabid fringe but by a politician of stature representing a powerful element of a great party.

We refuseniks, dropoutniks, misfits, ecologists, anarchists are hearing things from Benn that are remarkable: he challenges the army's involvement in Ireland; he speaks on behalf of the jobless; he attacks greed in the City, aloofness in Government, secrecy in the civil service, the medieval powers of the Prime Minister's Office. He reviles the arms traders, the corrupt, amoral forces of Fleet Street and the EEC, the House of Lords, the transnationals, the Bank of England, NATO, the Pentagon, the White House. These are good, valuable targets and in my lifetime they have never been attacked with such ferocity and courage by a main contender for the top job.

Benn, in fact, sounds like one more Alternativist (if you'll pardon the term). He appears to challenge *to the core* every major institution of the West. He sets himself four-square against every power base there is — with perhaps the sole exception of the House of Commons. And it is to the Commons that he looks for the enactment of the great reforms of Labour's New Era.

And the greatest of all reforms for so many of us is the abandonment of nuclear weapons. If Benn and New Labour looked capable of pulling this one they would have it. They would have the Misfit Vote intacto, and my vote too.

But, as we shall see later, the road to the prime ministership is strewn with compromise and Benn and his Outside Left have already shown an appetite for a very distasteful kind of pragmatism. Can we trust them on nuclear weapons?

We are promised a dogfight — through parliament — with the establishment. Does Benn really imagine he will be allowed to dismantle the Lords and the transnationals without ending up dead as, say, President Allende of Chile who had similar constitutionalist ambitions?

Benn wants another left / right, red / blue 19th century fight here. He and his party tell us it's worth it because at the end we will have full employment ("within the lifetime of the next parliament"), healthy industry and a more equitable and harmonious society.

Benn as he would like to be seen? The NME interview, Mayday '82

I for one — and here I nail my colours to the mast — believe none of it.

I take the eco view that both capitalism and Labour socialism are deranged systems. They are both based on consumer gluttony and the idiot doctrine of non-stop economic growth.

This doctrine is a perversion in a world of such disparities between rich and poor nations. We, who are among the world's elite, plunder the earth for new technology, while four-fifths of the world's people starve.

The rich plunder deeper for scarcer resources and so put up prices which causes inflation which costs jobs, produces decay and social tension . . . And so built into the precarious growth economics of the North — and into the Benn method too — is its own self-destruction.

BUT EVEN if eco politics is wrong and Labour socialism is right, is Benn the right man to follow?

You have to look outside the Kogans' book for personal bio material on Benn. I checked his own writings and a couple of hundred press cuttings in a Fleet Street newspaper library. Biased? Possibly. Some even favourably so.

He was born the second son of a Labour Viscount and brought up in a Westminster house serviced by a daily cook and cleaner. He was confirmed at Westminster Abbey, educated at Westminster School and went on to Oxford where he gained a 2nd in Philosophy, Politics and Economics. (These embarrassing details have subsequently been eradicated from *Who's Who.* In the place marked education he has inserted . . . "still in progress.")

The family's tradition was liberal, his father's beliefs coming down from 19th century agitating groups such as the Levellers and Dissenters. His mother was a student of theology.

"I'm proud of my origins," he told barrister playwright John Mortimer. "But that's not what matters. What matters is whose interests you're going to serve. Who your clients are. My clients are the working people."

Note the faintly patrician tone. He has that other upper class Labour trait of romanticising the 'working classes', believing them to be good and solid and innately wise. He imagines, he told Mortimer, they'd even vote against hanging — "if properly informed " — even though polls among the populace show otherwise. Perhaps "properly informed" is another intellectual pass word meaning *reconditioned,* a fate obviously awaiting the great unwashed majority.

His political career began when, aged ten, he took to the streets to distribute election literature. In 1950 he won the Bristol S.E. seat for Labour and held it through to 1960 when, on his father's death, he inherited the title Lord Stansgate and was automatically disqualified from sitting in the Commons.

By 1963, having won his brave battle with the Privys, he was plain Anthony Wedgewood Benn and back in the Commons as a rightish Labour man (what would today be a Soc Dem).

The following year he took up his first Cabinet post as Postmaster General, followed with the Technology ministry ('66-'70), Industry Secretary ('74-'75) and Energy Secretary ('75-'79).

His thrust leftward began around 1974 with Harold Wilson's second term. Like the young Livingstone of London and countless other wide-eyed Labourites he professed

■ *Continues over*

BENN

■ *From previous page*

to be repelled by the expedient nature of Wilson's governance — even though he'd shared in it from the start.

He had no doubt been listening to key young radicals like Chris Mullin who, in *Battle For The Labour Party*, tells the Kogans, "There had been a huge wave of disillusion ... and a haemorrhage of members out of the movement at the end of the 1960s. They (party members of the left) had hoped that the new policies upon which some of them had been working would be accepted when Harold Wilson returned to power in 1974 ...

"But by early '74 or '75 it was quite clear that the same people who led us to ruin between 1966 and 1970 were now about to behave in precisely the same way."

Benn himself began getting prickly from the start of Wilson's new term. Wilson had to shift him from Industry, where it was thought he might actually grab the banks and corporations for nationalisation (as ordered in Clause Four of the Labour Constitution), and stick him into Energy.

It was in this apparently innocuous department that Benn passed the decrees that resulted in the nuclear power station boom — but that's another story. Citizen Benn, whatever the cost, was on his way. And cost; there's an interesting constituent.

WEALTH, PRIVILEGE, influence — these are the poisons that Benn most often slams against. And yet, he is rich withal and plainly (for the greater cause?) not about to let go.

He associates himself with a romanticised 'working class' and yet remains cossetted in a life without want. Perhaps he thinks his 'clients' won't notice. Or that by harping on issues-not-personalities, the facts of his personal circumstances will be overlooked.

A piece in The *Times* last August listed as much as it knew of the Benn secret fortune: assets in Benn Bros publishers, a large house in Holland Park, London, a farm in Essex, with the great bulk of the family wealth deriving from legacies and trusts connected with his American wife Caroline. This The *Times* estimated as "several million dollars" and included the Stansgate Trust lodged in "the tax haven of the Bank of Bermuda".

Benn wrote a stiff letter of denial of these allegations. And well he might, since it drubbed his man o' the people image; plain Tone, with his pipe and his gallon of tea a day and the rows of miners' lamps in the front room of Holland Park.

IT WAS DURING the run-in to his deputy leadership fight that accusations began flying — notably from third-past-the-post John Silkin — that Benn had been unfairly using his wealth to help his election chances (Kennedy was likewise accused).

Silkin specifically cited a full page ad bought for £700 in *Labour Weekly* — a choice fillip neither of the other candidates claimed to be able to afford. There were also the hotel bills and the rounds of drinks as he zigzagged the country, presidential style, trying to catch the eye and future vote of trade unionists while in the throes of their annual conferences.

It was a vital part of the Outside Left's strategy that the unions be politicised. Unions were *the* most important component of the annual conference — far more so than delegates from local constituencies with whom the left was already formidably strong.

The Kogans point out that the unions were often oligarchic, undemocratic and far more right wing than the despised Healeys or Callaghans. Yet this made no mark on the conscience of the Outside Left. The unions were powerful. It was necessary to kiss arse.

AN EVEN MORE unfortunate anomaly for Benn has been the occasional lapse of his wife Caroline.

She is reported to be related to the armaments and chemicals giant du Pont. Her unmarried name is Caroline Middleton de Camp, born of a wealthy legal family from Cincinnati Ohio.

She was schooled at elite Vassar and London University and, presumably, the learning is "still in progress".

In the summer of 1974 Caroline and three of her four children were discovered cruising the Aegean Sea off Greece in a private yacht chartered by a friend and companion for £200 a day. The owner was one Baron Gunzburg, a Paris banker and husband of Caroline's companion.

When a photographer approached Mrs Benn as she stepped ashore she pulled a scarf over her face and walked up the jetty blind.

Meanwhile, back home, Tony's new Labour Government was cancelling a goodwill visit by two Greek warships because of their objections to that country's totalitarian regime. The next year, need it be said, the Benn family holidayed in Essex.

Both Benns have that curious affliction of the conscienable rich; call it a blind spot or call it a vile hypocrisy spawned by puritanism and guilt. It demands they work fanatically to deprive the worst off of the fruits they have shored up for themselves.

Mrs Benn, now that she has her Vassar and London University education and God knows how many degrees, is anti A level exams, pro comprehensives of the sort her four children attended in Holland Park. This show of pleb solidarity is, of course, commendable. Or perhaps not quite so, since chairlady of the board of Governors of Holland Park happens to be Mrs Benn herself; not a bad vantage point from which to watch over your brood.

The four Benn children also have the cushion of bright, informed, educated, rich parents to land on. Are giant comprehensives so good for the sons and daughters of the 'working classes'? My own experience is of vast, bleak and unruly places.

"If you want to see where socialism is, it's in a comprehensive school and in the health service where people are dealt with without regard to their wealth," Benn told Nick Martin, the Young Socialist who interviewed Benn in *NME*.

Does he imagine The People are pleased with their nationalised bodies — the police being one? Does he imagine they complain any less about hospitals or the gas company, the telephone company or the schools, than about ICI and the banks? Probably a good deal more.

Again, my own experience of hospitals has been frightening ... "without regard to their wealth!"

How many workers get a private room as Benn did during his recent struggle with polyreunitis? Once again he is cushioned by position and overlooks what other people suffer.

His vantage point allows him to utter lines like "This is an important historical moment for Britain and a good time to be alive ..."

Three million on the rubbish heap? Are they an aspect of history, a component part in a political game of leapfrog that will one day take him to the prime ministership?

THE QUESTION has been: Benn as Youth Candidate? Benn as the man for the Alternatives? The answer has to be, not by me.

For one thing Tony Benn has never shown himself capable of understanding the urge of youth; the need youth has for individualism, for experiment, contradiction, excess, wildness, vanity.

Benn is a collectivist. I don't say Marxist or Communist or any of those red-baiting terms because Marxism is a perspective, not a party. And while Benn values Marx he is also in the solidly British tradition of 19th century agitation, or, if you like, a puritan grandee in the Cromwellian mould.

He poses with punks but he probably doesn't see the point. Giddy pop music? Why? What is its historical course?

As a collectivist he would want to harness the spark of youth and transform it to the perfect cause of socialist action. He is, after all, the great transformer. He transformed his *Who's Who* education entry. And he transformed reality for Nick Martin when he told him of a noble anti-nuclear past (founder of the Hydrogen Bomb National Petition, resigned as defence spokesman 1958 etc) while omitting that in 1959 he refused to join CND, despite an already large Labour contingent, because — and how's this for irony 22 years on — he thought it would *split the party*.

Benn also transforms the meaning of the word democracy which he claims as the root of his political concern. In *Battle For The Labour Party* the Kogans point to several cases where, in harness with the Outside Left, he has taken enormous liberties with the word.

As already mentioned, the major reform group during the present left/right power struggle has been the Campaign For Labour Party Democracy. It was CLPD that finally got other Outside Left groups to downgrade rhetoric in favour of clear-cut constitutional reform objectives.

CLPD would link with other important groups — some, like itself, pro-parliament; others, such as Militant Tendency and Socialist Campaign For Labour Victory of a revolutionary Trotskyist persuasion, ie they disavowed parliament. They preferred change through conflict and class struggle.

Despite these critical differences a new group was formed to hook existing ones together. It was called the Rank And File Mobilising Committee. And it was the RFMC, according to the Kogans, "that was to become the primary organisation for (the election to deputy leader of) Tony Benn".

The Kogans reserve judgement on most matters but on this polymorphous arrangement they snort: "Utopians who make tactical arrangement with the intolerant and intimidatory help to legitimise them."

THE PURPOSE of this piece, I beg you to believe, is not to excite anti-left hysteria, of which there is already sufficient. Or even to gloat over the unhappy Labour Party. And it's not meant as a typical *NME* stick-em-up-knock-em-down rebuttal to Nick Martin's Benn interview. This piece was actually in the works before.

The purpose is to help undo the New Labour catechism that says elections are about issues, not personalities. They are about both.

Benn *is* who he is. He cannot obscure himself behind rigorous doctrine. There was socialism before Benn and there will be socialism (perhaps with a man like Livingstone in the vanguard) after him.

If this sounds 'negative' and if people say to me well what's your answer I say check out a paragraph in *Alternative London* that reads: "This book *(life!?)* grew from personal circumstances rather than a drive to serve any political or social ideal. We don't represent or belong to any group or movement ... and the criteria we've used in deciding who or what to include are more a matter of instinct than policy. But we do believe people should have control of their lives (not over others) which is why we've emphasised things you can do for yourself — from the plumbing in your squat to DIY conveyancing, from making your own record to taking community action ..."

With a little help from your friends and allies.

- ***Battle For The Labour Party,*** *David Kogan, Maurice Kogan, Fontana Paperback, price £1.75.*
- ***Alternative London,*** *Otherwise Press, 97½ Talbot Road, London W11, price £3.50.*

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SINGLES

Guest reviewer GARY CROWLEY

GARY CROWLEY SAYS "Being a disc-jockey brings many problems as well as many bonuses for one. Yes, it is probably the best job in the world! Spinning discs for a living must surely be every boy and girl's dream and believe me, I was completely knocked out when the opportunity presented itself.

"But along with the glamour (meeting the stars) there is a tough side to it, and that basically means trying to listen to everything sent in, which, as you can imagine, is virtually impossible. Still as a record-caller on London Capital Radio's Tuesday Club I do my best and attempt to understand the listeners' demands, which I hope I occasionally achieve.

"Wearing the cap of the record critic is something I've wanted to do for a very long time, and when the gang at the *New Musical Express* approached yours truly I was only too happy to oblige. Anyway, here's my selection . . ."

VICTOR ROMERO EVANS: Miss Attractive (Epic)
If this recording is anything to go by this young man has a lot to offer. 'Miss Attractive' is a glorious slab of Lover Rock featuring the wonderful voice of actor cum singer Victor Romero (the man responsible for last year's promising 'At The Club'). It sounds very much alive and boasts a marvellous marriage of lyric and melody. Along with my breakfast, one to help set me up for my sunshine day.

VIC GODARD & THE SUBWAY SECT: Hey Now I'm In Love (London)
Mr. Godard "in concert" is comparable to a day out in Glasgow; it's absolute misery! Still, on record he manages amply and he can pen a damn good tune and one is 'Hey Now I'm In Love'. A song blessed with perfect corny lyrics, it exemplifies the joys of LOVE. If, as he claims, Vic really does want to hear his songs on Radio Two, a great sexy singer should be found to sing them, then he can concentrate on being a Tin Pan Alley tune-smith.

THE ENEMY: Fallen Hero (Fresh)
This group and the rest like them make me very sad because they seem to have forgotten punk's basic ideals, which were not about RETROGRESSION or STAGNATION. What's the point in repeating something which has already been done a million times better? It's not as if the new 'punk' groups are attempting something new; how much longer must you Rip Van Winkles sleep?

THE MOOD ELEVATORS: You Never Try / Georgie Girl (Red)
On vinyl 'Georgie Girl' is the A-side, but as far as my record player's concerned his good friend is most definitely 'You Never Try', a good song executed with the help of Jenny Voice and the boy himself, Ranting Roger. Here's hoping the record's producers (The Beat) take note and shake themselves out of their present lull.

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES: Fireworks (Polydor)
Unfortunately there's not a firework in ear-shot of this song, which is a pity because side two of The Banshees' 'Once Upon A Time — The Singles Collection' LP is a record gourmet's delight. This

DREAM SEQUENCE: Outside Looking In (PRT)
So this is Euro-funk?!

DIRECT DRIVE: Time's Running Out (Oval)
Currently doing very well in the discotheques, this is DD's second release on the London Oval label and also their best. Cracking along at a speedy jazz-funk pace it isn't thankfully one of your run of the mill bland grooves, unlike some I'm about to mention. On the contrary, it's very memorable.

DIANA ROSS: Work That Body (Capitol)
RANDY CRAWFORD: One Hello (WEA)
JOHNNY MATHIS & DIONNE WARWICKE: Friends In Love (CBS)

TEMPTATIONS & RICK JAMES: Standing On The Top (Motown)
GAP BAND: Early In The Morning (Mercury)
Reviewing Di's new waxing is taxing both physically and mentally but she's good to have around because occasionally she records a DEVASTATING song; unfortunately, this is not one of them.

I saw Randy Crawford recently and she provided an exceptional evening featuring some of her best songs e.g. 'Street-Life', 'One Day I'll Fly Away'. Something which I've come to realise every day is that we the public expect a lot, maybe too much, but 'One Hello" sounds mediocre and the same applies to the Gap Band's 'Early In The Morning'.

Question time: Who hasn't Johnny Mathis had a duet with? The answer is just about nobody and this time it's the turn of song-stress Dionne Warwicke. Together they put their talents against a lumbering tune called 'Friends In Love' and consequently both end up loving on the losing side.

On paper the prospect of soul-men The Temptations recording with funk-grinder Rick James looks definitely record-shattering — two giants in one ring. Expectations may be high but instead of a thriller in Manilla, it's a case of the let-down in Mo-town.

PABLO: Madeleina (Island)
An awful lot of drums are being banged about African music at the moment but I'm not impressed by what I've heard. Give me Osibisa any day of the week. *(Take 'em, please — Ed)*

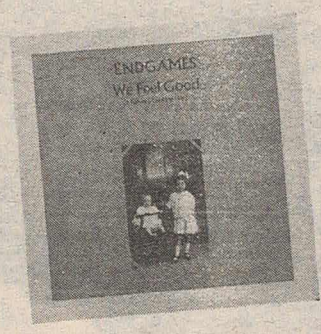
BIM: Blind Lead The Blind (Swerve)
'Factory' deserved to be a hit, this doesn't.

SOFT CELL: Torch (Some Bizzare)
The Peter & Gordon of the '80s keep them coming in their own meritorious way and following hard on the heels of the amusing 'Say Hello Wave Goodbye' (the song that featured the classic line *"We'll be strangers meeting for the first time OK"*) comes this

IKO IKO

THE BELLE STARS

grand piece of platter. Another lovely song telling a sad story it features one of the vinyl industry's best recording actors Marc Almond and the Prince Charming of the piano keys David Ball. Top marks must also go to the trumpet man, whose Herb Alpert-style playing adds the icing to the cake.



BOW WOW WOW: I Want Candy (RCA)
Currently available on import, every home should have a copy. This is Bow Wow Wow at their kicking best, behind a solid BoDiddley back-beat; it's intoxicating enough to consolidate their position down Teen Pan Alley.

END GAMES: We Feel Good (Future's Lookin' Fine) (Mercury)
A Glasgow-based combo, End Games' offering is very nearly good but it's somewhat like a greyhound chasing a rabbit, there's no way it's going to win because it doesn't sound complete. Still, a good try.

LEVEL 42: Are You Hearing (What I Hear) (Polydor)
UK PLAYERS: No Way Out (A & M)
My sister's currently pestering me for the Level 42 single and I'm prepared to share it. Even though some of their other discs have flown straight over me this has left an impression. The UK Players play the sort of muzak which screams out for labels such as 'bland' and 'unimaginative'.

MARTY WILDE: Sea Of Heartbreak (KRI)
LENNY ZAKETEK: Say I Love You (London)

DR. HOOK: Love-Line (Mercury)
COAST TO COAST: The Bell (Polydor)
If a gun had been at hand while I was listening to these, I could've really ended it all. Avoid at all cost.

THE BELLE STARS: Iko Iko (Stiff)
NATASHA: Iko Iko (Towerball)
Always the stand-out number in their repertoire, I cannot understand why it's taken the other Magnificent Seven so long to record it. Still it's been well worth the wait and seduces you as soon as the needle hits the gramophone, which I can't say about Natasha's version.

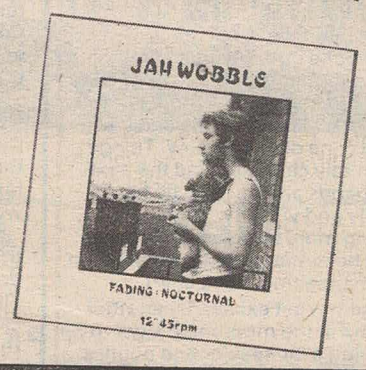
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS — EP (A & M)
URIAH HEEP: That's The Way It Is (Bronze)
CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Because You're Young (EMI)
BILL WYMAN: Visions (A & M)
I like records which are fresh and exciting, songs with vitality and the power to move you. Records and groups like this just point me to the door.

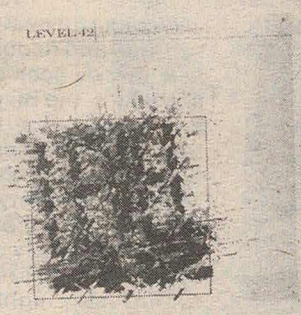
JAH WOBBLE: Fading / Nocturnal (Jah Wobble)
I had a preconception that I wouldn't like this but SURPRISE! 'Fading' is very unusual, very eerie sounding and has all the qualities to make an excellent TV theme. 'Nocturnal' is awful full-stop.

In winter time and summer time,
Leisure time and pleasure time,
There's always The Tuesday Club!

CROWLEY'S ELEVENSES

Tales From The River Bank	*The Jam*
Jack In The Box	*The Moments*
The Bottle	*Gil Scott-Heron*
Sugar Bridge	*The Bluebells*
Got To Give It Up	*Marvin Gaye*
Celtic Soul Brothers	*Dexys Midnight Runners*
Lookin' Through The Windows	*Jackson Five*
Going' Back	*The Byrds*
Rock The Boat	*Hues Corporation*
Nobody's Fool	*Haircut 100 (flexi)*
Sad Sweet Dreamer	*Sweet Sensation*





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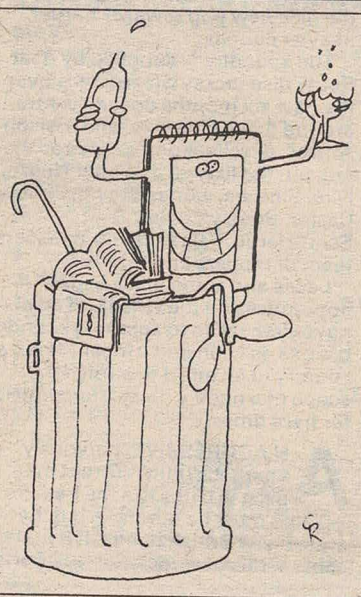

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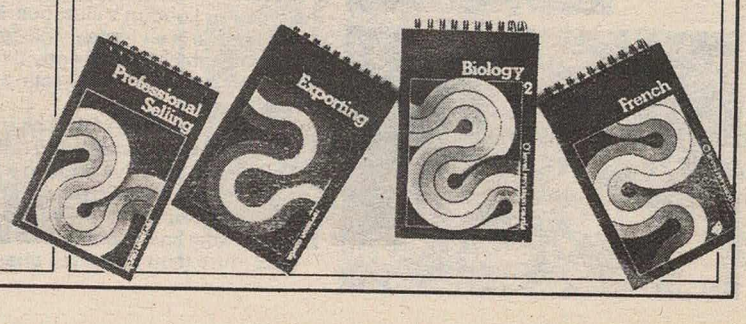


ALL CHANGE AT THE CULTURE BUNKER

Oh those Beat Route belles!

SHIMMY SHIMMY

COCO BOP

ADRIAN THRILLS sets his sensors on the politics of pose.

Binoculars: PETER ANDERSON

"You go down, down past the Talk Of The Town.
You go down Greek Street, then it's underground.
Well it's Soho life for this mobile knife.
It's the place to shoot, Friday night, Beat Route.

Spandau Ballet, 'Chant No. 1'

FRIDAY NIGHTS IN Soho have never been quite the same since the chilly evening at the beginning of 1981 when an ambitious North London hairdresser first threw open the doors of a club called Le Beat Route.

A colourful post-punk climate of sartorial and hedonistic excess had already been created in clubs like Billy's, the Blitz, Hell, the Kilt and the San Moritz, but the Beat Route went further. First and foremost a soul club, it showcased the style of young London with a manic intensity that immediately set it apart from its more posey predecessors.

The Friday night scene at the club has now been going strongly for months under the doormanship of hairdresser-turned-host John 'Ollie' O'Donnell and his partner Steve O'Mahoney and it is showing no sign of flagging.

The Beat Route has always been the most forward club in the capital, predicting and pre-dating trends like last year's 'summer of funk' in much the same way as the more left-field soul clubs of '74 and '75 — the Lacy Lady being the most celebrated example — pre-empted certain aspects of punk by a least a year.

As a barometer of the tastes and temper of London's club-goers, the Beat Route is an impeccable gauge — and one which has recently been giving some pretty interesting readings.

The mood in the club is changing, growing more restless and radical. There is an abrasive edge to a Friday night in the Greek Street cavern that certainly wasn't there a year or even six months ago. It could turn out to be little more than a passing phase or it could be the beginnings of an upheaval as profound as punk — these seeds of dis-satisfaction do have a habit of growing once they have germinated.

The pointers are everywhere: in the dress, the dance, the discs, the drink and the drugs. Everything is getting harder.

ONE OF the most obvious signs of a shift is on the fashion front. A year ago people dressed up. Now they dress down. The sharp zoots and party frocks of last summer are giving way to sombre, more austere styles. This is a generalisation, although it is not without its clear undercurrents, as Ollie himself will readily confirm from his experiences as doorman.

"The dress has really changed over the past few months. I suppose it could be a reaction against what is happening in the charts. People don't come down the club looking like Haircut 100. They look a lot meaner, a lot nastier.

"If anything, it's become more anti-fashion, more of a social statement. The people coming down the club have always been basically anti-establishment and now they are starting to dress like they mean it. The whole dress thing is becoming a lot more subtle. You can't immediately tell if someone is dressed right anymore. It is still a pose in some ways because anti-fashion is biggest pose of all. It is just a lot more subtle."

The inevitable roots reaction to the burgeoning blandness of the national chart is evident in musical tastes too. While the lords of the new dance blaze a trail to *Top Of The Pops* and mass teenybop appeal, the clubs that spawned them are turning away from the nice new pop towards harder, heavier sounds.

The soundtrack supplied by Beat Route disc-jockey Steve Lewis over the past six months doesn't centre around 'Love Plus One' and 'Poison Arrow', excellent pop singles as they are, but the likes of J. Walter Negro, Nina Simone, James Brown, Jimmy Caster, Bootsy Collins. Gil Scott-Heron, Fela Kuti and an assorted team of rappers and toasters.

Lewis and some of his eager apprentices on the wheels of steel have even taken to spinning sounds as diverse as Latin and African, cajun and country in an effort to stretch the scope of a night's noise. Hard music for hard times.

AN AGGRESSIVE, nervously energetic undercurrent may exist in clubs like the Beat Route — there must be others — but there are no new British bands that quite capture this new mood as yet. Certain signals, however, are already there.

There are groups like Animal Nightlife, marrying their musical muscle to a potent political punch. There is Pride, who emerged with belated Latin leanings in the autumn but have since developed into a harder soul band with distinctly northern nuances. Even the long-overdue chart success of the gloriously anarchic 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' is a symptom of the need for some rougher, more raucous music to counter the cute and cuddly characteristics of the worst of the new pop.

When some newer, *baaaader* bands eventually arrive — and something will have surely happened before the year is out — they are bound to come out of the clubs rather than the redundant rock gig circuit, the only vaguely threatening new rock face to have emerged over the last year being Kirk Brandon (an occasional visitor to the Beat Route). As far as the *look* and the electric *presence* go, Brandon has got it, only the numbing progressive rock mundanity of Theatre Of Hate's music holding him back.

"I feel quite strongly that something pretty important is going to happen to music," predicts Ollie. "There is a lot of energy in the club scene and it's going to cone out somehow. Things are definitely changing and the next crop of bands are going to be harder politically and visually. Things are becoming more aggressive, but they are also becoming a lot less twee than what is happening in the chart.

"I couldn't get excited by another pop band at the moment. It's got to be something a bit heavier and politics are bound to be a part of it."

ALL THIS dormant, undirected energy has a sinister side too. As the sounds and styles get harder, so do the drugs: heroin now seems much more widespread in clubland than it was, say, a year ago. Smack, of course, not only paralyses the personality. It is also a killer, although the junkheads currently indulging themselves seem oblivious to these very real dangers.

Says Ollie: "The negative side of it is the drugs. There are a lot of very desperate people around in the clubs. There are a lot of hustlers, a lot of people on the make and a lot of persecuted people.

"It's no longer the old posey decadence. It's the real thing. People are not just talking about it anymore . . . they are actually living it."

Some facts cannot be glossed over: these clubs can sometimes be very sordid places.

THE BEAT ROUTE, despite all the allegations of loveless elitism and tiresome 'cocktail set' jibes, has always been a very egalitarian, mostly working-class club, a weekend release of pent-up energy and adrenalin. One of the stories that Ollie delights in relating is his tale of two celebrities, Grace Jones and August Darnell: Jones, he says, walked out of the club one evening after being refused her own table and preferential treatment while Darnell visited the place regularly during his autumn stay in London, mucking in with the best of them.

The social and stylistic mix at the club is growing more and more diverse as the process of action and reaction takes its inevitable course. The Beat Route is essentially full of people who are disillusioned with the mainstream in one way or another; soulboys sick of disco, ex-punks bored with rock, former Blitz kids fed up with the *pose*, rockabillys who reject the reactionary redneck mentality represented by the southern Confederate flag, and a contingent of young blacks disaffected with the other funk and reggae clubs.

The latter crew, who began frequenting the place in force during the winter, have added something of their own to a club that continues to fascinate where many predicted it would fade.

"I think it is a very healthy sign that the black kids have started coming down the club more," continues Ollie. "It has always been a very non-racial club and there's always been a lot of respect, not only for blacks and black music, but also for certain '50s styles and certain elements of punk.

"When I say that things are getting more agressive, I don't mean it in the sense that people are getting nastier towards each other. It's more of an attitude to the outside world and a healthy one at that. If anything, one of the things that people have learnt in the last year in the Beat Route is how to be sociable to one another again. The Blitz was probably the most anti-social club ever. You rarely met new people down there. People are friendlier in the Beat Route.

"They are also a lot more tolerant."

It is the remarkable mixture of people at the Beat Route on a Friday night that gives the club its energy, the chemistry that exists between the various cliques that make it unique. There is an almost electric tension about the place sometimes, a tension that can make it either the most sordid club in town or a pressure-cooker with the potential to fuel some exciting times in the not too distant future.

The weekend starts here?

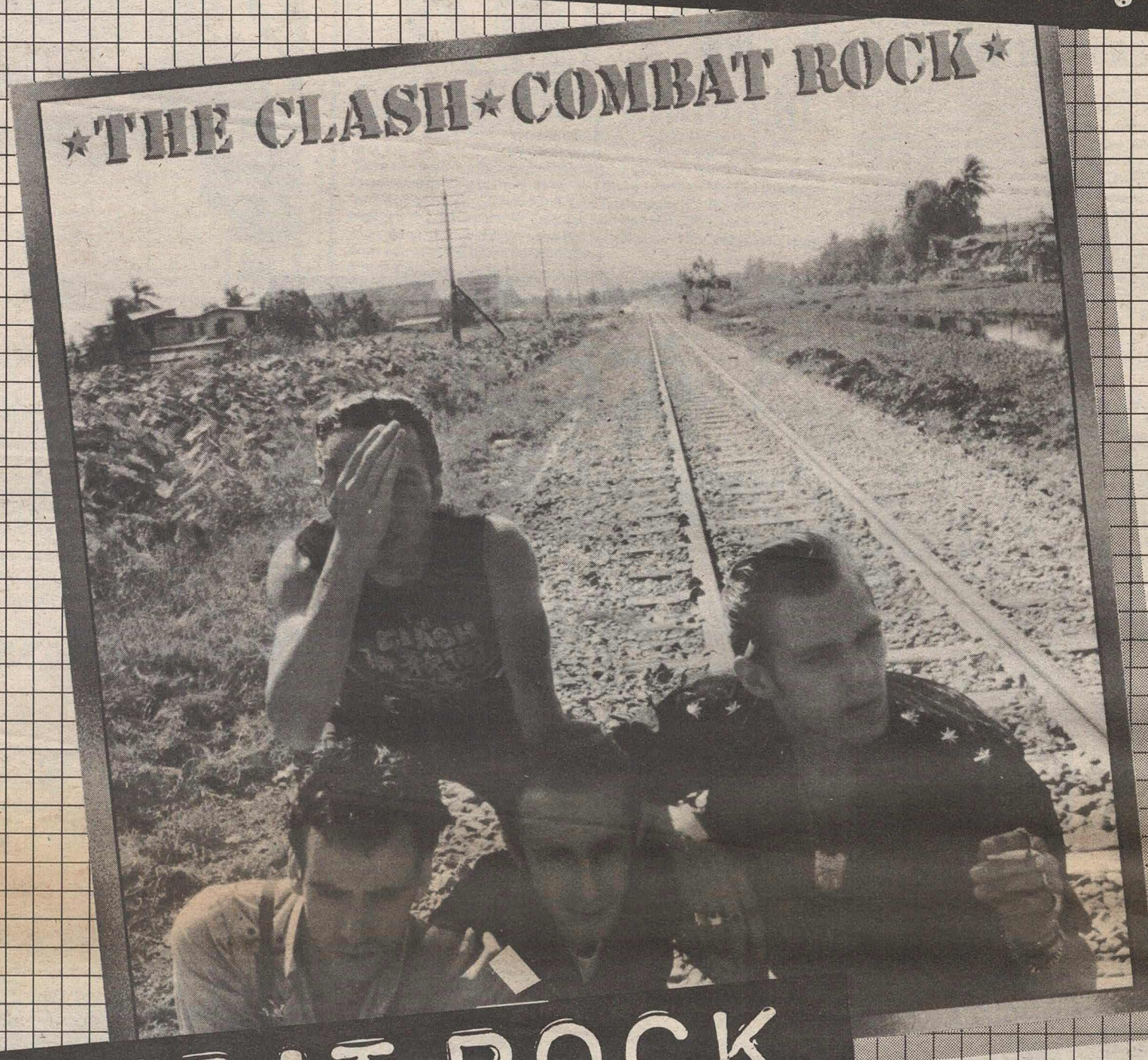
Soft Cell

Torch

Available on seven and Twelve inch

some bizzare

THE CLASH.



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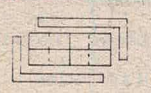
HIT THE ROAD STAX

OWNER'S MANUAL

1
2
3
4



INSTRUCTIONS

RESPECT

SIDE 2

5

Stax

Spotlight on Otis Redding now, he's the King of 'em all now. Inspired by the success of fellow townsman Little Richard, 26-year-old Otis – born in Dawson, but raised in Macon, Georgia – started his meteoric rise to fame with Johnny Jenkins & The Pine-toppers.

An accidental trip to Memphis was the biggest move forward for this young artist. Having been asked, by Jenkins, to drive him to a recording session, Otis enquired once it was finished if there was time for him to record his own demo. His request was granted and, within the hour, Otis had recorded his first big hit, 'These Arms Of Mine'.

The rest is record history with Otis Redding establishing himself as one of soul's top recording

12 OTIS REDDING

VOLT RECORDS

SIDE 1

7

RED BEANS AND RICE

is the rhythm section of The Mar-Keys, who pick up their horns to cook on 'Last Night' and 'Philly Dog'.

Separately they're original and great musicians. Combined they provide the music for every Stax/Volt release produced. No wonder bands across the nation like to listen to and pattern themselves after Booker T & The MGs and The Mar-Keys. They're the greatest!

5

STAX PLAYLIST

(a check-out your local bargain bin special)

1). THE ASTORS – Candy
2). THE BAR-KAYS – Soul Finger
3). WILLIAM BELL – Never Like This Before
4). WILLIAM BELL & JUDY CLAY – Private Number
5). VEDA BROWN – Shortstoppin'
6). BOOKER T & THE MGs – Slim Jenkins Place
7). ARTHUR CONLEY – Funky Street
8). THE DRAMATICS – What You See, Is What You Get
9). EDDIE FLOYD – Big Bird
10). MABEL JOHN – Your Good Thing Is About To End
11). ALBERT KING – Born Under A Bad Sign
12). FREDERICK KNIGHT – Been Lonely For So Long
13). JEAN KNIGHT – Mr. Big Stuff
14). THE MAD LADS – Don't Have To Shop Around
15). OTIS REDDING – Shake
16). OTIS REDDING & CARLA THOMAS – Tramp
17). SAM & DAVE – I Thank You
18). THE STAPLE SINGERS – Respect Yourself
19). JOHNNY TAYLOR – Who's Makin' Love
20). RUFUS THOMAS – Memphis Train

14

The Stax-Volt Revue arrived in London from Memphis, in March 1967, expecting to be a minor distraction to Beatle-crazy Britons. To their amazement, they found themselves to be the hottest acts in town, with Otis Redding receiving crowned-head hospitality. Indeed, no package tour before or since has ever been afforded such an enthusiastic reception.

These dozen tracks taken from concerts at both The Astoria, Finsbury Park and L'Olympia, Paris vividly capture the sock-it-to-'em excitement of the greatest soul show of the '60s.

"The Stax/Volt Revue must be one of the raviest, grooviest, slickest tour packages that Britain has ever seen."

– NME March 18, 1967.

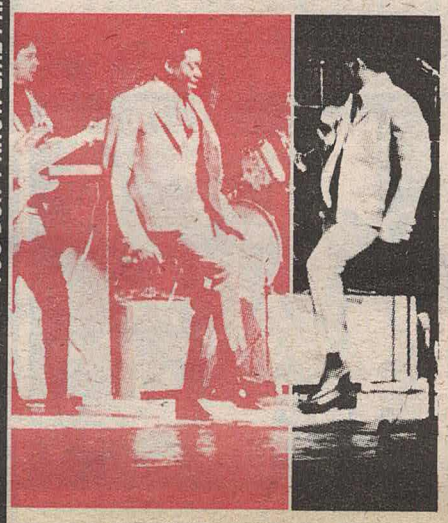
3

YOU DON'T KNOW LIKE I KNOW

SIDE 2

3

Stax



10 SAM & DAVE

VOLT RECORDS

SIDE 1

4

SWEET SOUL MUSIC

Celebrating his 21st birthday mid-tour, Arthur Conley – an Otis Redding protege from Atlanta, Georgia.

One of the most dynamic new soul voices to arrive on the scene, this Sweet Soul Music Man thrills audiences throughout the world with his zestful brand of stage excitement.

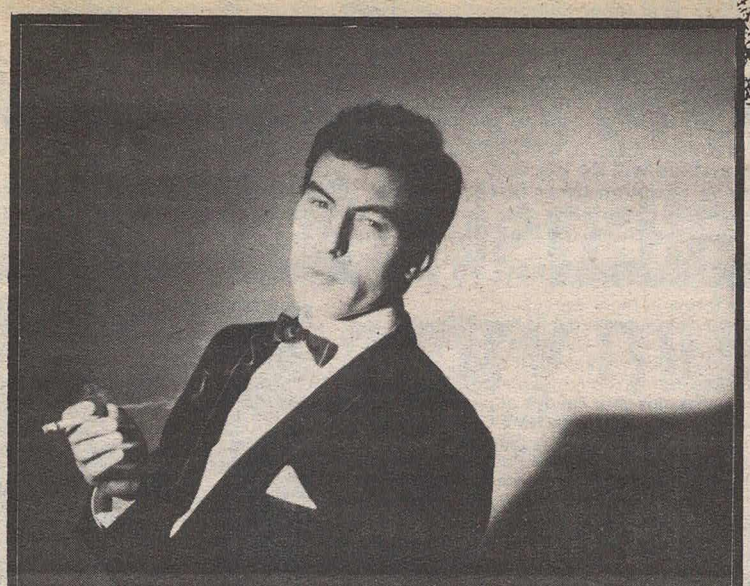
Do you like Soul Music?

Do you like Arthur Conley?

In both cases, the answer is "yeah, yeah".

ARTHUR CONLEY

7



Vic Godard & The Subway Sect

LONDON

NEW SINGLE

HEY NOW (I'M IN LOVE)

NEW L.P.

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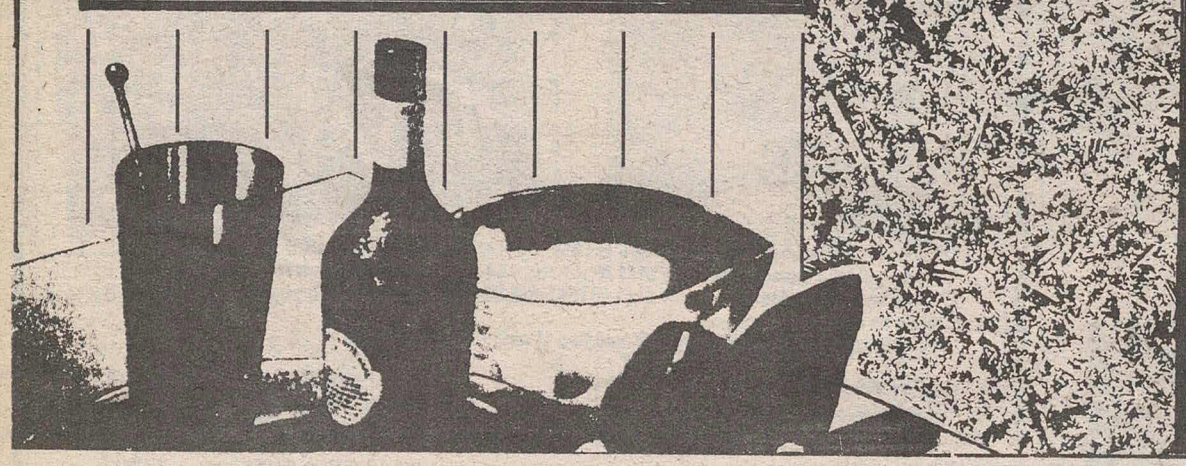


ON THE ALTERED IMAGES TOUR

Appearing at:

20 May. BIRMINGHAM ODEON
21 May. NORWICH UNIVERSITY
24 May. BRIGHTON TOP RANK
25 May. POOLE ARTS CENTRE
26 May. DARBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
27 May. LEICESTER DE MONTFORD

B-A-B-Y

SIDE 1 3

stax

VOLT RECORDS

SIDE 2 4

HOLD ON, I'M COMING

Gee Whiz! It's Memphis Soul Queen Carla Thomas – daughter of Stax court jester Rufus 'Walking The Dog' Thomas. Aside from hitting the charts with Isaac Hayes' composition 'B-A-B-Y', Carla fulfilled her regal role as Soul Queen when she teamed with 'King' Otis for an album and hit single, 'Tramp'.

Hold On, They're Comin', that Double Dynamite duo – Sam & Dave. Stax soulmen supreme, Sam (Moore) from Miami, Florida and Dave (Prater) from Ocilla, Georgia, vaulted to international stardom after meeting up with another great Stax team, songwriters (Isaac) Hayes and (David) Porter to produce a successful string of soul singles like 'You Don't Know Like I Know' and 'Hold On I'm Coming'.

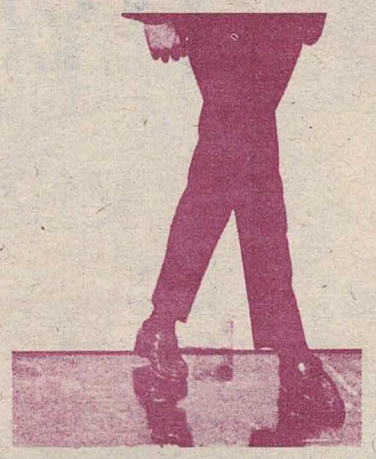
Visually, the most exciting team in showbusiness, when asked what motivated their sensational stage antics, the twosome remarked, "We play each show as if it was our very last one".

6 CARLA THOMAS

11

THE NME DANCE CLASS

Move one...



Move two: *NME, every week!*
The rest'll come kinda natural

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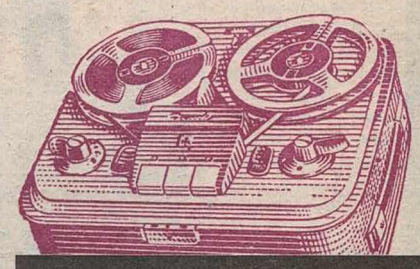


2

15

RAISE YOUR HAND/KNOCK ON WOOD

SIDE 1 5,6

stax

Raise Your Hand, here comes Eddie Floyd.

'Knock On Wood' is played by every soul group from Geno Washington to the local college hop outfit. It has become a standard of its kind. And the man who put it in the charts is a name well known to the mass of jumping, shouting, swaying soul fanatics and pop followers who really dig Eddie's music.

8 EDDIE FLOYD

VOLT RECORDS

SIDE 2 12

LAST NIGHT/PHILLY DOG

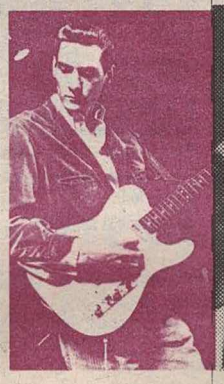
Wind back to page 4

9 THE MAR-KEYS

GREEN ONIONS

SIDE 1 1

stax



Confused about The MGs and The Mar-Keys? You won't be after you've listened to these groovy sounds.

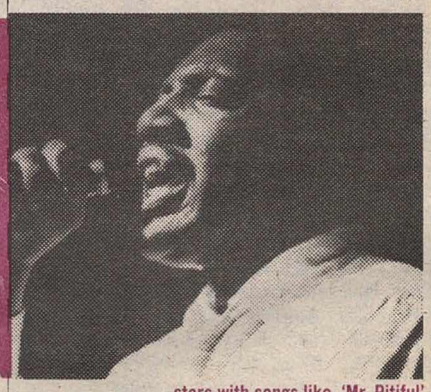
You've guessed it and you're right. Booker T & The MGs, the artists of 'Green Onions' and 'Red Beans And Rice', to name two of their hits,

4 BOOKER T & THE MGs

VOLT RECORDS

SIDE 2 9

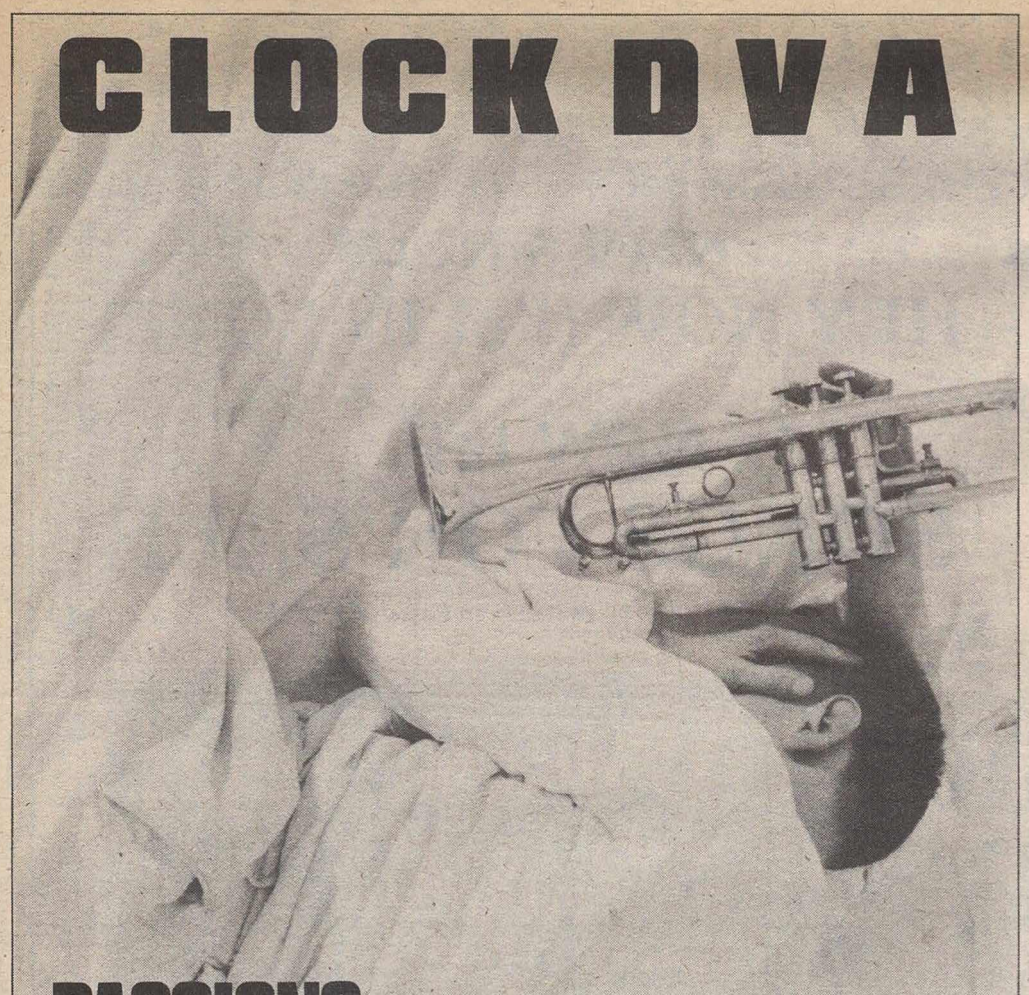
TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS



stars with songs like, 'Mr. Pitiful', 'Respect', 'Pain In My Heart', 'Security', 'Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa (Sad Song)', 'My Lover's Prayer', 'Shake', 'Try A Little Tenderness', 'Daytripper', 'Satisfaction' and 'Dock Of The Bay'.

13

CLOCK DVA



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VIDEO SYNCRASY

Expensive ways to waste your time

1. THE MADE-FOR-VIDEO VIDEO

VIDEO VINI VICI . . . I don't know why I said that, but it's got me started. To most of us, video means movies in the front room; few of us know or care what vini or vici mean (answers on a postcard to Paul Rambali).

By far the largest selection of pre-recorded tapes, then, are films, most of which have already been seen in cinemas or on television. But, to go with the increasing number of 'music' tapes on the market, there are now appearing more and more made-for-video programmes aimed at some presumed general audience. Not the obsessional, specialist tapes for the nation's gardeners, cooks and botanists, but tapes that are made to appeal to a far wider audience: international football tapes, recent news as history tapes, visual magazine tapes, sex tapes. Something for everyone (except Graham Lock).

Taking five examples at random, I found they all had one thing in common: banality and (two things in common) about as much variety as an evening on BBC2 during the snooker tournament.

This Year 1981 **(VCL 120 mins, £34.95) is ITN's contribution to the time capsule, a uniquely depressing review of last year under 20 separate 'chapter' headings (Race Relations, Northern Ireland, Inner-City Riots, Reagan's USA, The Economy, cheerful stuff like that).**

What makes it all even harder to take is the seeming omnipresence of Margaret Thatcher, and the treatment afforded her by the co-presenters. Selina Scott describes Thatcher's contribution to the Tory conference as "a typical rousing speech . . . she did not disappoint the delegates". And in some sort of first, Martyn Lewis, at the end of an offensively obsequious interview, gets Thatcher to play with a Rubik cube, carefully set up to be completed with two swivels; Thatcher feigns surprise before duly accomplishing the task with a smile — wonderful, isn't it, to realise she's only human after all?

As bullets real and phoney whizz in and around Reagan, Sadat, the Pope and the Queen, many more deserving subjects for the chop are seen saying and doing obscene things and getting off scot free: Ian Paisley, Peter Sutcliffe, Geoffrey Howe, Michael Edwardes, Joe Gormley, James Goldsmith, Norman Tebbit, and Thatcher . . . always Thatcher.

The one genuinely sad moment is Doreen Hill's stand against cheque book journalism (good idea, *Daily Mail*, to pay the Ripper's relatives for hot poop on poor Peter's upbringing), the one quote worth preserving Richard Ingrams' comment on Michael Foot: "One of the great political Aunt Sallies of all time." (And the presenters don't bother slipping Foot a cube when they talk to *him*.)

What's wrong with *This Year 1981* **is the disproportionate emphasis on self-important politicians. In the hopelessly inadequate Sport section we're allowed a brief glimpse of Alan Kennedy's stunning goal for Liverpool against Real Madrid before it's back to a boring prat like Len Murray. The Arts sequence is even worse: TV is** *Crossroads* **losing its star, movies are** *Chariots Of Fire* **and** *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, **music is a snippet of Mozart and Bad Manners; but the theatre, ah that's different . . . Theatre is** *Cats, Amadeus*, **the D'Oyly Carte and** *Borderline*, **a Royal Court production which was seen by about 23 people.**

THE TVTIMES-UPITN VIDEO REVIEW
THIS YEAR 1981
Compiled from a fascinating year of television coverage including the archives of ITN
IN COLOUR

The Obituaries confirm that this tape was put together by simpletons: Bill Haley and Bob Marley warrant archive footage, Natalie Wood doesn't.

The final 'chapter' is Royal Romance and the subheads include 'The Wedding Day' and 'Honeymoon Scenes'. Honeymoon scenes?!!! Time to rewind.

Electric Blue 007 **(Scripglow 60 mins, £31) promises something more than honeymoon scenes and delivers a good deal less than honest pornography. The** *Electric Blue* **series is a straightforward attempt to put magazines like** *Club International* **and** *Men Only* **(ie the girls are better looking than those in** *Knave* **and** *Fiesta)* **on video. Simple as that.**

So the 007 edition offers young ladies with tenuous Bond film connections, a tedious feature on American cars, a comedy sketch (killingly funny, actually, since it's from *Derek And Clive Get The Horn* **— "Can you get tax relief on an unemployed knob?"), a film feature (embarrassing clips from a 1975 quickie called** *Girls Come First*, **starring well-known blonde Hazel O'Connor) and — its raison d'etre —** *moving* **centrefolds.**

In these, the girls lie back and dreamily masturbate to 'AOR-style' music; for visual variation the motto seems to be, if in doubt use split screens. For £31, I don't call that a lot. They don't call it soft porn for nothing.

Rewind 4 **(Catalyst 45 mins on a 180 tape, £10.95) is virtually nothing for nothing. You pay a pound over the top for a three-hour tape, watch the magazinette at the beginning and then wonder why you didn't just pick up a regular blank cassette in the first place.**

The best thing on it is Chaz Jankel's zippy 'Questionnaire' (there are also videos by Police, Musical Youth, Ippu Do and Yukihiro Takahashi). The worst is a terribly duff video piracy sketch. Rik Mayall pops up in a sub-Kevin Turvey bit about dustbins, there's a trailer for *Countryman*, **and there's a feature on Japan (the place) that would interest only their tourist board. You may as well give the extra quid to a stranger.**

SPORT IS surely one area where video can really come good. After all, those classic encounters (be it cricket, tennis, snooker or boxing) are rarely repeated on television and, in the case of the finest sport of all (footer!), *never* **repeated; once Liverpool have beaten Norwich 5-3 on** *Match Of The Day*, **mate, that's it, gone forever. (Seeing the goals again on** *Football Focus* **is not the same thing.)**

So, I thought, *Europa '80* **(Intervision 50 mins, £29.95) and** *The Power Of Football* **(Intervision 90 mins, £34.95) would be welcome additions to the M Smith Soccer Library. Think again, official hooligan! The average edition of** *On The Ball* **beats these two tapes all ends up for quality, presentation and editorial comment.**

Europa '80 **is the official film of the European Championship in Italy, which is generally regarded as one of the most boring football competitions ever held. Germany v Czechoslovakia! (0-0). Germany v Greece! (0-0). Italy v Belgium! (0-0). Italy v England! (Yes, well, we won't go into that . . .)**

Throughout these titanic struggles (as in "We're sunk now, lads") the cameras are placed so close to the 'action' that — though you get a fair impression of the speed these games are played at — all perspective is lost; you can just about see what's going on, but rarely where. Funnily enough, the only entertaining match of the entire sorry affair — England's comical 2-1 win over Spain — is not even mentioned. And neither's Gary Birtles. *(Who he? — Ed.)*

The Power Of Football **is altogether a rum do. It's like a** *National Enquirer* **report come to lurid life. It purports to feature the highlights of the 1978 World Cup finals but is, in fact, a documentary of dubious origina (the commentator affects an unnatural American accent) that guardedly criticises the military regime in Argentina.**

Using melodramatic music more suited to *Dragnet*, **obviously faked interviews with Montoneros members, and colourful rhetoric in the excruciatingly awful commentary ("Can football be played in a concentration camp?"),** *The Power Of Football* **is an unmitigated disaster that is well nigh incomprehensible. And if it's more or less unwatchable — those goals, those great goals (Ari Haan you are a hero!) pop up on scratched, washed-out film in between all the dire** *Sun*-**speak (Paolo Rossi is "Italy's six million dollar man" throughout the show) and political nonsense — it's also unlistenable: "Resolute optimist, Cesar Menotti began to bring to fruition for the Argentine people the computerised dream of his military strategy." Que?**

The scrappy football inserts are a disgrace and the grasp of English is as shaky as the camerawork. The longer it goes on, the worse it gets: "To the contrary of the Italians, Holland did not slack out — Rensenbrink was the thing in the game."

"Banned In Argentina!" it boasts on the cover. It should be banned here, too, on grounds of sheer taste. And to think *Match Of The Day* **is off the air till September . . .**

— MONTY SMITH

2. THE LIVE ROCK VIDEO

SO-CALLED "live" albums have always relied heavily on the more-money-than-sense end of the marketplace for their sales. The discerning customer will as a rule avoid them. And how much more true, given the price escalation, must that be of "live" videos . . . because, with one honourable exception, this week's batch of boxes might as well be coffin-shaped for all the life they've got inside them.

The intensity of imaginative effort which went into the title **10cc — Live In Concert** (VCL, 60 mins, £20.95) is about par for the whole enterprise. It's a late-'70s Hammersmith Odeon concert, filmed in the flattest way. Add to that the effect of 10cc's smug, somnambulent (if irritatingly clever) music, and you have a *very* expensive way of wasting time, unless you're absolutely besotted with the band.

Tina Turner (VCL, 30 mins, £20.95) seems to have had videos in the shops longer than there's been videos. This is a show at London's Apollo in 1979 — so again, it's hardly up-to-the-moment. Again, the standard's about that of a routine TV in-concert — that is, inadequate. For the rest, I guess it depends how sensual and dynamic you find Ms Turner as a performer. Personally, I found the whole thing tawdry and showbiz-phoney.

Filmed on their 'Tonic For The Troops' tour at Hammersmith, **The Boomtown Rats /Live** (VCL, 50 mins, £20.95) doesn't exactly strain at the creative boundaries of the video medium either. It's just a succession of sweating heads, stretching towards microphones, trundling out inferior versions of their best-known records. Who needs it?

Then we have **Kate Bush Live At Hammersmith Odeon**

Tina Turner — tawdry

(EMI, 52 mins, £34.50). These titles, by the way, grindingly ordinary, reflect the all-round lack of flair in music videos, from their format to their packaging. Taking the 1979 concerts as their basis, the makers have tarted the thing up with a few effects — and of course the original shows were visual spectaculars in any case — so there's slightly more of interest to *look* at (which is, after all, why you're coughing up for a video instead of a mere album). Again, though, purchase is recommended only to utter fans.

By far the best thing here has to be **Eddy Grant** (VCL, 30 mins, £20.95), filmed at the Notting Hill Carnival in 1980. More than just another gig, this is a vivid diary of a day, packed tight with delightful detail, drawing on the whole event. Of course, the music helps: Grant is a compelling performer, with an obvious hold on most of the 50,000 revellers who pack the streets to watch him and his Frontline Orchestra. It's small wonder: Grant's reggae is a fiercely exuberant thing which defies you to stay uninvolved. This film keeps up the interest with energetic editing and it captures the spirit impressively.

— PAUL DU NOYER

NB Prices vary. Those quoted here are from The Video Palace, Kensington High Street.)

Something horrible for you to watch...

Ask your video stockist for 'The Beyond' from director Lucio Fulci, the new Italian 'Master of Terror,' and make your blood run cold.

VIDEOMEDIA

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LIE BACK AND THINK OF

PAUL MORLEY INDULGES IN HARD CORE HABITS WITH BEKI BONDAGE AND VICE SQUAD.

BEKI BONDAGE

BEKI RUSHES into the front room, quickly shuts the door behind her, and sits down next to me, a red and saucy smile spreading across her round face. What has she got on her mind? A hell of a lot.

"I'll shut the door or else the others will listen and laugh!"

She's out of breath, and soon so am I.

"I like talking to people, arguing with them, getting things out of them . . . are you going to trap me? Is this going to be an unusual or standard interview? Have you got loads of tough questions?"

Her bright eyes sparkle with relish. "I think a lot of English people are really frightened of giving themselves away, like they won't talk to you unless they know you really well. In Bristol you can know people for years and they still won't talk to you, they're really guarded, and they're very shocked if you just come out with something you feel very deeply about. People always say to me oh you do come out with things blatantly, you don't try and hide anything, but I don't see the point in that . . ."

She stops, gets her breath back, blinks quickly, and raises her eyebrows ready for the next question. She's so demanding.

"Oh, you're just trying to flatter me so that you'll get me to say something that you can use against me . . ."

Does she like to be the centre of attention?

"Yes," she whistles. "That's honest, innit? Actually it's all a big mixture, I don't know whether I'm an extrovert or an introvert. Really! Because sometimes I like being really noisy and all that and other times it'll terrify me being at the centre of attention . . . if I feel a bit down and I don't want to know and I want to be on my own. When you're in a band you start off wanting to be at the centre of attention, but as soon as you are you long for a bit of privacy. Actually, I'm a bit scared of being on my own because when I am I nag myself to death. Everything sort of goes round and round inside my head."

BEKI BONDAGE is the 18 year old singer with Bristol punk group Vice Squad: I talk to her after I've interviewed the three bland blond boys in the group. The boys are plain: the girl is wildly patterned.

Between her slightly rounded shoulders and the tips of her knee-length stiletto boots Beki is dripping in studs, UK Subs badges, chains and ageing leather: her fishnet tights have three holes in them, her face is cheerfully made up, her nose may have been broken once and is subtly flattened, and this week the crimped hair is the lightest yellow smudged with the gentlest of pastel colours. Beki has bigger muscles than I'll ever have. She doesn't quite pronounce bath 'barth' but however fast she speaks, however offensively she retaliates to a question, her accent is never unpolished. In an interview she likes to be verbally tied up: just so she can try and untie herself.

"I was attracted to the punk movement because of the freedom it was meant to be, not because of fashion. I liked the music because people actually said something rather than just singing boring old love songs. I see punk as trying to encourage people to say what they feel, think for themselves, and something that should have no restrictions."

Haven't rules and restrictions been imposed upon it?

"Yeah, I suppose so, like you have got to be working class, and people are really proud of being ignorant and when they're not ignorant they make out they are, but I don't see why if you're a punk you have to be a total moron. Really, I don't care what anyone else does. I'm in it for what I believe in. I don't see why I should be like anyone else. There's nothing to be proud of if you're going to be like that. Just go your own way . . ."

What do you like about punks?

"I don't really know . . . I know why I went into it, because of the freedom, and I like the people who share my beliefs, and I like the way they look. That's my ideal male, the punk bloke. I couldn't really look at another bloke, however nice looking he was. I can only like a punk bloke. I suppose that's awful and I'm really restricting myself but I can't help it!"

What's your favourite colour hair on a man?

"Blue I think . . . blond is getting a bit puffy because there's lots of blonds about . . . it's like blues and greens . . . and mohicans on a bloke if it suits them. Sky blue or Capri blue . . . I hope I get lots of blokes turning up at our gigs with blue hair now . . . and wearing leather jock straps with studs in and nothing else!"

Wouldn't the poor blue-heads be cold?

"Oh, I'd keep them warm!"

SHANE / DRUMS / AGED 20 / SAD EYES / MEDIUM LIPS / BLOTCHY SKIN / LONG NECK . . . QUIET, FAIRLY CONFIDENT VOICE . . .

WE NEVER THOUGHT we'd get anywhere really. Like now we see Beki on the front page of the papers and it's strange, but it's nothing like you'd dream it would be. You just realise as you get bigger that you can't treat it as a joke anymore, you realise that people are listening to what you're saying so you have to consider the words a lot more. When no one's listening you can say anything you like.

It'd be great to do a tour with say Motorhead, a kind of crossover. I think both sets of fans would learn something off each other. I like bands who really believe in what they're doing. There was a time in '77 and '78 when The Clash and that were getting into a position where they could have changed things but all that stuff about labels and helping young bands was a load of rubbish. I believed it at the time, though. I really thought that they were going to help people. I think all The Clash do now is churn out slogans, and in many ways they've become like the bands that we didn't like in the first place.

There comes a time when you have to prove yourself. Maybe it's futile to hope for the things that we hoped for in '77, but I really think that you should try. It's like Paul Weller said, if you're singing to 2,000 people you might as well sing about something you feel strongly about, that you want people to think about. I think it's important to try and do something worthwhile, not waste people's time. We never say anything other than our opinion, we say this is a subject we've thought about why don't you think about it. That's as far as it can go. I just don't see the point in singing something totally meaningless. I do believe that we're doing something useful . . . I think so . . . it's what we're trying to do . . .

BEKI BONDAGE talks about punk differently from the Bushell-way: for her it's almost . . . cosmic.

"Well it is a sort of spiritual thing . . . that's what I'm into . . . it shouldn't be made into something cheap and nasty and unimportant."

Punk audiences seem to be the type of people who haven't been shown any kind of richness or brilliance, people who've been cruelly limited by their elders or their environment: and punk music in a different way also limits these people, reduces possibility . . .

"Yeah, it's wasted . . . it's like I really want to offer them something. Because I really love punk. I cried when the Pistols split up, and I cried when Sham split up and it's all I ever lived for and I know it sounds stupid but at that age that's what I was really into. So I want to make sure that it is something worth believing in."

What qualities are important for you in individuals?

"Erm . . . gentleness, compassion . . . oh all sorts of things. I like a sense of humour and all that. Perhaps the thing I like most about people is if they've got cares for things apart from themselves."

What would be a criticism of yourself that would really bother you?

"If I tell you you're going to put it in print aren't you?!!! Well, I suppose it would depend who was criticising me. If it was someone I didn't respect I wouldn't give a fuck . . . Saying I'm insincere, I suppose. That would be a bit of an insult."

I had interviewed Mark on a bench in a park outside the group manager's pleasant terraced house; Shane in a back room of the manager's house; Dave and Beki in the front room. As I get ready to shackle Beki, Dave and Shane catch me in the hallway; they've something on their mind.

With congenial enthusiasm they tell me about a new label they're launching, "For hard core punks and skins. It's called Resurrection Records, it's not going to be narrow minded, and the first record will be by a Bristol group called Lunatic Fringe. Hopefully us doing this will stem the criticisms of sell out because of us joining EMI. It's to show that we're *trying* to help people even though we've no money and had to borrow it."

Was it something you really wanted to do, or something you felt you had to do because of the Prime Laws Of Punk?

"A bit of both really. It's like The Clash let everyone down and we must make sure that doesn't happen again."

The Squad boys talk about their punks if it were some benevolent community service, a vague obligation, a dusty co-operative. Hostilities or practical provocation seem very distant things. Beki uses punk to represent her feeling that her very personality is being constantly threatened. The Squad boys are unmoved by the obviousness of what they do: the Vice girl is restless when faced with cliches and paralysing standards. The boys are worthy and earnest and induce in me a drowsiness. Beki fidgets and rushes and she crudely whips my imagination. As the boys dreamily finish telling me about their new label — making it sound such a fatigued proposition — Beki scuttles past us and sarcastically sneers: "Capitalists!"

Breathless Beki writes very bitter lyrics, and you don't feel that they're punk-gratuitous.

"They are bitter," she giggles, not sure whether to be chuffed or embarrassed. "Ah, I'm so young and so bitter . . . isn't it sweet!"

Is she very disappointed with people?

"Maybe, yes. I'm disappointed with human nature, my own included obviously. You're bought up to believe that people are all good but they're just as bad as they are good . . . a lot of the good gets suppressed all the time. I'm not against the human race, obviously, because I'm part of it . . . I think."

Reading Beki's divinely impatient words it seems as though she'd rather be dead than get lost amidst this human race.

"Oh, you've sussed me out! I think everyone goes through that. You're bound to . . . there's so much death all around you, it's like no one respects life. That's why I'm into animal rights — no one really respects animal life so no one respects human life."

Despite your despair you obviously need to *spurt* on.

"When I'm angry and frustrated and depressed about things I still always want to do something about it. If your belief in yourself disappears then perhaps you kill yourself, but I can't really hate myself. I think it's all just wanting something better for yourself, not really death. Maybe it's just youth . . . what we talking about suicide for, it's worse than talking about sex!"

ENGLAND

PHOTOS: PETER ANDERSON

Do you read much?

"No . . . I used to a lot at school but I don't get much time to now. I remember one book well, that was 'Lord Of The Flies' . . . a great insight into human nature! I'm not really intellectual at all . . . that's good in a way . . . I'd get eye-strain!"

Don't you define 'intellectualism' in its purest state as a sort of *Curiosity*?

"That's true actually . . . I always used to say that at school when everyone said oh if you've got A-levels then you must be brainy, and if you haven't you're not. I always thought that was bollocks, if you have A levels it doesn't mean that you're curious it just means that you can sit without being distracted and absorb facts."

You use words in songs with a great excitability, as if you're scared they're going to run away from you — a brilliant enthusiasm fortifies the predictable or expected observations.

"Well, I used to really like poetry at school . . . I particularly liked Ted Hughes's stuff, it was all about animals. I remember one poem about an otter hunt and he said that it amounted to nothing but a pelt over a back of a chair. There was nothing flowery, it was just deeply expressed, and it just really hit you. It was an exact truth. All that vitality suppressed and hunted and murdered . . . I don't write my lyrics like as a punk song I write them as a poem . . ."

Did you know about Hughes's wife, Sylvia Plath? I think you would have liked her poems . . . not necessarily because she (accidentally) killed herself.

"No . . . actually I like tragic people. I don't know why. There is something about them that is really haunting, it's as if they were too pure for this earth and they left when they were young . . . sometimes I think that I'm living my life too fast . . . I'm so nosy and I feel that I have to get it all in while I'm young in case I lose it."

Would you like to romanticise about yourself as being tragic?

"I'm not tragic at all!"

This is very true.

"No! No! You can't say I'm a tragic person, if you print that everybody'll be expecting me to top myself at any moment . . . you're just trying to get rid of me aren't you? Really the worse thing about living on this planet is that it's so beautiful but it's been so wrecked. It could have been heaven but it's been turned into hell."

What are your favourite possessions?

"Oh, my rabbits . . . well they're not possessions, that's treating them as slaves. Shadow and Albino . . . then there's my leather jacket, my battered old record collection, my crusty old record player, a few of my tatty old skirts, my holey fishnets, and my diaries . . . I don't want anyone to get their hands on those!"

MARK/BASS GUITAR/AGED 20/NERVOUS EYES/THIN LIPS/SHINY SKIN/MEDIUM SIZED NECK . . . SLOW, DRY, UNSURPRISED VOICE . . .

AS FAR AS I can see I'm not biased about anything. Being in Vice Squad has made me think about things instead of ignoring them. I think I'm a more reasonable person that I was before. I'm very aware that I'm still formulating my views. I feel that I'm getting influenced by absolutely everything at the moment. I really hate narrow mindedness. I suppose I'm narrow minded about some things to a certain extent, but I really try not to be.

Vice Squad is a great amount of fun and it's also about getting opinions across. No one has to agree with them, just think about them. We're all obviously influenced by Beki and her views on such as vegetarianism and anti-vivisection, we all agree to a certain extent, but we're not fanatics like she is.

It disappoints me that our music is only supposed to appeal to a certain type of person. I hate generalisations and categorisations, and it frustrates me that a lot of people won't turn up to see us because we're supposed to not mean anything to them. I'd like to play to a wider audience, definitely. I suppose people get put off by what they see as bigotry or aggression, but say violence for instance from my experience only happens on a very small scale.

I know the people in Bristol who cause that type of trouble and yeah I get on with them but they seem to be narrow minded where they don't need to be. I don't think we can get through to those people. We try to, we've been trying for ages, but I think they're beyond it . . . they don't stand a chance. It's a small minority but if only four or five people people fight at a gig then it ruins it for everybody.

Generally the atmosphere at our gigs is quite amicable. But lately it just seems to be that we get punks turning up just because it's a punk gig, there are no new people coming along, and that is upsetting me. Everytime we do the Lyceum it's the same 20, 30 people across the front, I'm beginning to recognise them, but it is still a good feeling . . . to a certain extent. I think that our music should make people think and if it doesn't then it's failed . . . but hopefully . . . well, it does.

DO YOU LIKE your records, Beki?

"Some of them. Some I think, oh that was boring, that was crap. The first LP we made I was a total wreck and it was terrible. I'm really ashamed of that one, the cover, the title, the songs. I really didn't want to do it and I was frightened of signing to EMI . . . I don't like our records that much because I'm on them. I get really self-critical. I want us to sound like the groups I'm really into, which is stupid.

I was relieved when we'd finished the new one, it was so much better than the last one — how couldn't it be? I was so ashamed of that! Oh, but I don't like talking about the group, that gets so boring . . . everyone does that."

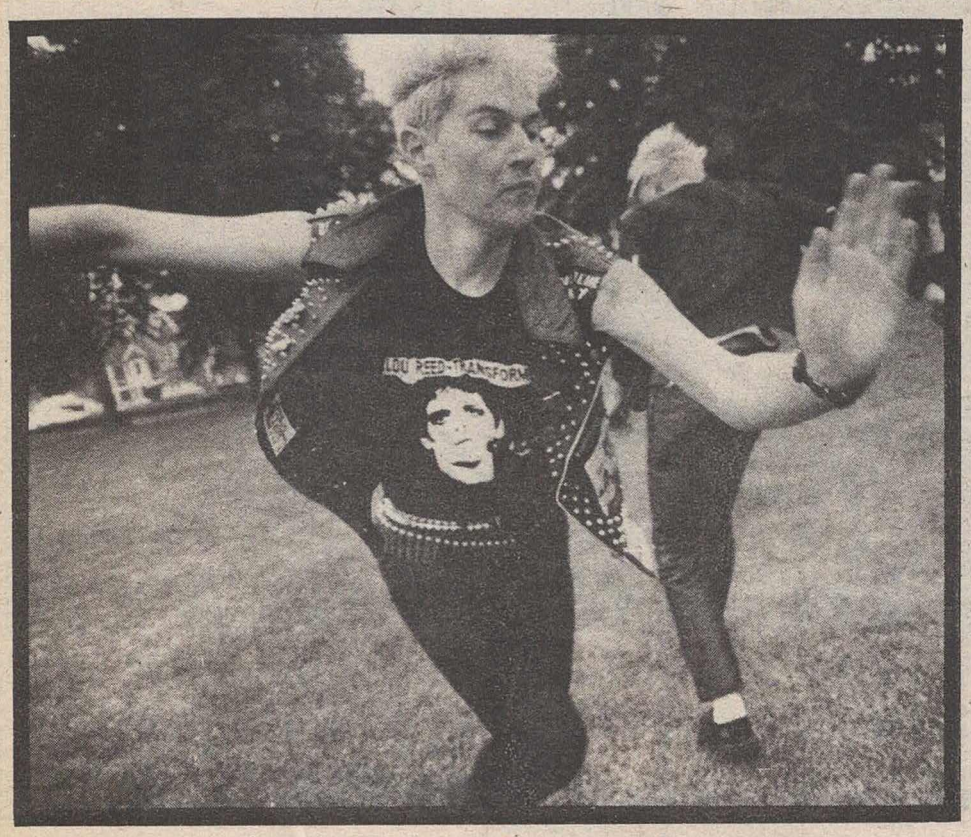
Do you get fed up or embarrassed with your name?

"Beki Bondage . . . not at all. If I was called Beki Ramsbottom it would be the sweet little girl in the frilly dress singing a nice little song, whereas at least I'm a little bit *rough*."

DAVE/GUITAR/AGED 20/DOPEY EYES/THICK LIPS/RUGGED SKIN/SHORT NECK . . . SLOW, BORING VOICE . . .

THE ORIGINAL idea was oh I'd like to be in a band like the Pistols. We were all punks before the band. Originally me and Shane started a fanzine because we didn't know anything about music, you either had a fanzine or you were in a band. With the fanzine we lost a bomb, well, ten pounds . . . it was a bomb then . . . and we started a band instead. I bought a guitar and it was a year before anyone could teach me to play a proper chord.

I was very much younger than the first lot of bands, y'know, they were like 22, and Stummer even then was really pushing it, but I still wanted to be part of it all. It's like we're now trying to create the better aspects of '77 and I think that the spirit amongst punks is a lot more ardent. I suppose if punk loses its novelty it loses everything that it's supposed to be, like constant change and all that, but there will always be people who are going to get off on this sort of music, the excitement, and even though we play something that has gone before it's like the first time we've got on the stage and said look at us . . . there's still an energy and if you can keep that energy I still



DAVE

CONTINUES PAGE 51

LP

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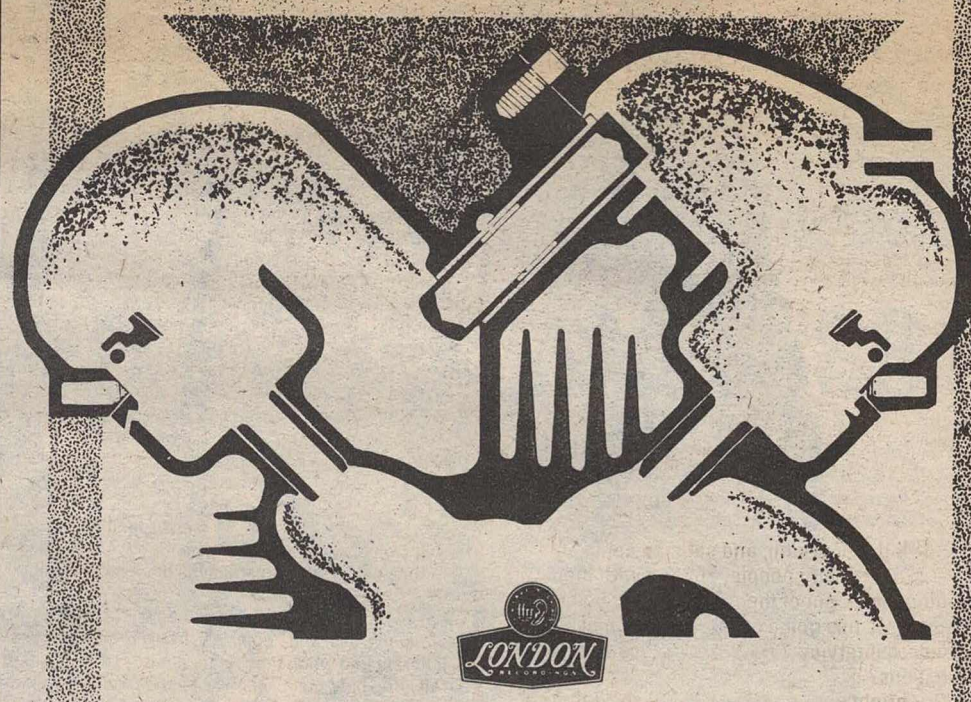

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N·M·E ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

1ST: STEVE ANDERSON: England, Living Under A Cloud, Birmingham.

HERE, in all their glory, are the winners (and some nearly-winners) of the first-ever NME Rock Photo Competition. *Their* quality, obviously, speaks for itself. but nothing prepared as for the incredibly high standard of your entries as a whole — all 500-plus of them!

What can we say but a large-sized "thanks" to everyone who took part and made it such a success. And that includes the folks at Olympus, makers of quality cameras, and at Photomarkets UK, retailers of same, who generously combined to put up the prizes.

And let's not forget the valiant judges, either — including special guest panellist Nick Mason from Pink Floyd, who also presented the prices to the four lucky winners last week.

Okay, so we'll roll the credits, and *you* can feast your eyes.

1. Steve Anderson, a 25 year old Building Contractor from Erdington, Birmingham, walked off with an Olympus OM2N 35mm SLR camera and an Olympus Pearlcorder for his pic of four spiky tops framed against the Midlands sky.

Steve, a confirmed NME reader and cynic (surely unconnected?) took the shot specially for the competition in Birmingham City Centre, stopping a punky foursome at random. The shot was taken on an OMI with wide angle lens.

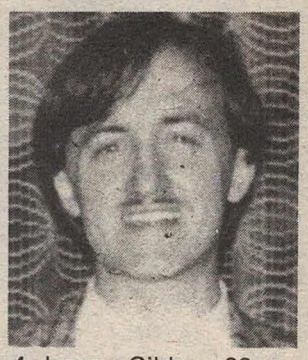
2. Rebecca Leathlean had good cause to laugh when she had an Olympus OMIN SLR 35 mm camera bestowed on her. Not that her disturbing picture of two young Nazis outside the Last Resort skinhead shop in London's East End is anything to laugh about, but the judges felt that the shot was saying something important about what's happening in young Britain today.

The shot was taken as part of Rebecca's course at Goldsmith's College, with a Pentax KI000.

3. Graphic design student Norma Martin stopped her 'Skifflehead' ("He was very adamant that he wasn't a skinhead,") outside an East Ham barber's shop and won herself an Olympus OMIO 35 mm SLR camera for the resulting pic.

"Who's Nick Mason?" asked 20 year old Norma at the prize giving.

She used a Pentax KI000 to take her photo.



4. Jeremy Gibbs, a 26 year old film-cutter from Middlesex, found himself clutching an Olympus XA pocket 35 mm camera for his shot of Iggy Pop in action. It was the only live shot that survived the judges' scrutiny, and in the words of Nick Mason, "speaks for all the singing head pictures. It really captures the pain and exhaustion of weeks on the road."

The shot was taken with a Pentax Spotmatic fitted with a 200 mm Takumar lens.

CHRIS GARNHAM: Peter Murphy, Daniel Ash, Kevin Haskins, Northampton.

ANTIMO: The Aim Of The Law, Pavilion Grounds, Brighton.

RUSS STYLES: Killer, Hammersmith Odeon.

BLEDDYN BUTCHER: Rowland Howard, Nick Cave, Kilburn.

ADRIAN SMITH: Mr. Charles Robert Watts, Half-Moon Putney.

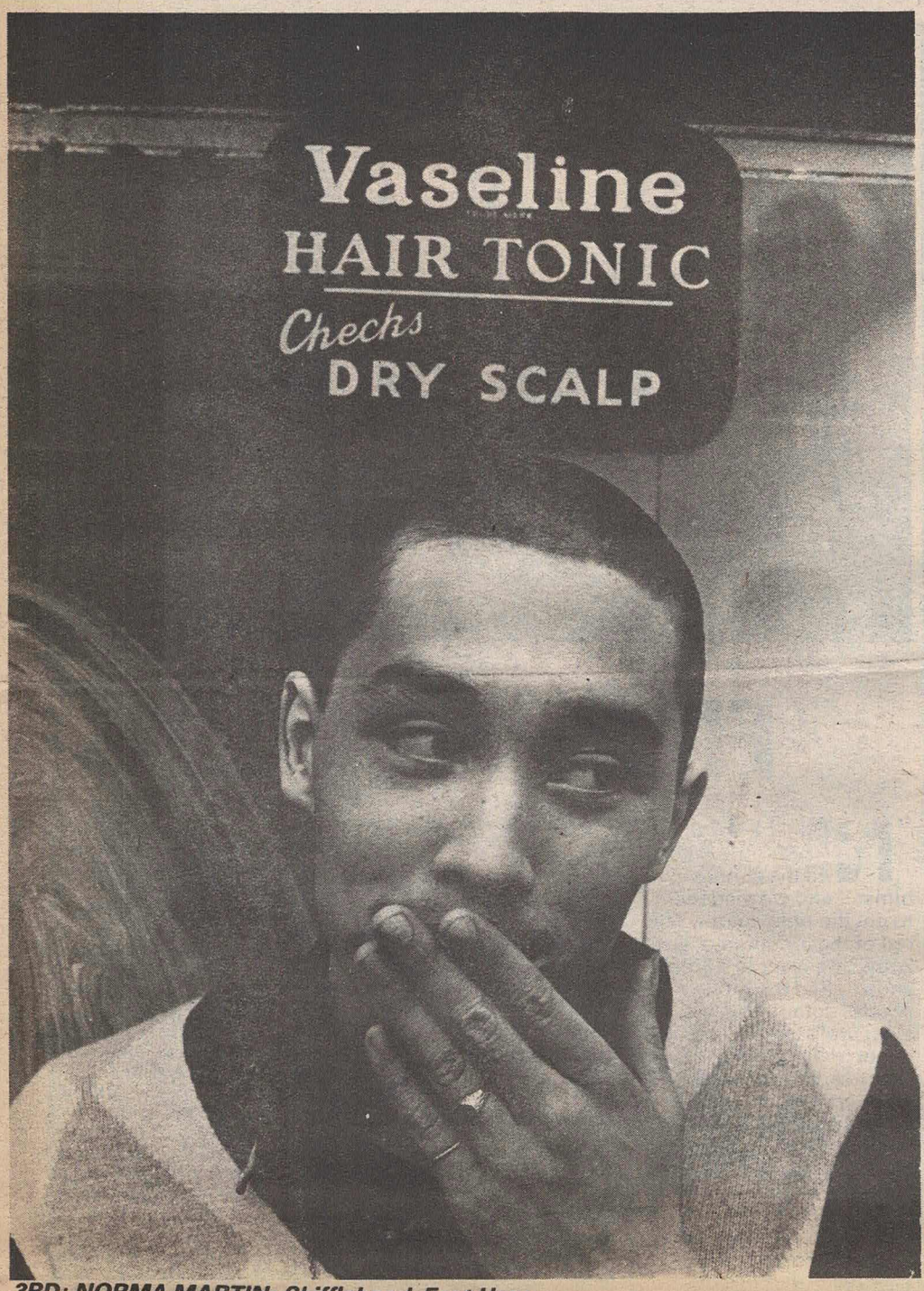
JAMES DER DERIAN: Behaviour Modification, Hyde Park.

2ND: REBECCA LEATHLEAN: Skinhead, Whitechapel, London.

4TH: JEREMY GIBBS: Iggy Pop, Music Machine, London.

EUGENE RYDER: Ramona, Vauxhall Bridge.

GARY BULL: Street Credibility From An Aerosol Can, Southend.



3RD: NORMA MARTIN: Skifflehead, East Ham.

SPECIAL AWARD: MARTIN HASWELL: Disabled DJ, Brighton.

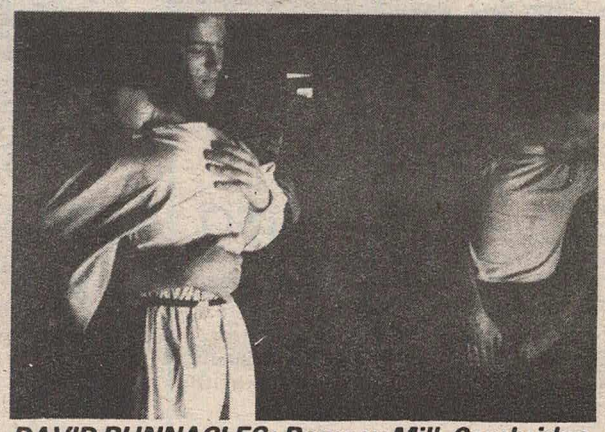
SPECIAL AWARD: PASCALE BEREGOVI: Live For The Children, Clapton.

F. STOP FITZGERALD: Tartan Fours, Oxford.

MARK COLLICOTT: Gavin Macaulay, Nottingham.

MS JO CHILES: Untitled, Camden Lock.

SUSAN C. FOWLER: Day Moves, Edinburgh.



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Tavernier in the town. Pic: Jill Furmanovsky

FILM NOIRET

Neil Norman talks to Bertrand Tavernier about his bizarre comedy Clean Slate and its charismatic star Philippe Noiret

"NOIRET WAS SO HAPPY. He found all the clothes himself and washed them to get the right colour. The red of that undershirt, you know? He went to a little shop to find the right, precise colour. He was even professional enough to get malaria — but on a Saturday afternoon. He was very sick on Saturday and Sunday morning but by Monday he was cured and could go back to work. That's what I call a professional actor. . ."

Bertrand Tavernier is talking about his latest film, *Clean Slate (Coup De Torchon),* which stars his good friend Philippe Noiret as the slovenly police chief, Lucien Cordier, of a small Senegal township in 1938. Based on Jim Thompson's novel, *Pop. 1280,* the film is an amazing trip through the chaos of Cordier's disordered existence and the way in which his life of sleaze is disrupted by death, corruption, women, the approaching war and enforced responsibility. It is the funniest, blackest movie of the year.

Raised in a literary environment (his father was the writer Rene Tavernier), Tavernier was hooked on films by the time he was 14 and while his friends were content with the latest flics he was busy mooching around the Parisian suburbs in the mid-50s checking out *The Flame And The Arrow, Kiss Of Death* and Jules Dassin's *Thieves' Highway.* Since those days spent in the precociously unfashionable pursuit of American '40s films Tavernier has tried his hand at just about every aspect of film-making. Now 41, he didn't make his first feature until 1974.

Was it absolutely necessary to work in all the peripheral areas of cinema — critic, press agent, producer and screenwriter are just some of the hats he has worn in his career — before getting down to the business of direction?

"I think so. Before making *The Clockmaker* I made two shorts in '63 and '64. They were very bad and very imitative of American cinema. I was not mature enough. So I waited for eight years and I think it gave me many things. I learned how to make a film from the financial side; I learned what it was to distribute, to release a film; things like that which are important because a film costs money. Money is the biggest censorship, the biggest pressure, so if you know how to deal with it it's a way of being free! I've done seven or eight films and I've always been under budget and under schedule. That's a great help. The producer trusts me completely. I do absolutely what I want and I learnt it through those things."

Being free to do what he wants does not mean, as anyone who has seen *Une Semaine Des Vacances, Le Juge et L'Assassin* or *Deathwatch* will know, *carte blanche* for the director's unfettered imagination — let loose in an artistic orgy of technical effects. The first word that one thinks of when dealing with Tavernier's style is restraint. It was probably this restraint that caused his brilliant reading of D. G. Compton's science fiction novel, *The Continuous Katherine Mortenhoe,* (filmed as *Deathwatch)* to be universally ignored last year by critics and public alike.

"I was a bit disappointed with the way it was received because I think it says important things and I liked the reaction of David Compton when he saw the film. He cried and he said 'It's better than the book'. And I know that is Harvey Keitel's favourite film along with *Mean Streets;* I cannot be completely wrong when Max Von Sydow says it's the best part he ever had in an English speaking film. But that's life.

"I can understand that it doesn't work in America. It's not the type of film they want to see; it has not the pace they want but over here I would have thought that the meaning behind the story would have been intriguing enough. The man with a camera in his head — the problems it raised about the moral of filmmaking; the questions that are raised about manipulation of an audience in terms of subject and style — because I really deliberately tried to give it a kind of direction which was opposite to what Harvey was doing in the story. That is something Compton saw immediately. He said it was one of the rare films about manipulation which is not manipulative at all."

One of Tavernier's great gifts is his ability to integrate technique with the characters and spirit of his films. In *Clean Slate,* the camera, like Cordier, drifts lazily from one crisis to the next as if allowing the environment to make the only comment. Just as Glasgow was an important location for *Deathwatch* so Senegal marks

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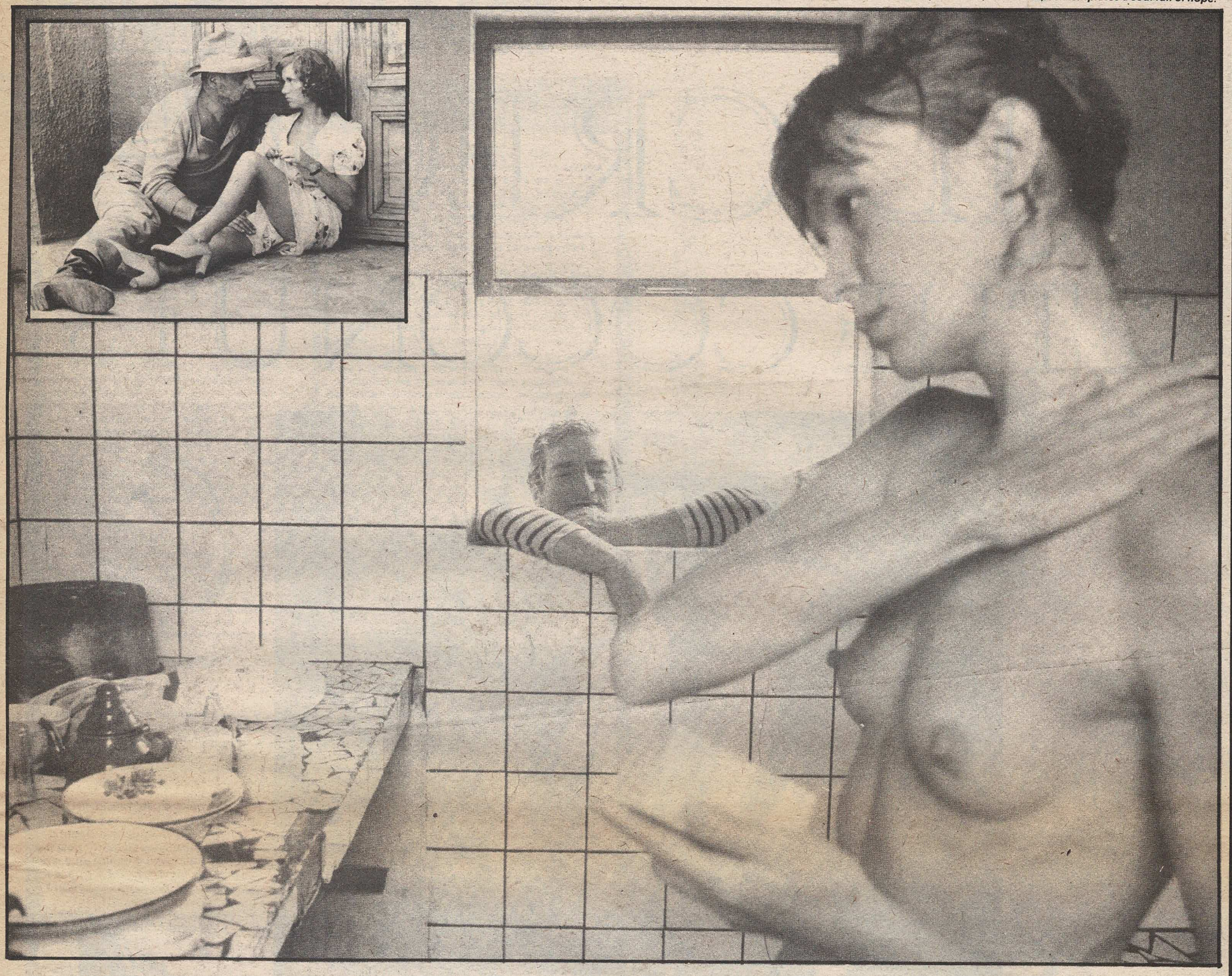
Philippe Noiret and Isabelle Huppert (inset) 'relax' in the sun while Eddy Mitchell (in window) contemplates a soul full of hope.



FAT MEN IN FILM pt 88

Clean Slate

Directed by Bertrand Tavernier
Starring Philippe Noiret, Isabelle Huppert and Jean-Pierre Marielle (Curzon)

PICTURE THIS: you're the police chief in the piffling outpost town of Bourkassa, French West Africa. It's 1938 and everybody's worried about war.

You're a fat slob with a truly awful line in tatty safari suits and pink flannel shirts. Your wife's a tarty cow who prefers the attentions of her lodger 'brother', whose fraternal familiarity you begin to suspect. You're pushed around by the local pimps, the military, the town moneybags Vanderbrouck and anyone else who you get in the way of. Your pay's so bad you have to take every bribe offered. What do you do?

Lucien Cordier's response is to take up divine vengeance. *Clean Slate* offers endless gambits for analysis — above all it's a great and very funny film — though perhaps its first priority is with the distinctions of authority, responsibility and retribution.

By the end Cordier has either dealt with his tormentors personally or assisted in their mutual destruction — but the cost to him, as expressed in the way the film comes full circle, is an insoluble doubt as to the real length of the corruptive stain. As he says, no one can claim real innocence. The question turns on how far our temptation is unavoidable.

If that makes it sound stuffed with the familiarly woebegone pretensions of art house cinema, let me point out the wealth of (admittedly often black) humour in this literally fantastic situation. Director Tavernier and Jean Aurenche have pulled a script from Jim Thompson's novel *Pop. 1280* — which I must confess ignorance of — that etches every character in the kind of absurdist relief that makes you wonder just who's going to cross Cordier's shambling path next and what kind of neighbourly malice they're going to get up to.

Even in subtitle form the dialogue explores peppery harangues over the lunchtable (Cordier's forever picking over cold roast duck) and other social fracas with a lazy wit timed perfectly to the pace of Bourkassa's slopbucket society. Besides the wild plot, the script houses a killing comedy of manners.

Cordier himself is full of worldly aphorisms. But the real achievement on the part of both Tavernier and Philippe Noiret, who realises the old fox to a tee, is to make him so childishly wise and free of the popping arrogance his actions might suggest.

When faced with the awful, nigger-hating inhabitants of the town (the blacks fill out the backgrounds in mute, ineffectual observance, their dead from disease left to float unconsecrated in the river) the fat man's reciprocal action seems the necessary human course. Only a winsome school teacher is free of the indigent guilt; he sees her as a damsel to be saved.

There's a great string of performances, from Isabelle Huppert's hilarious self-parody as Rose, a classic Huppert floozy bled of all innocence and gauche charm, through Eddy Mitchell's whining 'brother' Nono, to cameos like Colonel Tramichele ("As in tra-la-la") and Raymond Hermantier's bizarre blink man ("We are entering the virgin forest!") Philippe Sarde's score, trading on swaggering dixieland pastiche, defuses a tragic element which nevertheless shadows the action all through.

"Better the blind man who pisses through a window than the joker who told him it was a urinal," says Cordier. Parabolic medicine or poisoned farce? I can't tell you, certainly not on one viewing — just go see for yourselves.

Richard Cook

"Leave it out, guv!"

an important transition from the '20s Georgia setting of the original novel for *Clean Slate*.

"I spend time on location to get the mood of the film. It's not only the realism I'm looking for; I want the place, the decor, the set, the light, the architecture to reflect or work with or against the story — to have a relationship with the feeling of the people, with the emotion of the story."

Although he has changed about 50% of the novel, Tavernier feels he has remained faithful to the spirit of Thompson's story. A writer of 'metaphysical thrillers' he mixes humour and despair in a way that gets under the skin and exposes the nerves. Before his novel *The Getaway* was filmed in a much watered-down version (the protagonists were originally brother and sister) Thompson wrote the screenplays for two of Stanley Kubrick's earliest efforts, *The Killing* and *Paths Of Glory*. While Tavernier admires his work very much he has added elements to *Clean Slate*, with the collaboration of Jean Aurenche, that work better in the context of film. Aurenche, a sprightly 78, was raised among the Surrealists and suggested many of the absurd details with which the film is littered.

"He told me about those cinemas with somebody translating so I wrote that in and chose the film. Then he had the idea of a storm in the middle of a screening which in a way strangely enough goes with the moral of the film. It's always the end of the world. . .

"The ending of the book was completely open. The sheriff of the small village says *'I thought and thought and thought and I came to the decision that I didn't know what to do'* and I wanted to keep the same concept but in a less frustrating way for the audience. Cordier is lost and doesn't know what to do but the real ending of the film is after the credits. In two years what is going to happen? It's 1938 and Munich and in one year the war. . ."

So with Cordier's fall from grace and subsequent indecision with his finger on a trigger, which is worse — loss of innocence or man's infinite capacity for making the wrong decision?

"The second. Yes. The stupidity of people. When we speak about things which are deadly we always forget stupidity and I think it's one of the most deadly things. There have been murders by hate, by prejudice, by bigotry and there have been murders by sheer arrogant stupidity. It's one of the themes that obsessed Thompson. It's always the story of somebody whom everybody thinks is stupid and in fact is a little less stupid than the people around him. I love that theme. I think it's something that allows you to say a lot of important things; things that are universal because I could take that story from the South and put it in an African setting to make the first African film noir. . ."

What it is!

Neil Norman

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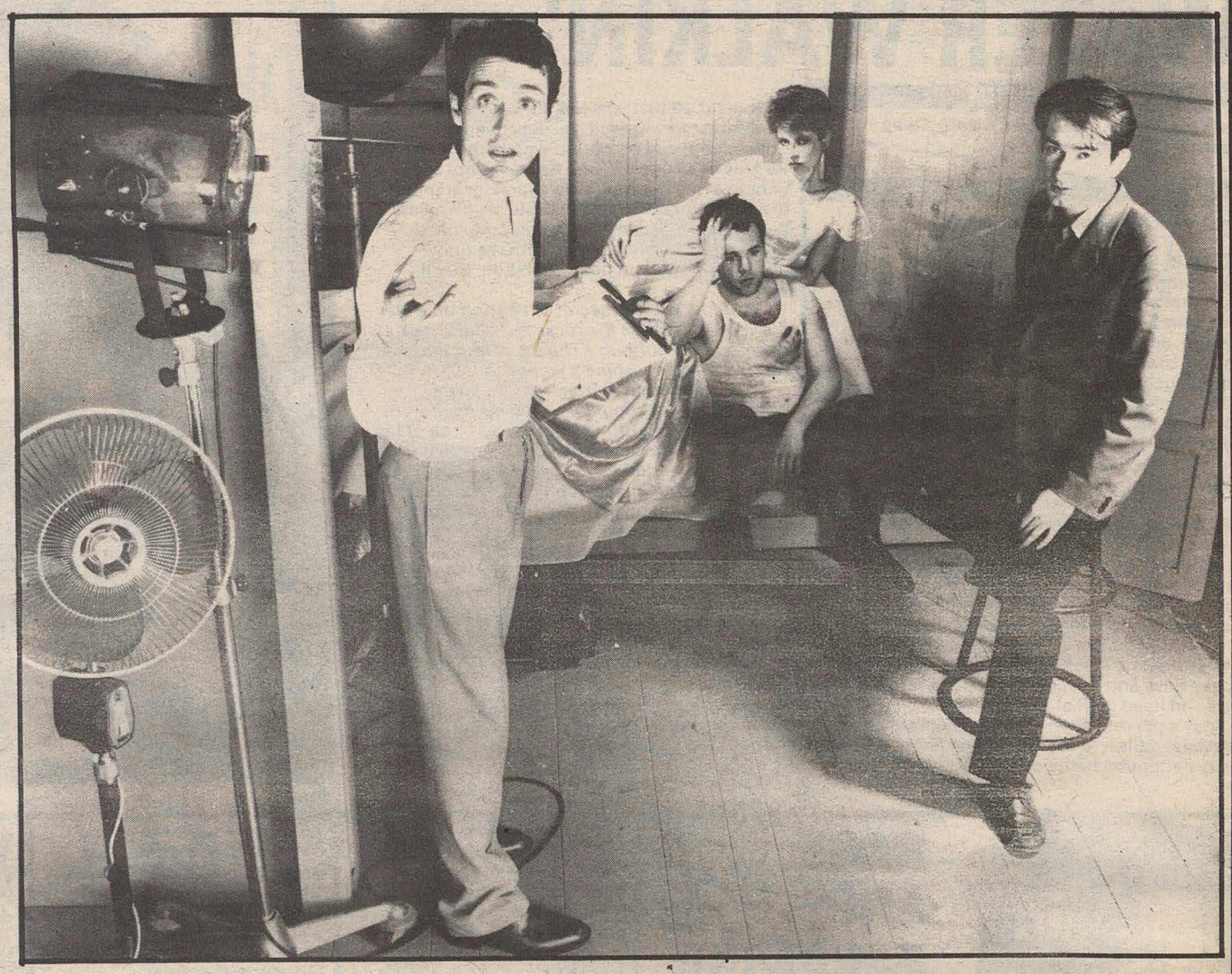


The Gang Of Four and their fan

GANG OF FOUR

Songs Of The Free (EMI)

"CALL ME up. . ." sings Jon King at this album's beginning, a very good place to start. 'Call Me Up': a neat ambiguity, that, between the casual chat of everyday life, and the ominous other-meaning, with its sombre ring of rising militarism. 'Call Me Up', like all of 'Songs Of The Free', is about people trying to live and forget politics, but always failing, because politics will never forget *you*.

'Songs Of The Free' is Gang Of Four's third LP — their first since bassist Sara Lee replaced David Allen — and it's as intelligent a work as you'd expect, bravely unfashionable in its stance (neither escapist nor sloganeering and rebel-heroic), and quite ruthless in the rooting-out of illusions. Such honesty isn't really the done thing at the moment, and critics have already started complaining loudly. I'm not.

But I've got doubts about this record, all the same. Musically, it's erratic, with only four or five tracks out of nine amounting to anything special. It's an improvement on 'Solid Gold', the second album, which was muddy and unfocussed, but it rarely matches the impact of their debut 'Entertainment!' — where *that* was all attack, the present set seems aimless occasionally. That applies to some of the words, too.

Things begin well enough. 'Call Me Up' has a full, rich sound — very like the Bunnymen, of all people — warning that the group are moving away from their characteristic hard-edged starkness, toward something more melodic, even mellower. Next is the current single 'I Love A Man In Uniform', using a disco-funk female chorus, which explores the psychological links between sexual insecurity and aggression. And it's worth recalling that guitarist Gill and drummer Burnham were both uncovering the potential of funk, in a rock context, a good two years before the practice became faddish.

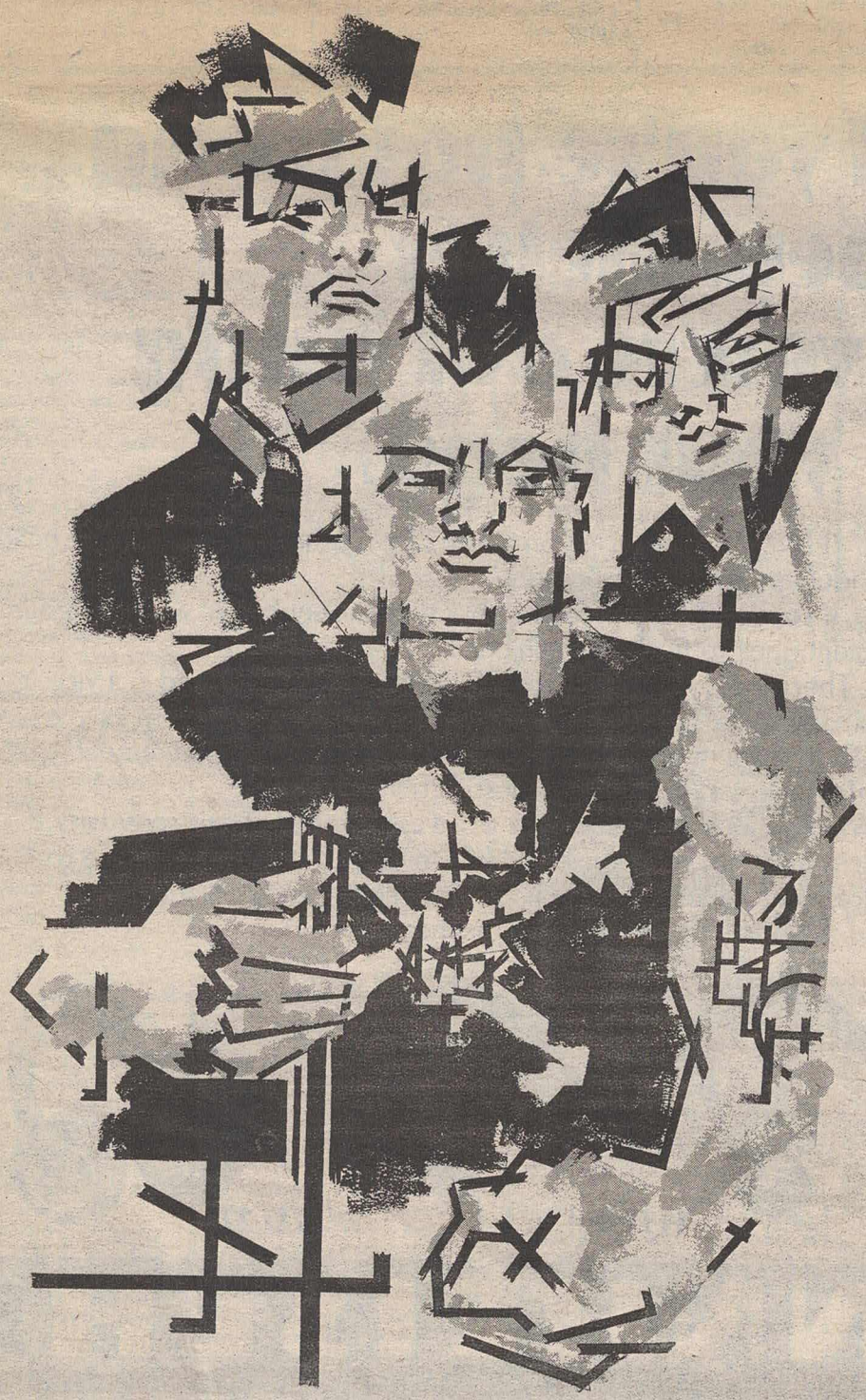
By the same token, side two ends strongly as well, with the Gang's new musical identity finding an attractive groove through 'History Of The World', making some acute sense of Marxist alienation-theory (it can be done!) in 'We Live As We Dream, Alone', and signing off with 'Of The Instant', a slow and low-key song that makes poignant play of the tempting escape into passive sensualism: forgetting politics (which, in GO4 terms, means economics) is attractive, but it's a surrender to self-deceit.

In between these peaks of excellence, regrettably, the band tread some murky water. Material like 'Life, It's A Shame' and 'It Is Not Enough' says, well, not an awful lot, and can't find much of a tune not to say it to. One lyrical technique, especially, starts to grate: that's the sarcastic recital of banal sentiments, which we're implicitly invited to ridicule. They do it too much, till you long for a simple and *direct* statement, from their own hearts, instead of that slightly smug dialectical ventriloquism.

Those disappointments aside, I'd still extend a welcome to 'Songs Of The Free' for the better half of its content — a reminder that the group remain a potent musical force. I'm keen, too, on the lyrical theme they keep returning to. 1982's pleasure-ethic, the same ethic which now dismisses GO4 as earnest bores who spoil the party, itself comes in for withering scrutiny. The much-trumpeted "dance-sensibility" (so evident in *NME*) seems to them, as it does to me, something too shrill, even neurotic, to be the plain uncomplicated fun it pretends.

"Call me up," cries Jon King's frantically cheery dancer, a hint of desperation underneath. *"I don't like to spend too much time on my own."* How *passe*. Don't they realise *everybody's* happy nowadays?

Paul Du Noyer



The Dragons — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

...AND THE GANG OF THREE

THE DRAGONS

Parfums De La Revolution (Blitzkreig)

SLIP ME the latest chic. Red punk? These hipsters aren't a crew of spotty Peronist punks from Catford, this band come from China, as in 'Mao-suit'.

Being a punk band in yer actual People's Republic means you don't go down too well with neighbours, 'less your neighbours are the People's Police, in which case you just *go down*. Listen, these Dragon boys are up against it.

In 1976, during the Gang of Four's reign, they played good little CCP cadres and used music to define the two lines (Revolution v. Revision). In 1977, after the Gang fell, The Dragons discovered The Rolling Stones 'midst all the flotsam of Westernization and dirtied up a bit.

In 1979 (yer still following?) they discovered the Sex Pistols and dirtied up even more. They'd seen rock 'n' roll born and destroyed inside two years — by now they were very confused and very dirty. Did they give up? Did they hell!

Drummer and violinist, heads still spinning in a subcultural time-warp, did at some stage try to escape to Hong Kong to find out what the hell happened in between Jagger and Rotten ("Like, who the fuck *were* The Hippies anyway?". Unfortunately, whilst trying to slip over the border fence dressed inconspicuously in dayglo sweats and bondage strides, they got caught. Ouch! Did they give up? Well, yeah . . . they did.

Confused, dirty *and* without a record contract — these boys were artistically negged. Enter Mark Bullet, a French record producer. Ostensibly on a reporting trip to talk to underground Chinese musicians, he fooled the authorities by *talking to underground Chinese musicians!* Clever. While the bankrupt authorities were confidently searching top secret military installations for a camera-laden French spy, Bullet was recording The Dragons' first album in a youth club in Canton . . .

Aw, gimme some licence. I might've made some spelling mistakes but this spiel's true — The Dragons are the Republic's first punk band and this record is *rebellion*.

The sound of The Dragons is, predictably, less obviously punk to thick Brit ears. They play punk from a Chinese standpoint that reflects both the well-rooted musical traditions of their own culture and the blitz-assimilated brashness of punk (a form they have p'rhaps heard only two or three examples of).

"We don't play rock — we destroy traditional Chinese music," says 'Kuo'. "We make noise," says 'Li'. Marc Boulet's production, which weights the mix to'rds the chinese violin, adds definition to these statements. This protest music relates to its *own* (Chinese) audience first, just like protest music should.

A lot of it is mucho flitty but sometimes the guitar and violin catch up with the clattering drums which rattle and rant authentically throughout the album. 'New China' carries off a surprisingly good impression of the Dead Kennedys (considering they can't have heard 'em) and 'L'Ile De Temple Maudit' beats The Cramps for freakability with a *horrific* female scream. As if that's not enough to get up the Chinese Communist Party's bureaucratic nose, The Dragons finish off with a tortured version of 'Get Off My Cloud', more like The Prats than the Stones. Aw, and 'Torche Rouge' . . . 'Torche Rouge' is my anthem of the week!

Protest here comes inch by inch. Punk in the People's Repulblic is a *real* protest — a rebellion of sex, clothes and ideas in a country where you can be jailed for not wearing a Mao-suit. The 'disco' scene in China (of which punk is a part) is REVOLUTIONARY, far more of a threat than the pin-prick Brit-punk rebellion of '76 or the Weetabix skinhead aggro-thrash revolutionaries of '82.

This album is in many ways a sad reminder of the oppressive reality of 'Red' China, the tragic soundtrack to the lives of the prostitutes who walk the Great Wall and the punks who play the Pistols in a land where the authorities say no such defiance exists. But the record is also fiercely comic: on 'Dazhai' The Dragons sound like a chronically pissed tea-room quartet and their version of 'Anarchy In The UK' (the single from the album) is pure punk sit-com.

The Dragons' ambition is to "subvert the national economy by trying to boost the consumption of superfluous goods which in the long-term would increase their own marketable value". Their chic value is a tragic hilarity — Karl would be in tears.

X. Moore

WATER-WALKIN'

WILLIAM BOOTSY COLLINS

The One Giveth, The Count Taketh Away (Warner Bros Import)

CAPTAIN SKY

Return Of The Captain (AVI Import)

ALBUMS FROM two of funk's masters appearing in the same ten days is, after the dry spell that's lasted for months, a bit like having two birthdays in the same week. Unfortunately though, again a bit like birthdays, it was a bit of an anti-climax — one of the sets is a remixed, repackaged reissue.

Bootsy first, because there's nothing anti about this climax. Now calling himself by his god-given of William, Bootsy is back and it's like the near two year gap since 'Ultra Wave' never happened.

The band are all present and correct, the only way they can be after years of JB/Funkadelic training, and the jam sounds like it's getting out of control. Fred and Maceo on the horns, keyboard craziness from Bernie Worrell, vocals courtesy of Godmoma, picking and licking by Gary Shider . . . a monster jam!

Then, just before the monster destroys the laboratory and crashes off into the suburbs, the Space Bass and Space Double Bass take the lead and head it off at the doorway while Bootsy's personalised whump-whump-smash backbeat nails it to the wall. What I'm saying is, it pays attention to the other bits as well as the beat.

Good as all that is, what puts this set on the one is the man himself. He digs deeper into his unique bag, and comes up with some new tricks for kids of all ages. Y'see, Bootsy is not a real person at all, but a cartoon character stepped off the page and about to celebrate his own 'just being there'. *Sesame Street* rapping, nursery rhyming and having a ball, with the only production concept being "Uh huh, that'll work!". . .

"I'll show you the secret of walking on water / It's knowing where the rocks are / I'm a rock-star water-walker buhbuh / The proof is in the footing / And my shine's waterproof!"

Sky is a different matter though. To be truthful, this set should've been called 'Return By' instead of 'Return Of'. It's merely half of his first album 'Pop Goes The Captain' with two 'new' tracks added.

The updating mixes don't do an awful lot to the older (1979) ones — and in the case of 'Moonchild', a sensitive song has been destroyed by funking it up, clumsily. Also, the two additions sound like over-matter from the same sessions that the company still owned.

The original is a good album, and although it contains little of the lunacy of 'Concerned Party Number One' or the just below the surface power of 'Station Brake', it shows where the Captain will be coming from and is worth searching for instead of this affair, which is nothing more than an attempt at cashing in by a company that let him go rather than wait for him to develop.

Lloyd Bradley

Bootsy *Pic: Synd Int.*

THE 'SUN'

THE MISUNDERSTOOD

Before The Dream Faded (Cherry Red)

WHEREFORE THE misunderstanding? The group impel one aromatic moment when they describe that strange change London streets experience briefly during the later months of 1966 and early 1967, immediately prior to the debut on the scene of the flower girls and their unkempt consorts, to chronicle an article of pop pluperfect. All the rest is merely attitude and myth.

Their single achievement most exquisitely defines this attitude. "I Can Take You To The Sun' is the promise implicit in the flux, and its chemically-treated production of phased vocals, jangling rhythm guitar, imperative percussion rising to crescendo on a wave of fuzz guitar, dissipating gently and inconclusively at its climax and ending on a charming Spanish guitar set piece, also echoes the lull.

"With guitar and song I drift and never stop to cry," remarks the singer's beautiful existence. His cruel dilemma in a world of drab suits and Army haircuts disturbs further thought: *"I speak of love but you do not see, 'cause words are words they may be nothing more. With half a mind you laugh at me, 'cause I speak of colours you've never seen before."* Before the dream faded amidst unwashed dishes and bills for gas.

The myth unfolds in California in late 1963 when three teenagers form a surf group called the Blue Notes. Two years later they are a quintet playing an R&B style derived from the British beat groups and embarked on a career of rooftop parties, battles of the bands and armoury dances. An acetate of material cut during this time is

Gene October Pic: Peter Rodick

RAGE AND PARANOIA

CHELSEA

Evacuate (Step Forward)

ALTHOUGH NEVER the most touted or acclaimed of London's original punk combos, Chelsea, maintained only by the determinedly dodgy Gene October through a million line-up changes, have carried on. There's always been plenty of Gene October stories to snigger over, and I'd guess the band have never been helped by his highly unhip public persona, basically that of slobbery nurd. But finally, with 'Evacuate', Gene and his boys have put together an LP which must prevent them from being snorted at quite so vehemently again.

As October told the *NME* a while back, he still regards himself as a figure of the wild and woolly punk 'cause'. Yet 'Evacuate' shows his group to be, in many ways, beyond the visionless, ritualistic tragedy that so much of Punk has become.

The musical style of 'Evacuate' is almost entirely Essence of 'Rope'-era Clash, and, since 'Tommy Gun' and 'Safe European Home' remain the best examples of post-primitive Clash *sound* yet recorded, that makes it pretty good. The title track, a trenchant exploration of social panic, just hurtles past, a surge of funnelled rage. Much of side one deals, indeed, in the usual finger-points and paranoias; both 'How Do You Know' and 'Cover Up' approach personality, privacy and secrecy to the same uptight, militant soundtrack. But what separates October's lot from the hordes is his realisation that the best protest music is concerned with capturing shared emotions, not flaunting inadequacies.

The last three tracks on side two show the group in a different light: as punk-educated craftsmen dealing in timeless themes. 'Running Free' is a modern young lifestyle hymn, 'Last Drink' a contemporary drinker's blues, and 'Only Thinking' is that drink's touching, contemplative hangover. These concerns, like the more obviously new-punkoid ones before, are explored and realised with an expressive intelligence and humility which comes from inside the commentator's world, yet is grimly humanitarian enough to give a damn, and has sufficient suss to look outside itself and beyond.

This is a worthy slice of real life with a touch of truth and pride. How nice to be surprised.

Dave Hill

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SESSIONS

reproduced here as the second side; completed by their first single, coupling Jimmy Reed's 'You Don't Have To Go' and Howlin' Wolf's 'Who's Been Talkin'', recorded following the recruitment of steel guitar and subsequent leading light Glen Ross Campbell.

A meeting with John Ravenscroft/Peel — then jockeying Stateside — secures The Misunderstood passage to happening London, a recording pact with Fontana and another studio stint. Shortly after, beset by internal conflict resulting from America's war draft, they split.

Their musical legacy is mostly noisome and undeveloped. Feedback delineated pop art sketches predominate the Fontana sessions which make up the first side of this album under the generic title *Colour Of Their Sound*. Written by late recruit Tony Hill from South Shields and singer Rick Brown, these hitherto unavailable titles such as 'Find A Hidden Door' and 'My Mind' mostly demonstrate why. 'I Can Take You To The Sun' is the sole transcendental exception.

That release's original flipside, a version of Diddley Daddy's 'Who Do You Love' completes the palette. Those forty seven miles of barbwire are famous for some reason with freakout groups of the era, Quicksilver Messenger Service compose a suite around the song. The Misunderstood's later metamorphosis as Juicy Lucy interprets it further.

The early recordings on side two display some brash punk enthusiasm, particularly the aforementioned Wolf and Reed numbers. For the rest, distinguished generically as *Blue Day In Riverside*, the group yell their own Mersey style lyrics of love and mark time.

Penny Reel

Illustration: Graham Humphreys

SOLID GUMBY, MAAAN!

BLUE OYSTER CULT

Extraterrestrial Live (CBS)

WE COULD get this little matter cleared up nice and quick.

For those of you with sensitive minds, a run through the basics will suffice, these basics being the regular occurrence of hysterically squealing guitars and tons of joyless, witless 'hard-rock' drum technique, all delivered by a bunch of pushy 'guys', one or two of whom complete the noise by bellowing their balls off like elephants with piles, imagining that this somehow lends them an air of heroic magnificence.

Detail: there are four sides of this, Recorded Live, meaning that each song is punctuated by fever-pitch Pavlovian euphoria from The Crowd. And finally, it's all packaged in an illustration from a mystico-Science Fictional scenario, very much the vehicle for exploitation of the Blue Oyster Cult bogus mythology, and overkilling of the BOC symbol which appears frequently, as ambiguously, meaninglessly portentous as on all the other BOC LPs, telling you that, yes, it's time to humble yourself before the BOC's new phonographic product! Extraterrestrial Live! Yeeaagh!

These fundamentals may have seemed a trifle neanderthal if you, like me, have been labouring under the ignorant idea that BOC were a trick or two beyond the gormless hard-rock plunder trip tripe. BOC records didn't show naked women writhing astride serpents, but unearthly technocrat types, juggling with magical orbs and stuff. Not headbangers — oh no, much too 'intelligent' for that — but rock'n'rolling eggheads with some special spiritual insight as to the profound primal worth of real rock'n'roll power. (Man).

BOC, it seems, were the perfectly upholstered rocket-ship to delusions of superiority; tin-pot glory and special supernatural knowledge packaged up and brought thrillingly close to home.

Well, forget 'imagination'; this album is solid Gumby, pure American, conveyor-belt Safe, recorded 5,000 years ago in a giant vat of slop. The real give-away lies not in the music or songs — that's just a boring roar — but the spasmodic bouts of breast-bursting braggadocio indulged in by Bloom (wasn't he in *The Producers*?), Lanier, or whatever The Bellow calls itself, between songs and during instrumental snoozes. Most notable examples being during their ugly slog through The Doors' 'Roadhouse Blues', where the singer gets the whole dozey audience to sing about sipping a tin of lager for breakfast. (Weeeaghhh!). Or addresses the nuclear threat as if it were some promised yummy B-Movie matinee, and uses it as introductory stunt for the tame 'Godzilla'. (Whoop!)

Still, let's not be offended by these nitwits and their plain, dopey little lies. They're really best ignored. Once, maybe, BOC would have vigorously justified their prosaic rock bombast and dabblings in meaningful alienism. Now they'd turn lazily to 'Extraterrestrial Live' and say that they suppose a lot of people had a real good time. Well, pity you, person, if you reckon that's enough.

Dave Hill

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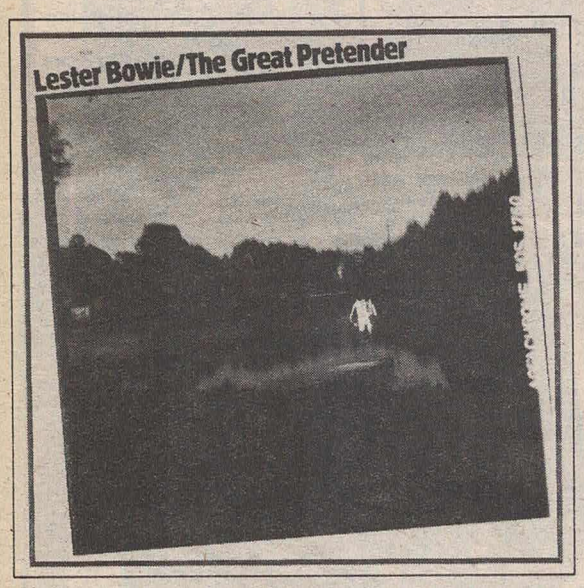

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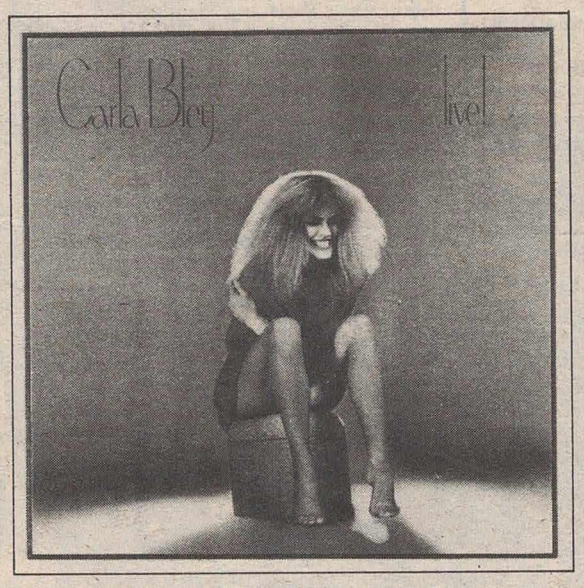

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NEW SUITS & BLANDIES

DURAN DURAN

Rio (EMI)

IT'S NOT that they've run out of ideas. It's not that they've come up with any new ones either. What they've done is spin out the formula, quite efficiently. This is Duran Duran's second LP — another soft, seamless package of pop-dream, preferably for the very young and innocent. In its own blandly unambitious way, I guess, it's a perfect record. In other ways, it's boring as hell.

If you compare it to the first album, then nothing much seems to have changed. Colin Thurston still produces, glossily, Malcolm Garret still sleeve-designs, silkily — sight and sound, it's all very mode-ish. The boys, meanwhile, pose for a snap in their shiny Anthony Price suits. The boys aren't what you'd call naturally stylish, but the suits don't half look *new*. And the music inside of all this? Well I think you know how that goes too.

It's a sweet, lumpy pudding of a noise. It's not unpleasant; it's nothing to jolt the soul or surprise the mind. With luck, 'Rio' might notch up three hit singles, just as the last album did. Already, there's a (slower) version of 'My Own Way', plus its 45 follow-up 'Hungry Like The Wolf', and several other contenders in the same mould. There's a lip-trembling ballad called 'Save A Prayer Til the Morning After', where the boys get, like, really meaningful, but it's a decent tune at least. Decent tunes, in fact, are the group's salvation.

Another number, 'Lonely In Your Nightmare', stands out in this department, just as 'Friends Of Mine' used to; if only it didn't sound so junior-Roxy Music (a common lapse of the Durans) what with *that* guitar and those drippy attempts at urbane melancholy.

No, trite and catchy pop jingles are what Duran Duran are good at. Moody, pseudy lyrics is what they're worst at. That, and looking natural in new suits.

Paul Du Noyer

His Master's D'rone ***Pic: Anton Corbijn***

THE FLAW IN THE FLOW

DISCHARGE

Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing (Clay)

LIKE MONKISH flagellants, Discharge whip themselves into a frenzy of impassioned protest over the passive acquiescence of the race they belong to in its descent towards self-destruction.

To Discharge the holocaust is less probability than inevitability and they go all out to shock the world into a like state of mind, impressing on it the horror of oblivion in the hope of motivating it into taking steps to avoid it.

Thus Discharge daub post-apocalypse landscapes littered with blistering bodies and burning, screaming children, colouring them garish reds and grisly greys or obliterating them totally behind savage thick swathes of black . . .

The flaw in the Discharge flow, of course, is that such landscapes, no matter how horrific, can also be compelling, as those who've seen *Mad Max 2* or read Marvel mags know. Despite the terseness of their descriptions, limited by a vocabulary gleaned from CND brochures and SF comics, Discharge, too, fall into the trap of painting pretty/grim pictures that are liable to guiltily excite where they're meant to frighten: *"Can you hear the sound of an enormous door slamming in the depths of hell? The possibility of life's destruction! Can you hear the cries of pain, the mournful sound?*

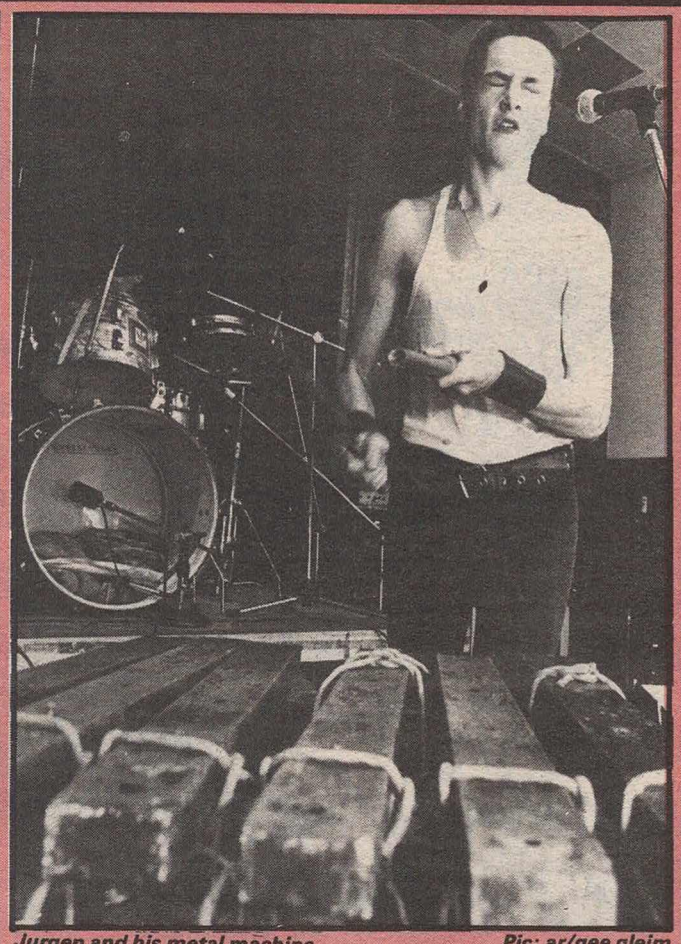
No doubt this eliciting of dubious pleasure from pain is why they feel the need to scourge themselves so ferociously. Discharge's is a madcap chariot ride through desolate battlefields, during which they're pitched from side to side, simultaneously attracted and repelled by their own hideous vision. At least they seem to recognise the ambiguous position their chosen task thrusts upon them, and they endeavour to neutralise it with the numbing, yet embracing noise they make. Guitars and flailed cymbals are speed-blurred into a totality of sound not unlike Boyd 'Non' Rice's industrious assaults, over which preacher Cal declaims, if only just discernibly.

The grating mesh of voice and noise is perfectly suited to their breathing hellfire about the wastes of war and only marginally less so when they more locally concern themselves with the iniquities of the system they involuntarily live in. Beneath the squall it doesn't really boil down to much more than simple calls to self-determination, theirs differing from mainstream laissez-faire only in that they'll fight for the right to be left alone.

They don't appear, however, to be too hopeful, either in achieving their smaller aims, or avoiding the inevitable. Their positive moments — 'Protest And Survive' and their last, excellent single 'Never Again' — are too quickly swallowed by the flames which, so Discharge predict, will engulf the world.

Then, Discharge's uncompromised stance has never been about making things easy. Discharge begin with The End and defy you to go on from there.

Chris Bohn



Jurgen and his metal machine ***Pic: ar/gee gleim***

STEEL CRAZY

DIE KRUPPS

Volle Kraft Voraus! / Full Steam Ahead! (WEA — German import)

NOTHING MORE feeble than a mediocre manifesto. By its definition one should stride! Inspire! Catch breath! Breathe fire! Crystallize your ideas into a slogan! ranted the great Russian revolutionary poet Mayakovsky. Capture them in a phrase! Close it with an exclamation!

The two greatest declarations of intent from a new group anywhere these past five years came from Dusseldorf's Die Krupps, whose awesome 30 minute spectacle 'Steelworks Symphony' and campaigning 12 inch 'Fair Day's Pay For A Fair Day's Work' / 'Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn' placed them as potentially the greatest force — in the wake of dead DAF — in the reconstruction of German pop. Die Krupps juggled extremes — harsh noise, nice notes, intensity and release — in their tangling of hammered steel with disco motion and bitter humour.

Their contract with a major should have given them the impetus to match their racing ambition with material reward. Stupidly, for 'Full Steam Ahead' Die Krupps have ditched the very components that made them viable in their too eager pursuit of the latter. Firstly, leader Jurgen Engler, inventor of the self - explanatory steel-o-phon, sacked Ralf Dorper, lyricist of 'Wahre Arbeit', and secondly played down their most distinctive factor — steeled percussion flights. By way of replacements he's brought in ex-DAF tapefeeder Tina Schnekenburger and a battery of syncussion effects.

Things just don't sound the same, and definitely not better. Then, taking steps backwards is rarely wise. Die Krupps now proclaim in the crassest terms where once they spoke in the boldest.

The new Die Krupps are more talk than action. They would rather describe sweat and toil than work it up themselves, which would be sensible if Engler's too urgent voice didn't try to convince you of his earnestness.

Without the propulsion of massed steel his writing tends towards stodginess, though he turns this to his advantage in 'Goldfinger' — also a single — and the Dorper collaboration 'New Heroes'. Elsewhere, however, a new, muddled mix of 'Wahre Arbeit' provides an accurate gauge of Die Krupps' sad decline, its readings reinforced by the record's most hackneyed moments, 'Death And Devil' and 'Two Hearts One Rhythm', which illustrate their fall from inspired socialist realism into fatuous futurist cultism.

Inevitably 'Noise Is Fun', the title that promises the most, delivers least. For the truth in such a statement you must look elsewhere, to the likes of the Non-compromised Berlin sickness Einsturzende Neubauten, whose manifestos remain courageously loud and pure. For further details watch this Wallspace.

Chris Bohn

THE RUSHENS ARE COMING!

(Ouch! — Ed.)

PATRICE RUSHEN

Straight From The Heart (Elektra)

I SHOULD imagine that by now most people will have heard this set's single, 'Forget Me Nots'. It's a catchy little ditty that manages to strike the sought - after balance between principles and commercialism pretty well and, for once, it's a record that tells the truth about the album it comes from.

'Straight From The Heart' aims to please. It's all very immediate groovalong stuff that seems to be bending over backwards to make things easy for the listener. Don't misread that as simple, because the set is far from it, but I'm naturally distrustful of anything that tries this hard, and putting all the up-tempo tracks on one side and the slower ones on the other has got to be a giveaway!

Full marks to Miss P. for giving herself a hit (she wrote, produced and arranged the set) after three also-rans, but ultimately this album is a bit like eating ice-cream on a hot day — nice at the time, almost interesting, but gone too quickly and leaving a taste that only lasts until something else come along.

Lloyd Bradley

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Saxon mouthpiece BIFF BYFORD

SAXON INVASION IN THE AUTUMN

SAXON — whose major tour last autumn was the first to be announced, some six months before the opening date — are also well ahead of schedule for their 1982 autumn tour. But as they're a mere four months in advance this time, they've already been beaten by four other acts announcing their end-of-year outings. With their live album 'The Eagle Has Landed' currently on release, Carrere will be issuing new Saxon material to tie in with their upcoming itinerary, which comprises:

Newcastle City Hall (September 17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Manchester Apollo (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21), Derby Assembly Rooms (22), Brighton Centre (23), St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Sheffield City Hall (27), Bradford St George's Hall (29), Hull City Hall (30), Hanley Victoria Hall (October 1), Oxford Apollo (2), Ipswich Gaumont (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Poole Arts Centre (6), Portsmouth Guildhall (7) and London Hammersmith Odeon (8 and 9).Tickets are on sale now, except at Bristol where the box-office doesn't open until a month before the concert. Prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (London); £4 and £3.50 (Newcastle, Scotland, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham and Sheffield); £4 only (elsewhere.)

Debbie flying in to unveil Blondie tour

BLONDIE are definitely undertaking a UK tour, just as *NME* has been forecasting all along. Debbie Harry and Chris Stein were flying into London today (Thursday) to host a Press Conference, at which — in addition to publicising the Blondie book — they are announcing the group's British dates. So, unless anything unforeseen happens, full details will be printed next week.

In fact, they were originally due to arrive last weekend, but had to delay their flight when Stein went down with a severe attack of 'flu — which is why Debbie failed to appear, as billed, in BBC-1s *Wogan* this Tuesday. But she will be making a number of promotional radio and TV appearances during this visit, and will be co-hosting *Top Of The Pops* next Thursday (May 27).

Chas & Dave plug away

CHAS & DAVE have extended their tour yet again, following the chart success of their single 'Ain't No Pleasing You' and album 'Mustn't Grumble', and these latest bookings bring their schedule to over 50 dates. Newly confirmed are Margate Winter Gardens (this Sunday), Eastbourne King's Club (May 29), Torquay Princess Theatre (30), Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion (31), Hitchin The Regal (June 4), Canvey Island King's (5), Newmarket Cabaret Club (6 and 7), Children's Royal Variety Show at London Dominion (13), Purfleet Circus Tavern (24 and 25), Blackpool ABC Theatre (27), Watford Bailey's (28-July 3), Windsor Blazers (11-17), Sheffield Crucible (18), Weymouth Pavilion (25) and Birmingham Night Out (26-28).

RAINCOATS RISK RARE UK OUTING

THE RAINCOATS set out on one of their rare circuit sorties at the end of this month, and they'll be on the road through June. To coincide, the band have a new single issued by Rough Trade next week, a re-working of the Sly & The Family Stone classic 'Running Away'. Roger Freeman, who recently left Pigbag, will be playing with the band on the first three dates — at London Victoria The Venue (May 27), Liverpool Warehouse (28) and Manchester Polytechnic (29.) Australian band The Go-Betweens and The Three Courgettes are supporting at The Venue, and the other two gigs are co-headlined by The Au Pairs. June dates will be announced shortly.

Baez for Cambridge ... Extra Passage dates ... Second Verlaine concert

THE PASSAGE, currently touring to promote their recently released Cherry Red single 'Xoyo' and imminent album 'Degenerates', have added half-a-dozem dates to their schedule — at Brighton Jenkinsons (May 30), Oxford Scamps (31), Swindon Brunel Rooms (June 1), Bournemouth Midnight Express (2), London Zigzag Club (3) and Liverpool Warehouse (5). Later next month, they set out on a five-week US tour with Richard Strange.

TOM VERLAINE and his band have confirmed a second show at London Victoria The Venue on Wednesday, June 9 — that's in addition to their previously reported date there the following night. They'll also be appearing on the *Old Grey Whistle Test*, before setting out on a European tour, but they're then likely to return here for recording sessions.

WILLIE NELSON, the renowned country artist, comes to Britain to play two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 7 and 8. Tickets are on sale now priced £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50.

SAD CAFE are playing just four dates next weekend, their last in the UK until the autumn. Supported by Rockin Horse, they're at Sutton-in-Ashfield Leisure Centre (May 28), Oxford Exeter College (29), Swindon Oasis Centre (30) and Winchester Recreation Centre (31).

JOHNNY THUNDERS has now finalised the line-up of his new band, which comprises his former Heartbreakers colleague Jerry Nolan, plus Tony James (ex-Gen X) and Steve New (ex-Rich Kids). This outfit made their debut at London ZigZag Club last week, and they play Liverpool Warehouse (this Saturday) and Sheffield Limit Club (Sunday), before leaving on a European tour. Further UK dates will be slotted in on their return.

JOAN BAEZ was named this week as one of the headliners of this year's Cambridge Folk Festival (July 30-31 and August 1), and Taj Mahal is also set. Other new bookings, in addition to those listed last week, include David Bromberg, David Lindley, Shep Wooley and Bully Wee, with many more still to come. Ticket prices are £14.50 (weekend), £9.50 (Saturday), £7.50 (Sunday) and 50p (camping) — from Central Library Box Office, Lion Yard, Cambridge (0223-357851).

YELLOW MAN is the latest in a long string of top Jamaican acts to play London Brixton Fair Deal — he's set for Friday, June 18, though ticket price hadn't been confirmed at press-time. And on the subject of reggae artists, it's understood that BURNING SPEAR — whose new LP 'Far Over' has just been issued by EMI — will be playing UK dates in the autumn.

THE MEMBERS are opening their own West End club at London's Barracuda in Baker Street. Under the banner of 'Membership At The Barracuda', it will run every Wednesday night from June 2, for the foreseeable future. The Members will play each week, sometimes with guests (Pauline Black will be one of the first) — and there'll be guest rappers, as well as rapping competitions. Admission for the first few weeks will be £2.50 but, despite the club's name, it's open to the public and membership is not required.

THE BREAKFAST BAND headline a six-night season at London Ronnie Scott's Club next week, Monday through Saturday (24-29). Also appearing are American four-piece jazz-fusion outfit Stone Alliance, making their UK debut. The Breakfast Band then come off the road for a few months to work in the studio on new material.

SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE, pictured above with their drummer Styve Homnick, have added another London date to their schedule. They're already set for a concert at Brixton Fair Deal on June 5 (all tickets £2.50), and now they can also be seen at Camden Dingwalls on May 27 (admission £4.50). Between those shows, they have a date just outside the capital — at Croydon Fairfield Hall on June 1.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY play two special gigs at London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel on May 26 and 27, previewing their second studio album, due out in June. On the first night, their guests are Australia's The Go Betweens — and for the second show, Scotland's James King & The Lone Wolves are guesting. The band expect to be back to full strength for these gigs, as bassist Tracey Pew will have served his time at Her Magesty's Pleasure, and is flying in from Australia.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY, the US heavy rock group whose new 12-inch single 'I Believe In You' is issued by A&M on May 28, are playing a batch of British dates early next month — at London Marquee (June 2 and 11), Liverpool Warehouse (3), Newcastle Mayfair (4), Southport Floral Hall (5), Wigan Pier (7), Chippenham Goldiggers (8), Reading Top Rank (9), Bristol Granary (10) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (12).

B.B. King & Ray Charles play additional concerts

B.B. KING — who teams with Bobby Bland and John Lee Hooker in the "London Blues Festival", which plays four nights at London Hammersmith Odeon from tonight (Thursday) — subsequently plays three solo concerts in his own right. Supported by his regular backing band, he's at Edinburgh Playhouse (May 25), Birmingham Carlton Cinema (26) and Nottingham Rock City (27.) As reported, he'll be returning here for the Capital Jazz Festival at Knebworth on July 17. RAY CHARLES is another artist set for the Knebworth event (his date is July 24), and he precedes this with two headlining concerts. Together with The Raelets and his Orchestra, he plays Camberley Lakeside Country Club (July 22) and Brighton Centre (23.)

Passions on the circuit

THE PASSIONS emerge from the studios, where they've just finished recording a new album with producer Mick Glossop, and set out this weekend on a UK tour. It's confined mainly to the college circuit and, with a considerable number of dates still to be finalised, those confirmed so far are:

Plymouth College (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Polytechnic (Saturday), Guildford Surrey University (May 25), Brighton Sussex University (June 4), Chichester Bishop Otter College (5), Birmingham University (11), Reading University (23) and Lincoln Drill Hall (30).

Guitarist Kevin Armstrong and keyboards man Jeff Smith, who augmented The Passions on their newly released Polydor single 'Jump For Joy' and on the upcoming album, will join the band on the road. They'll now be working with the group on a regular basis, though still retaining the freedom to undertake solo projects.

□ **LINTON KWESI JOHNSON** will not now be appearing in the Cultural Herb Festival in South London's Brockwell Park this Sunday (23), but the rest of the line-up remains as reported last week.

JETT SET FOR BOWL

JOAN JETT & THE Blackhearts have now been confirmed for the special guest spot in Queen's open-air concert at the Milton Keynes Bowl on Saturday, June 5. As reported last week, they were set for the first Queen outdoor event at Leeds United football ground on May 29, but there was some doubt as to whether their European commitments would enable them also to play Milton Keynes — but that problem has now been ironed out. So the full bill for both Leeds and Milton Keynes reads Queen, Joan Jett & The Blackhearts, Heart and the Teardrops.

LAURIE ANDERSON has slotted in a second London concert next month, due to heavy ticket demand. She's already set to appear at the Adelphi Theatre in The Strand on June 15, and now she also appears there the following night (16.)

CAUSES FOR ALARM

THE ALARM, the fast-rising four-piece who are on the point of signing a recording deal with a major label, received a further boost this week — when they were booked to tour Europe with The Talking Heads in July. Prior to that, they've added a number of dates to their current UK tour. In London, they play Hammersmith Clarendon (May 24), Islington Hope & Anchor (27), Clapham Two Brewers (29), Herne Hill Half Moon (June 5), Clarendon again (7 and 21) and the ZigZag Club (11). Out of town, they visit Reading Target Club (May 28), Oxford Polytechnic (June 4), Liverpool Warehouse (16), Leeds University (17) and York University (18).

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GIRLSCHOOL MURDER!

GIRLSCHOOL, currently undertaking a major UK tour as the first leg of an extensive world tour, have their third album 'Screaming Blue Murder' released by Bronze next Monday (24). Produced by Nigel Gray, who has been responsible for albums by The Police and Siouxsie & The Banshees, it's the first to feature the group's new bassist and vocalist Gil Weston. It contains their version of the Stones classic 'Live With Me', plus nine brand new band compositions.

● **Neil Young** has signed a long-term worldwide deal with Geffen Records, distributed in the UK by Epic (through CBS), though there's no news yet of his initial release for the label.

● To tie in with her London concert on June 8, **Marianne Faithfull** has her 'Broken English' — the title track from her 1979 debut album for Island — reissued as a single. The B-side is 'Sister Morphine', which Marianne co-wrote with Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, and it comes in both 7" and 12".

record NEWS

MARINE AND MONOCHROME BLEND WITH CHERRY RED

THE MARINE GIRLS have signed with Cherry Red, and have their debut single for the label 'On My Mind' issued this weekend. An album will follow in the autumn but, in the meantime, lead vocalist Tracey Thorn will release a solo mini-album. Tracey has also recorded a single with Ben Watt under the name of Everything But The Girl — it's a version of Cole Porter's 'Night And Day', and is due out next month. The Marine Girls will be undertaking an extensive UK summer tour, supported by Ben Watt, and dates will be announced shortly.

THE MONOCHROME SET have also been snapped up to a long-term deal by Cherry Red. With previous members Tony Potts and J. D. Hanley now living and working in New York, the current line-up comprisies Bid (vocals), Lester Square (guitar), Andy Warren (bass) and new drummer Lexington Craze. A new single is due out in the very near future, and an album — provisionally titled 'Eligible Bachelors' — will be issued to coincide with a major UK tour through late June and July (details to follow).

THE BEATLES have a new single issued by EMI next week. It's 'Movie Medley', already a hit in the States — which segues together excerpts from 'Magical Mystery Tour', 'All You Need Is Love', 'You've Got To Hide Your Love Away', 'I Should Have Known Better', 'A Hard Day's Night', 'Ticket To Ride' and 'Get Back'. The B-side is one of the foursome's lesser known songs 'I'm Happy Just To Dance With You', from the 'Hard Day's Night' album.

YAZOO, who made an impressive chart debut last week with their single 'Only You', are one of four bands featured on a No Nukes benefit EP to be issued next month — the others are Watch With Mother, Colour Me Pop and Dutch group Sudatan Creche. It will be on the independent S-Phonograph label, with distribution through one of the major companies.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, currently engaged in a 44-date American tour, have a new single issued by Jive Records on May 28 — 'Space Age Love Song' / 'Windows' — and it will be available only as a limited edition picture disc. After their return from the States, the band will be playing a series of British dates, which are now being finalised.

ROXY MUSIC finally get around to releasing their new album, ending the two-year gap since 'Flesh And Blood'. Titled 'Avalon', it's issued by EG/Polydor on May 28.

THE CARS have their latest single 'Since You're Gone' / 'Maybe Baby', already in the US charts, released through WEA on May 28. There are two different tracks on the B-side of the 12-inch version, 'Best Friend's Girl' and 'Let's Go', and there's also a limited edition picture disc.

THE SOUND have a new single out next weekend on Korova Records, written by the band and titled 'Hot House'. The B-side is a live version of 'New Dark Age', recorded in Holland.

SHAKATAK seek to maintain their string of chart successes with the single 'Streetwalkin', released by Polydor on June 4 in both 7" and 12". It's taken from their 'Night Birds' LP.

VAN HALEN offer their version of the Martha & The Vandellas hit 'Dancing In The Street' as their new single, issued by Warner Brothers on May 28. It's lifted from their current album 'Diver Down'.

BLURT have their self-named album and a 12-inch single titled 'The Ruminant Plinthe' issued this month on the Red Flame label. Newly returned from a six-month tour of America and Europe, they left again this week for a 16-date tour of Germany. But they'll be back next month for a string of UK dates to promote the new releases.

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS have now confirmed May 28 as the release date of their new Virgin album 'Celts And Cobras'. The 14-track set contains a nucleus of original self-penned material, including the current single 'Pharaoh's Chant', but there's also a sprinkling of songs by the likes of Phil Everly and Elvis Costello.

JOHN COOPER CLARKE has his new 12-track album 'Zip Style Method' issued by Epic this weekend, his first studio set in over a year — with music by The Invisible Girls, who also produced and arranged it. JCC will be playing some UK dates next month, concentrating mainly on smaller theatres and clubs, and details will follow shortly.

Q-Tips live album

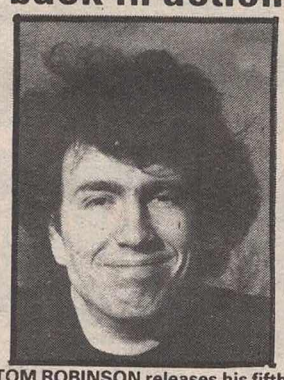
Q-TIPS release their 12-track album 'Live At Last' on May 28 on the independent Rewind label, preceded this weekend by a live single 'You Are The Life Inside Of Me'/'Raise Your Hand', featuring US soul star **Eddie Floyd**. Although they've officially broken up, it's possible the band may re-form on a short-term basis to play some selected UK dates.

● **Bim**, the five-piece outfit fronted by vocalist Cameron McVey, have their new WEA single out this week — titled 'The Blind Lead The Blind', it was produced by Mick Jones of The Clash. There's also a 12-inch version with a third bonus track.

● A new label Battersea Records debuts on May 28 with two US disco hits, both available only as three-track 12-inchers. The first is by **Aurra** and features their three Stateside hits 'A Little Love', 'Make Up Your Mind' and 'Checking You Out' — and the other is by **Instant Funk** and called 'Why Don't You Think About Me'. Both groups will have albums issued here by Battersea in July.

● **Change**, who've had three hits in the American charts, have their latest single 'The Very Best In You' issued by London (through Decca) on June 4 — followed later next month by their album 'Sharing Your Love'.

Tom Robinson back in action



TOM ROBINSON releases his fifth album 'North By Northwest' this weekend on his own Panic label, distributed in the UK by Statik Records. It was recorded in Germany, and features Robinson on bass and keyboards, producer Richard Mazda on guitar and sax, and Steve Laurie of The Cosmetics on drums.

Some of the ten tracks were co-written by Robinson with members of his previous band Sector 27, and others with Peter Gabriel. A single from the LP titled 'Looking For A Bonfire' follows on June 4.

Robinson is currently based in Hamburg, where he's studying Japanese, but he's planning UK appearances next month — when he'll be joined by guitarist Danny Kustow and Belgian percussionist Mascal Gabriel.

● 'American Fool' is the latest album by **John Cougar**, which has already given him his second successive hit in the States, even though he has yet to make a sizeable impact in the UK. It's released by Riva on Monday next, and a single called 'Hurts So Good' has already been extracted from it.

● **Kevin Harrison** has his 12-inch single 'Fly' issued by Glass Records — it features **Horace 'Gentleman' Panter** (late of The Specials) on bass, and it's his first project since that band split. An album by Harrison is due in the summer — meanwhile, Glass also release an 18-minute EP by **In Embrace** titled 'The Initial Caress'.

● June 4 has been set as the release date of the live double album by the now-defunct **Ducks Deluxe**. It was recorded at their farewell gig in 1975, and features the final line-up of Billy Rankin, Brinsley Schwarz, Martin Belmont, Sean Tyla and Mickey Groom. Titled 'Last Night Of A Pub Rock Band', it's an exclusive import release on Magnum Force's subsidiary label Blue Moon, and it sells at the same price as a normal single album.

● **Hambi & The Dance** have their debut album 'Heartache' issued by Virgin on May 28. It was recorded in Hambi's own Liverpool studio, and produced by Mick Glossop (of Skids and Ruts fame). It features the band's current single 'Living In A Heartache' and, for a limited period, will retail at the price of a 12-inch single. They are currently rehearsing for a nationwide tour, and details are promised for next week.

● **Anti-Pasti** have their new album 'Caution To The Wind' released on May 26, the same day as the second LP by heavy rock outfit **Gaskin** titled 'No Way Out'. They are both on Rondolet Records, and issued simultaneously are the debut LP by Blackpool band **The Fits** called 'Nothing & Nowhere', and the first British album by Hamburg electro-rock band **Nervous Germans** titled 'Desolation Zone'.

● Latest batch of albums from Sonet Records includes 'Quintessence' by the **Sir Douglas Quintet** who, in addition to Doug Sahm on vocals, feature the distinctive Vox organ sound of **Augie Meyers** — and Meyers also has his own solo album out, titled 'Still Growing'. There's also a compilation set of oldies called 'Flachbacks Volume 3', which includes past hits by the likes of **Dionne Warwick, Gene Pitney, The Teddy Bears** and **Johnny & The Hurricanes**.

● Australian band **The Go-Betweens**, who recently figured strongly in the indies charts with their Postcard Records single 'I Need Two Heads', have their debut UK album 'Send Me A Lullaby' released on May 28. A single from the LP 'Hammer The Hammer' will follow soon afterwards.

● Glasgow four-piece **Endgames** make their debut on Phonogram this week with the single 'We Feel Good (Future's Looking Fine)', on which they're augmented by ex-Simple Minds drummer Brian McGee and ex-Zones guitarist Willie Gardner. It's produced by John Leckie, who's worked with The Human League, Be-Bop Deluxe and XTC, among others.

● Los Angeles hard rock band **Dokken**, fronted by singer and guitarist Don Dokken, have their debut album 'Breakin' The Chains' issued this week on Carrere Records.

● **Chris Rea** has a new self-penned single issued by Magnet tomorrow (Friday), titled 'Every Beat Of My Heart'. And one of Rea's songs 'Do It For Your Love' has been chosen bu **Lulu** as her latest single, released through CBS the same day.

Mood Six land disc deal

MOOD SIX, leading exponents of the '60s pop and psychedelia revival, have at last signed a record deal after months of negotiations with various labels — and it's EMI who have netted them. Their debut single, rushed out this week, couples 'Hanging Around' with the instrumental 'Mood Music' — and it comes in a memorabilia bag, complete with sleeve notes! To coincide with the release, the band are playing one of their occasional gigs — this time at London Victoria The Venue on June 4, supported by The Doctor & The Medics.

LOVICH REISSUE

LENE LOVICH has her hit single 'Lucky Number' reissued by Stiff this week, because of renewed interest due to the song's use in a TV commercial for KP Peanuts — though the original B-side is now changed to 'New Toy', written for Lene by Thomas Dolby. For some months, Lene has been working in France and America on a film and video of her live stage act — but she's now back in Britain, recording new material for a single and her third album.

● **Bebe Buell** has her first single issued on Moonlight Records, with distribution through Stage One — 'Little Black Egg' coupled with a Bowie-Iggy Pop song called 'Funtime'. It was produced by Ric Ocasek of The Cars, and members of that group are featured in the backing.

● **Jane Aire** releases her version of the Dusty Springfield hit 'I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten' on Stiff Records this week. It marks her return to the recording scene, and she'll soon be back on the road with her re-shaped backing band The Belvederes —who are featured on the B-side of the single, a track penned by Jane and guitarist Paul Cutler titled 'Heat Of The City'.

LINCOLN THOMPSON & The Rasses, who released a single called 'One Common Need' last month, waste no time is issuing a follow-up. Titled 'Come Spring' coupled with 'Spring Living', it was written and produced by Thompson, and appears next Monday on his own God Sent label with distribution through Third World Records. An album from the group is due very shortly.

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PINKY BLUE FRIARS NEVER FORGOTTEN
ALTERED IMAGES
+ THE SINATRAS
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
See you later

SATURDAY MAY 29th 7.30pm
THE BLUES BAND + WIPE OUT
Tickets available now from usual outlets or at the door on night

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OUTLAW PRESENTS
JUDIE TZUKE
Mon./Tues. 24th/25th May
7.30pm
TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE PREMIER BOX OFFICE
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

EIGHTH JAZZ FESTIVAL

July 2, 3, 4
at South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell, Berkshire.

SHP

Friday July 2
PIGBAG
Julian Bahula's JAZZ AFRIKA
Further group to be announced

Saturday July 3
LESTER BOWIE ENSEMBLE — FROM THE ROOT TO THE SOURCE • **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (Dollar Brand) **CARLOS WARD** Duo • **RIP RIG AND PANIC** • TREVOR WATTS' MOIRÉ MUSIC • JOHN STEVENS' GROUP • KEITH TIPPETT/ LOUIS MOHOLO DUO • SPHERE plus four • THE BRIT-MAGYAR SEXTET

Sunday July 4
ELVIN JONES/McCOY TYNER — CONCERT FOR LOVE AND PEACE with **PHAROAH SANDERS, RICHARD DAVIS** and JEAN-PAUL BOURELLY • **BARBARA THOMPSON** — SERENDIPITY • **MIKE WESTBROOK BRASS BAND** • BOBBY WELLINS SEPTET • MICHAEL STUART QUINTET • KATHY STOBART QUINTET • BERKSHIRE YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA with DON WELLER

Tickets £4.00 — £16.00 from:
South Hill Park Arts Centre, Bracknell, Berks. (0344-27272)

LONDON
Jazz Centre Society, 35 Gt. Russell St, London WC1 (01-580 8532)
Collet's Record Shop, 180 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC1 (01-240 3969)
Honest Jon Records, 281 Camden High St, London NW1 (01-267 0123)

BIRMINGHAM
Jazz Centre Society, 184 Corporation St, Birmingham B4 6QB (021-236 4379)

BRISTOL
Rayners Records, 84 Park St, Bristol (0272-23936)

DARLINGTON
Darlington Arts Centre, Vane Terrace, Darlington (0325-483271)

EDINBURGH
Platform, 45 Queen St, Edinburgh EH2 3NH (031-226 4179)

LIVERPOOL
Circle Records, 33 Victoria St, Liverpool L1 6BG (051-236 1000)

MANCHESTER
Jazz Centre Society, Band on the Wall, 25 Swan St, Manchester M4 5SQ (061-834 5109)

NEWCASTLE
J.G. Windows, 17 Central Arcade, Newcastle NE1 5BP (0632-321356)

OXFORD
Tickets In Oxford, The Information Centre, St. Aldates, Oxford OX1 1DY (0865-727855)

PORTSMOUTH
SOUTHSEA
Orpheus Records, 27 Marmian Rd, Southsea P05 2AT (0705-812397)

READING
Box Office, The Hexagon, Reading (0734-56215)

BRACKNELL

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thur 20th May £1
THE GASH
+ Cutting Edge

Fri 21st May £1.50
DANGEROUS BANANAS
+ Sava Jazz

Sat 22nd May £1.50
Heavy Rock
HERETIC
+ Nightwork

Sun 23rd May £1
THE OPPOSITION
+ Indoor Games

Mon 24th May £1
THE ALARM
+ Map Of Africa

Tue 25th May 50p
THE IDIOT-BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Real ale served 7.30-11pm

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill SW1
223 8309

Thursday 20th May £1.00
2nd WINDOW

Friday 21st May £1.50
24 HOURS
+ King Kurt

Saturday 22nd May £1.50
THE AMAZING RHYTHM BURGLARS

Sunday 23rd May £1.00
COLOUR SUPPLEMENT

Monday 24th May £1.00
BAD REPORT

Tuesday 25th May £1.00
THE GEIGER COUNTERS

Wednesday 26th May £1.00
THE DADS

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MAY
20, 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
22, 23 The Clash
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
25 New Order
28 Fashion
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul

JUNE
1 Altered Images
3 Funkapolitan
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
4, 5 Diana Ross
5 Queen (Milton Keynes)
5, 6 Ry Cooder
6 Squeeze
6 Anti-Nowhere League
8 Kid Creole
8 Marianne Faithful
10, 11 Haircut 100
11, 12 Bauhaus
15, 16 Laurie Anderson
18, 19, 20 Glastonbury Festival
19 Frank Zappa
22, 23 Black Uhuru
25, 26 Toyah
29 Joe Jackson

JULY
12, 13, 14, 15 Jackson Browne
17, 18 Toyah
17, 18, 24, 25 Capital Jazz Festival

SEPTEMBER
19 Gloria Gaynor
30 Imagination

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

Le Beat Route

OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM
17 GREEK STREET, LONDON W1 · TELEPHONE: 437 5782 Night 499 2645 day

MONDAY
LE BEAT ROUTE WITH EYES AND EARS PRESENTS
NEW YEAR'S EVE
EVERY MONDAY
with Nicky McKenzie and Alan Coulthard
Cabaret – Prizes – Balloons
Free glass of Bubbly at Midnight
Admission £2.50

TUESDAY
60's Soul Night
with the original Dr Soul Capital Radio's
JAMES HAMILTON
plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

WEDNESDAY
DON'T BLINK NIGHT
ALL DRINKS **25p**

THURSDAY
LIVE MUSIC
FROM LONDON'S MOST POPULAR PULSE BANDS
(See Music Press for Details)
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm

FRIDAY
FRIDAY NIGHT AT LE BEAT ROUTE
(MEMBERS ONLY)
STEVE · OLLIE
STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

SATURDAY
OWEN WASHINGTON
INVITES YOU TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH HIM AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS

RIGHT OF ADMISSION RESERVED

DEREK BLOCK presents
altered images
VIC GODDARD & SUBWAY SECT
SUNDAY 30th MAY 7.30pm
TICKETS 3.50 3.25 3.00
HAMMERSMITH ODEON

altered images
CHINA CRISIS The Sinatras
TUESDAY 1st JUNE 7.30pm
TICKETS 3.25
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

CULTURAL HERB FREE FESTIVAL
CANNABIS LAW REFORM RALLY with
JAH SHAKA
COXSONE OUTER NATIONAL
KING SOUNDS
DBS REBEL RADIO
THE EKOME DANCE TROOP
Poets, clowns, dance, mime, speakers, food, stores and good vibes
Brockwell Park, Brixton, London SE24
Sunday 23rd May 2.00-6.00pm
Organised by **The Legalise Cannabis Campaign, c/o 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR.**
Tel: 01-289 3883
ONE LOVE

TANDOORI CASSETTE

IN CONCERT
The Marquee, Wardour St, London W1
Wednesday 26th May at 8.00 pm
Admission £2.00

TO ADVERTISE IN THIS SECTION RING 01-261 6153

100 CLUB

100 Oxford Street
West One
Tuesday 25th May
VICE SQUAD
+
SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 20th
Brando: **QUIEMADA**
5.00 9.15
+**LAST TANGO IN PARIS**
2.45 7.00
Friday 21st
THUNDERCRACK
1.45 4.10 .635
+ **UN CHANT D'AMOUR**
3.45 6.10 8.35
Saturday 22nd Sunday 23rd Monday 24th
Divine in John Waters'
PINK FLAMINGOS
1.20 4.30 7.40
+ Herschell Gordon Lewis'
COLOR ME BLOOD RED
2.50 6.00 9.10
Sunday 23rd
Matinee 1.30
INDIA SONG
Tuesday 25th
John Waters' Double
MULTIPLE MANIACS
1.00 4.20 7.40
+ **MONDO TRASHO**
2.20 6.00 9.15
Wednesday 26th
ERASERHEAD
4.00 7.30
+ Waters **DESPERATE LIVING**
2.15 5.45 9.15
Thursday 27th
Divine in **FEMALE TROUBLE**
1.10 4.20 7.30
+ **BEST OF THREE STOOGES**
2.50 6.00 9.10

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ZIGZAG CLUB

22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON W9

MAY Thur 20th — THE MOOD ELEVATORS — THE ROOM — HOT HOUSE SPECIES — Doors open 7·30 — £2·00

BAR AT PUB PRICES

Fri 21st — AU PAIRS — ★ African Star — FAST RELIEF — £3·00 — Doors open 7·30

EXPLOITED — Sat 22nd WITH Sun 23rd — INFA RIOT — ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT — Doors open 6·30 — Doors open 7·00

Thu 27th — TALK·TALK + Passion Puppets

Fri 28th — TANK — ROCK GODESS

Sat 29th — DISCHARGE — ANTI-SECT — £2·50 Door — £2·00 Advance

Thu 3rd — The PASSAGE — The BLUE ORCHIDS + SUPPORT

Sat 5th — LORdS Of ThE NeW CHURcH — Crown of Thorns — Hanoii Rocks

Fri 4th RIP RIG + PANIC + support

Fri 11th — THE SOUND ALARM — SNEEZES IN CHINA

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM ZIGZAG CLUB, 22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD, LONDON IN ADVANCE MON-FRI 12 NOON-6 P.M. OR BY POST (ENCLOSE SAE) OR ON THE NIGHT PHONE: 289 6008

NEAREST TUBE WESTBOURNE PARK

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 20th May — £1.25
OZZIE ORZELL & THE ATTORNIES
With special surprise guests
+ Naughty Thoughts

Friday 21st May — £2
NO DICE
+ AM Event

Saturday 22nd May — £1.50
Fosters Lager Jamboree:
CC ROCKHOUSE
+ The Ex-Siberians

Sunday 23rd May — £1
STUDIO 2
+ Floating Bears

Monday 24th May — £1.25
JUMP SQUAD/HINTERLAND

Tuesday 25th May — £1.25
THE CREAMIES
+ Casual Sex

Wednesday 26th May — £1.25
LIVING LEGENDS
+ Steve Boyce Band

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm Main band on at 9.30 pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 20th May — £2.50
JONATHAN RICHMAN

Friday 21st May — £3.00
THE BLASTERS
Featuring
LEE ALLEN
+ Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers

Saturday 22nd May — £4.00
JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALLSTARS

Monday 24th May & Tuesday 25th May — £4.50
TODD RUNDGREN
2 shows each night, 8.00 & 11.00 pm

Wednesday 26th May — £3.50
MOVING HEARTS
+ R.S.V.P.

Thursday 27th May — £2.50
THE RAINCOATS
+ The 3 Corgettes
+ The Go-Betweens

COMING SOON

Friday 28th May — £3.00 — MATCHBOX + Flying Pickets
Saturday 29th May — £3.00 — SECOND IMAGE
Tuesday 1st June — £3.00 — ALAN VEGA
Thursday 3rd June — £3.00 — HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS
Friday 4th June — £3.00 — MOOD 6
Thursday 5th June — £3.50 — LINDISFARNE
Monday 7th June — £3.00 — NICO

MCP presents

★THE★ CLASH

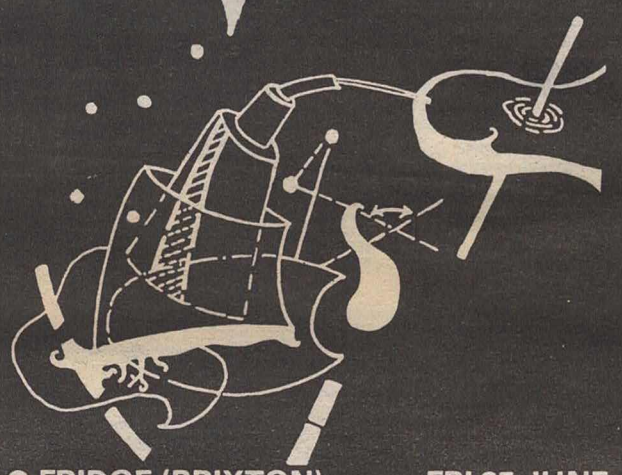
Plus Special Guests
PEARL HARBOUR
BRIXTON FAIR DEAL
SAT/SUN 22nd|23rd MAY 8.00 pm.
Tickets £4.00 Available from Fair Deal, LTB Premier, Keith Prowse and Albermarle or by post from MCP P.O. Box 124 Walsall WS5 4AP enclosed Postal Orders only and SAE

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday, May 20th — **TALK TALK**
Thursday, May 27th — **THE PASSAGE**
Thursday, June 3rd — **TEARS FOR FEARS**
Late bar 9 - 2 am

SIZ



● FRIDGE (BRIXTON) — FRI 25 JUNE
ROCK GARDEN — SUN 27 JUNE
CLARENDON — MON 28 JUNE

● CASSETTE E.P. OUT (dist ROUGH TRADE)

upstairs at — OUTLAW & SMOOTHSIDE PRESENT
THE CLARENDON BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY
WED 26th – THURS 27th MAY 7.00pm
The **BIRTHDAY PARTY**
The Return Of Mr. Pecu
PLUS THE GO-BETWEENS (wed)
JAMES KING & THE LONE WOLVES (thurs)
£3.00
limited number of tickets available from
PRICE BUSTER, ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK
Licensed Bars

THE PURCELL ROOMS - SOUTHBANK
(General Administrator Michael Kaye)
OUTLAW presents AN EVENING WITH
THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES
featuring VIRGINIA ASTLEY
TUESDAY 25th MAY 7·30pm
All tickets £3.00 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

CHAPTER Presents

FACTORY VIDEO NIGHT
+
THE WHITE BROTHERS
+ JANEK ALEXANDER
SATURDAY 22nd MAY 8.30pm
Tickets £2.50

SUNDAY 23rd to SATURDAY 29th 7.30pm
TAXI ZUM KLO
Tickets £1.65

TUESDAY 25th MAY 7.30pm
THE WORLD OF GILBERT & GEORGE
Tickets £1.25

Year's membership £1.50. CHAPTER, Market Rd, Canton, Cardiff. ☎ 0222-396061

RORY GALLAGHER AND HIS BAND

Derek Block presents
PLUS GUESTS

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY 22nd MAY — TICKETS £3.50

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SUNDAY 23rd MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
WEDNESDAY 26th MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURSDAY 27th MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

GLASGOW APOLLO
FRIDAY 28th MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

BRISTOL LOCARNO
SUNDAY 30th MAY — TICKETS £4.00

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
TUESDAY 1st JUNE — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

DOMINION LONDON
THURS./FRI. 3rd/4th JUNE — TICKETS £4.50, £4.00

TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 19th May — £1.25 — **WIPEOUT**
Thursday 20th May — £1.25 — **TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS**
Friday 21st May — £1.50 — **STUDIO 2**
Saturday 22nd May — £1.50 — **THE SWINGING LAURELS**
Sunday 23rd May — £1.25 — **PRESSURE JOINT**
Monday 24th May — £1.25 — **SKANK ORCHESTRA**
Tuesday 25th May — £1.25 — **AMAZULU**
Wednesday 26th May — £1.25 — **WIPEOUT**

The LYCEUM

STRAND, LONDON WC2

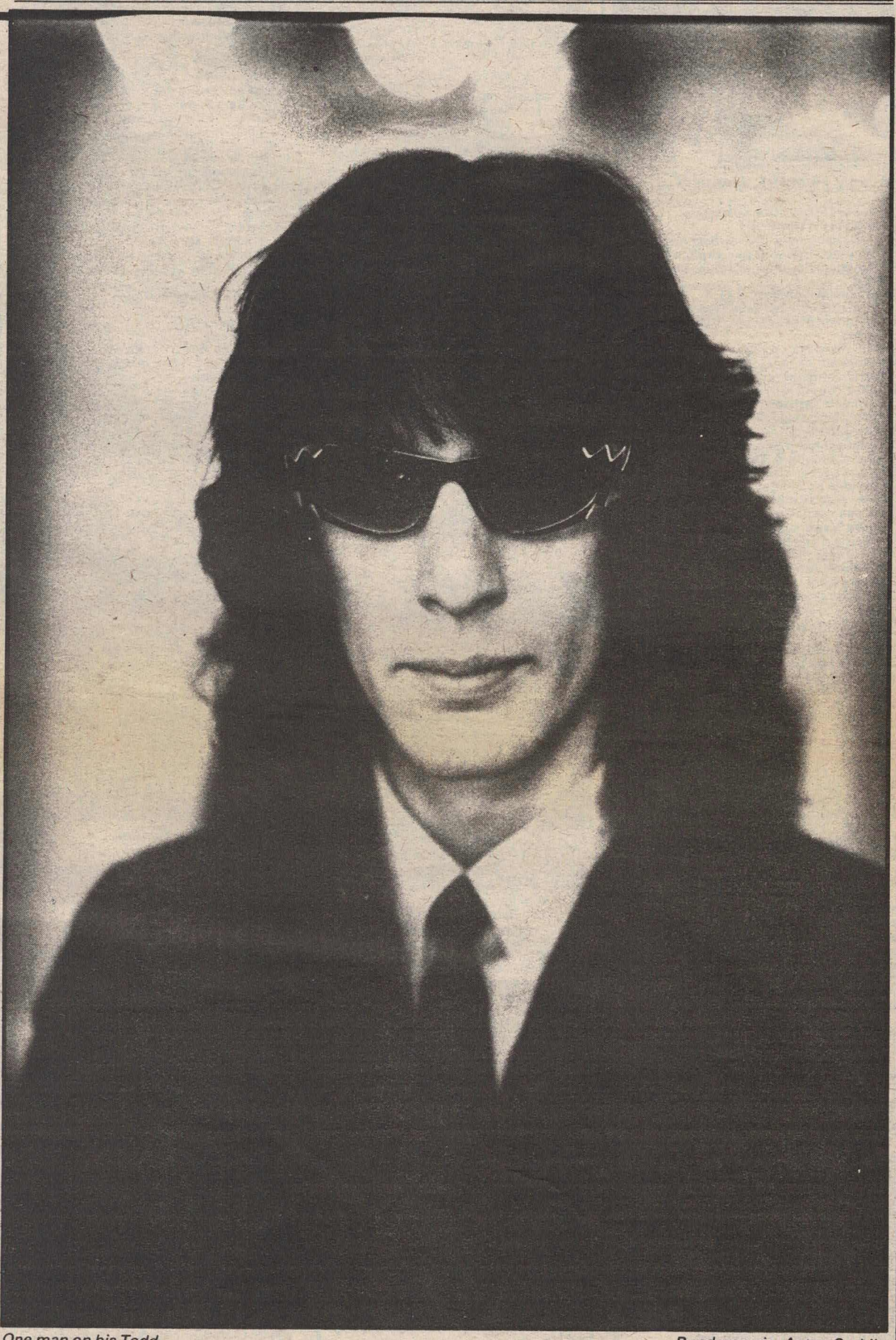
Derek Block presents
funkapolitan
Plus special attractions
THURSDAY 3rd JUNE 7·30pm
ALL TICKETS £3
AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM LYCEUM 01-836 3715 KEITH PROWSE: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS ; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; & ALL USUAL AGENTS

Actual Music Presents
MAPLE LEAF RAG
2 nights of Anglo-Canadian Improvised Music
Friday 21st & Saturday 22nd May, at 8pm
adm £2.50 per concert, season ticket £4.00
BILL SMITH ENSEMBLE
with David Lee & David Prentice
JOHN OSWALD MAURY COLES
plus on Friday night: Derek Bailey, Julie Tippetts, Phil Wachsmann, Marcio Mattos
and on Saturday night: ALTERATIONS (Steve Beresford, David Troop, Peter Cusack, Terry Day) Derek Bailey
CENTRE CHARLES PEGUY, 16 Leicester Square, London WC2
With Financial Assistance from the ACGB & The Ontario Ministry of Culture

Alec Leslie Ents. Ltd. in association with Island Artists presents
BLACK UHURU
with SLY and ROBBIE
+ The Poet Michael Smith ("Mi Cyaan Believe It")
THE FAIR DEAL
Tuesday 22nd & Wednesday 23rd June at 7.30pm
Tickets £4.50 from the Box Office, The Fair Deal, 211 Stockwell Road, London SW9 01-274 5242 and usual agents.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

THE CAPITAL has the best of the action this week, with two events of special significance. The first is the London Blues Festival which runs for four nights at the Hammersmith Odeon, Thursday through Sunday, and features three blues giants — B. B. KING, BOBBY BLAND and JOHN LEE HOOKER, each with his own band. By the way, King subsequently plays a series of provincial concerts without the other two, starting at Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Birmingham (Wednesday).
Second London special marks the UK debut of TODD RUNDGREN's one-man show, in which he works with an assortment of instruments, computers, synthesisers, tapes and sundry gadgets. Highly praised in the States, the show warms up in Edinburgh on Saturday and opens officially at The Venue on Monday and Tuesday, with more provincial dates to follow next week.
This week offers gigs a-plenty and a large number of big-name tours already in progress, so maybe it's not surprising that new tours are at a minimum. After his stint at London Dominion earlier this year, RORY GALLAGHER ventures out of town, his first stops being at Leeds (Saturday), Newcastle (Sunday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . Currently enjoying huge success with her 'All For A Song' album, BARBARA DICKSON kicks off a massive tour schedule at Newcastle (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Dundee (Monday), Aberdeen (Tuesday) and Inverness (Wednesday) . . . And in Birmingham on Saturday, there's the first of a string of major concerts by TV's singing cop DAVID SOUL, just in case you're interested — if not, tell your mum.



One man on his Todd — *Rundgren pic: Anton Corbijn*

thursday 20th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Basildon Raquels: **Skat! / The Chefs**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Altered Images**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bletchley Compass Club: **C-Sain/Gone Fission / Bone / Faded Secret**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Complaints**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Dome: **Rose Royce**
Bristol Granary: **Spider**
Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre: **Anti Pasti**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Moira & The Mice**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fast Eddie / Dick Coombes**
Cheltenham The Copperfield: **Pendragon**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **The Time**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Wishbone Ash**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Mix**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Zap-Dash-Acid / Policies Of Ecstasy / The Black Flag / Religion**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Derby Blue Note: **China Crisis**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Camel**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The Breakfast Band / Santrax**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Nightingales**
Farnham The Maltings: **Sonny Black's Blues Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **R & B Spitfires**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Victim**
Hastings Down Town: **UK Players**
Heanor Welfare Club: **Saracen**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Destroyer / Asmodeus / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Wellington Bootles**
Leigh The Moonraker: **Singapore UK**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Girlschool**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Out**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Straight To The Point / The Chase / After FX**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blasters / Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Motor Boys Motor / The Crying Shames**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Uptown Rhythm / Allen Eager**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ozzie Orzell & The Attornies / Naughty Thoughts**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Peanut Brittle / John Ladel**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Gash / Cutting Edge**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **B. B. King / Bobby Bland / John Lee Hooker**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Speed Queens / Pyramid Zone / W.3 / Polly Pin**
London Hornsey Railway Tavern: **Takeaway**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Islington Pied Bull: **To The Finland Station / Za Za Party / Afghan Rebels**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Flips / This Issue**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Eye Witness**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **SFX**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Coolnotes**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Tytan**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney White Lion: **G.B.H.**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bud Freeman**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jonathan Richman**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jump Squad / Ozone Zone**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Re-Flex / Hoi-Polloi**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **RAPP with Brad X / Archie Poole**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Room / The Decorators / Mood Elevators**
Londonderry The Venue: **The Perfect Crime**
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **Level 42**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Ry Cooder**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Murray-Dyani-McCall**
Manchester Pips Disco: **Kirlian Lens**
Milbourne Port Tapps Night Club: **The Headless Horseman**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Anti Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
Newcastle The Honeysuckle: **R & B Spitfires**
New Mills Bulls Head: **The Permanents**
Norwich Jacquard's: **23 Skidoo**
Norwich St. Andrew's Hall: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsatians / The Sinatras / Way Of The West / Pookiesnackenburger / John Peel**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Static**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blues Session**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Fashion**
Preston Guildhall: **The Drifters**
Preston Warehouse: **The Exploited**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Shakatak**
Sheffield Rebels Club: **Ipso Facto**
Stockton Club Fiesta: **Cirkus**
Stoke Vine Club: **The Membranes**
Tilbury Riverside Club: **Angela Rippon's Bum**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**
Warrington Fiesta Centre: **Liquid Gold**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel: **Crossfire**
Wigan The Raven: **Fault**
Wokingham Angie's: **Bobalouis**
Worcester The Hop Pole: **Gypsy / Orange**

friday 21st

Aldershot West End Centre: **Ital Survivors**
Bath Pavilion: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/The Sinatras**
Bath Universty: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Ricky Cool**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **God/The Ever Readys**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sitation Critical**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Killer Koala**
Bournemouth The Pinecliff: **The Time**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Korean Girls**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Ik!/The Americans/Admit One/Wild Willi Beckett**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Press**
Brighton Cinderella's: **UK Players**
Brighton Top Rank: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Magna Carta**
Cambridge Graduate Centre: **The Waves**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **China Crisis**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Funkapolitan**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Mike Harries Band**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton Band/Naughty Thoughts**
Chapel-en-le-Frith Shoulder Of Mutton: **The Permanents**
Chatham Central Hall: **Rose Royce**
Chesterfield Clay Cross Club: **Liquid Gold**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars**
Colchester College: **The Passage/Distant Drums/I'm Dead/My Little Hedgehog**
Corby Festival Hall: **Neil Innes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
Coventry Red House: **The April 1st Movement**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Gary & Vera Aspey/Harvey Andrews/Pyewackett**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **And Also The Trees**
Feltham Football Club: **The Blue Cats**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **China Dragon**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Bluebelles/Hey! Elastica!**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **H20**
Gloucester The Bristol Hotel: **The Red Telephone**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **Lone Wolf**
Hull City Hall: **Jets**
Jordanstown Ulster Polytechnic: **The Perfect Crime**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **Murray-Dyani-McCall**
Liverpool Warehouse: **23 Skidoo**
Llantwit Major Town Hall: **Moira & The Mice/Fire Down Below**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Margo Random Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Alison Fell / French & Saunders / Pauline Melville / Amazulu**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Xpertz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Force / Ground Zero**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **Mood Elevators**
London Charing Cross The Centre: **Secrets Now!**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **A Bigger Splash**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers / Legal Aid**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Art Farmer / Buddy Thompson Trio / Allen Eager (until Sunday)**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Sole Sister / The Gymslips / Amy & The Angels**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice / AM Event**
London Fulham King's Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Dangerous Bananas / Sava Jazz**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **B. B. King / Bobby Bland / John Lee Hooker**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Dance On A Telephone / Not Exactly**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Studio 2**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Helicopters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Jam Today / Tour De Force**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Tammy Jones / American Expression**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Combo Passe / Zut Alors!**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cayenne / Dana Gillespie Band**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Sexagisma / School For Scandal**
London Putney Half Moon: **Zoot Money**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Johnny G & Butler James**
London Putney White Lion: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bud Freeman**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The London Apaches**
London S.W.1 (Grosvenor Rd) The Seaview: **Revolt Into Style / Pietro Dinzee / Nick Halham**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living**
London University Union: **African Woman / Cast Iron Fairies / Aeriel Sin**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Jah Warrior**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blasters / Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Berlin Blondes / The Prams**
London West Norwood Nettlefold Hall: **Felix & The Cats**
London W.1 (Davis St) Vidal Sassoon's: **Fontana Mix**
London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **The Au Pairs / Afrikan Star / Fast Relief**
London W.C.2 Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
Loughborough Druids Arms: **Pastiche / Boy Turns Animal**
Malvern Mount Pleasant Hotel: **Sphere**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Ralph McTell / De Danann**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Girlschool**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Jazzira**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Singapore UK**
Manchester UMIST: **The Chameleons / Same Curtain**
Newcastle City Hall: **Ry Cooder**
Newport Harper Adams College: **The Europeans**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Altered Images**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **The Exploited**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spider**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Sunfly**
Plymouth College of Further Education: **The Passions / Artistic Control**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Camel**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Kissing Sharks**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Southend Zero Six: **Morrissey Mullen**
Southport Floral Pavilion: **Wishbone Ash**
Stafford College Of Further Education: **Here & Now**
St Albans City Hall: **Level 42**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Status Quo**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Out**
Wokingham Angie's: **K. K. Khan**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

saturday 22nd

Johnny Thunders: Liverpool

Aylesbury Friars: **Altered Images**
Bath Moles: **China Crisis**
Bath Walcot Village Hall: **Artists And Lovers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Corner Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Carmel/Bumbites/Take Two**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **David Soul**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Fast Relief/Fundamental Furniture**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Common Thyme**
Bradford University: **Fashion**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Darting Tongues/Jump Squad**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Press**
Brighton Dome: **Judie Tzuke**
Cambridge Sound-Cellar: **Mood Elevators**
Canvey Island Kings Club: **Chas & Dave**
Chadwell Heath Greyound: **Beggars Opera/Vane**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Talk Talk**
Cowbridge Town Hall: **Moira & The Mice/Fire Down Below**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Wishbone Ash**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Chuck Farley**
Cwmbran Congress Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Dartford YMCA: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System/Naked**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Motor Boys Motor**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Todd Rundgren**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Thomas Dolby**
Filey Brig Bar: **The Nashville Teens**
Folkestone Marine Pavilion: **Denigh/T.N.T.**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Ry Cooder**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Pallas**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Murray-Dyani-McCall**
Harrow The Headstone: **Dream Cycle 7**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Travellin' Shoes**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Ipswich Gainsborough Club: **Dave Berry**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Jets**
Leeds University: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Girlschool/Tank**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Au Pairs**
Liverpool Tom Hall's Tavern: **De Danann**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Johnny Thunders**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Revolt Into Style**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Diz & The Doormen/The Republic**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Zoot Money Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Tee Vees/The Bel-Airs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Ex-Siberians**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Heretic/Nightwork**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Errol Clarke Quartet**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **B. B. King/Bobby Bland/John Lee Hooker**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **P.M.T./The Rackets**
London Harrow Rd. College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Farmers Boys/Civilization**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Julie Felix**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Laurels**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Dirty Strangers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Morrisey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **True Life Confessions**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **The Androids Of My/The Penguins**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.15 The Fox: **The Deltas**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne/Cool Fire**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Rosco Gordon**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Technica/P.S. Personal**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Sam Mitchell**
London Putney White Lion: **The Soul Band**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Swarbrick & Beryl Marriott**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Univeristy Union: **Neil Innes**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Jah Warrior**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jr Walker & The All-Stars**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Dancing Did/Pneumatic Bliss**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Exploited/Infa-Riot/Erazerhead**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Mistakes**
Loughborough University: **Level 42**
Macclesfield Leisure Centre: **Rockin Horse**
Maidstone Dixies: **Stark**
Malvern Nags Head: **96 Tears**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Oduduwa**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Manchester University: **Eyelids**
Manchester 666 Club: **Jonathan Richman**
Newcastle City Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Ik!**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jerry Co**
Poole Arts Centre: **Camel**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Poulton-le-Flyde College: **The Membranes**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Between Pictures**
Retford Porterhouse: **Section 25/Crispy Ambulance**
Salisbury King & Bishop: **Traitor**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Royal Victoria Hotel: **23 Skidoo**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Nightingales**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Rose Royce**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Spider**
Trowbridge Cascades: **UK Players**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Chase**
Windsor New Safari Club: **Biz Internationale**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking Percy St. Warehouse: **Howard Wall/Precious Few/Pushmepullyou**
Wokingham Angie's: **John Spencer Band**

sunday 23rd

Kid Creole: Bristol

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Segue / Zoom Network**
Ayr The Way Inn: **H20**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **James Langston Blues Band / Blues Power**
Birmingham Locarno: **Shakatak**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Murray-Dyani-McCall**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Saracen**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / The Sinatras**
Bristol Locarno: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Screaming Babies / Cold War**
Coventry Embassy Club: **UK Players**
Coventry Warwick University: **Jacques Loussier**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Camel**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Masked Orchestra / Inside Our Poets / Belinda**
Darley Dale Northwood Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Gateshead Honeysuckle (lunchtime): **Cheap Sunglasses**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park: **Those French Girls / 30 Bob Suits / Pretty Boy Floyd /, Fast Lix**
Glasgow The Mayfair: **Earplay/Egypt**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
Harlow Brook Hill: **Neil Innes**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford Palais: **Level 42**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Emergency Exit**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Rainhill Club: **Dave Berry**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **French Lessons**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rage**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime) / Roaring Jelly (evening)**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton Brockwell Park: **Cultural Herb Festival**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Street Aliens**
London Cockpit Theatre: **Tour De Force**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hectic Speak / Toulouse / The Influence**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Studio 2 / The Floating Bears**
London Fulham King's Head: **Juvessance**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Opposition / Idoor Games**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **B.B. King / Bobby Bland / John Lee Hooker**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Pressure Point**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Short Stories**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **David Soul**
London Marquee Club: **Wipeout**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Wilma Williams**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Haig**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Lee Kosmin**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Twickenham Black Dog (lunchtime): **Ghost**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Glass Museum**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Baby Laurel**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **Akimbo / Norma Cohen / Proper Little Madams / Margo Random Band**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Julian Stringle's Young Jazz**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A Go-Go: **The Nocturnal Emissions / Art & Technique**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Exploited Anti-Establishment / Angela Rippon's Bum**
Manchester (Whitefield) Masons Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Spider**
Newcastle City Hall: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Girlschool/Tank**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford New Theatre: **Wishbone Ash**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Maddy Prior Band / Tim Norfolk**
Ramsgate Roots Hotel: **Fokker Triplane**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Johnny Thunders**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Fashion**
Shepperton The Goat: **Chuck Farley**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Rose Royce**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
Woking Centre Halls (11am-6pm): **New Sound 82 Semi-Final (16 bands)**
Wokingham Angie's: **Frank Abrams Band**
Worthing The Fountain: **The Press**

monday 24th

The Stray Cats: London

Bannockburn Tamdhu: **The Dolphins/Dave McLean**
Barnstaple Civic Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **True Life Confessions**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Drifters (for a week)**
Birmingham Odeon: **Jets**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Vanishing Point**
Brighton Dome: **Girlschool/Tank**
Brighton The Northern: **The Press**
Brighton Top Rank: **Altered Images**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Rose Royce**
Bristol Locarno: **Level 42**
Camberley Ragamuffins: **UK Players**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Spider/Apocalypse**
Croydon The Star: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Dublin Stadium: **Ry Cooder**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Camel**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Danse Society/1919**
Leeds Up-Zone: **Third Estate**
Lincoln Lindsay's Bar: **The Process**
London Barbican Centre: **Peter Sarstedt/Billy J Kramer**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Plaza/Tobruk/Robbie & His Mother's Clothes**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Creamies/Anonymous Sisters**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Group/No Angry Man/Careless Talk**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jump Squad/Lot 49**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Feelers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotal: **The Alarm/Map Of Africa**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judie Tzuke**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Skank Orchestra**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Mr Clean**
London Kilburn National Club: **Foster & Allen**
London Marquee Club: **The Stray Cats**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Screamers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Murray-Dyani-McCall/Paul Rutherford Trio**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Kerr's Jas Friends**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **New Vaudeville Band (for three days)**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Celadon Ceili Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Todd Rundgren**
London Walthamstow Saxon Club: **Chariot**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Visual Aids/Access**
London W.1 (Baker St.) Barracuda: **The Sinatras**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gilrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Biting Tongues**
Manchester Ritz Ballroom: **Fashion**
Oxford Scamps: **China Crisis**
Preston Polytechnic: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Scunthorpe Berkeley Hotel: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Nina Simone**
Sunderland Annabels: **Red Performance**
Sunderland The Old 29: **The Stingrays**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars (for a week)**
Windsor Blazers: **The Three Degrees (for a week)**

tuesday 25th

B. B. King: Edinburgh

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bolton (Bromley Cross) Railway Hotel: **Night Train**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Crash!/Decontrol/The Ultra Violent**
Brighton Concorde Club: **The Press**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Camel**
Bristol Locarno: **Fashion**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Chameleons**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Tich & Phil**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Funkapolitan**
Cleckheaton Whitcliff Sports Centre: **Ik!**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Channel 5**
Dublin Stadium: **Ry Cooder**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **B. B. King**
Gateshead Finnegans: **Genes**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Urbs**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **The Outboys**
Guildford Surrey University: **The Passions**
Hackenthorpe The Bluebell: **Kirlian Lens**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Jets**
Lincoln New Penny Club: **Tony McPhee Blues Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
London Barbican Centre: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Hollywood Killers/The Idle Flowers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Syl Sylvain's Teardrops**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Souls Valiant/RSVP/Three Fingers Guisseppe**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Canteen Jam Band/Allen Eager**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Creamies/Casual Sex**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Judie Tzuke**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Amazulu**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Jay & The Jaywalkers**
London Kilburn National Ballroom: **New Order**
London Marquee Club: **The Stray Cats**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Varied Works**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Vice Squad**
London Purcell Rooms: **The Ravishing Beauties**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The E-Types**
London Victoria The Venue: **Todd Rundgren**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dance On A Telephone**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Pleasure Dome**
London W.1 (Gt. Albany St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Albion Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **This**
Nottingham Trades Club: **Dave Berry**
Poole Arts Centre: **Altered Images**
Southend Talk Of The South: **True Life Confessions**
St. Albans Adelaide Wine House: **The Nashville Teens**
Sunderland Le Metro: **Red Performance**
York Old World Club: **X Press**

wednesday 26th

Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **APB**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Anonymous Sisters / Beating Hearts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Carlton Cinema: **B.B. King**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rory Gallagher Band**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Blackburn (Rishton) Bay Horse): **Spider**
Blackpool J.R.s: **The Membranes / The Colors Out Of Time / One Million Fuzztone Guitars**

Rory Gallagher: Birmingham

Bradford Ukranian Club: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Cron-Gen / The Defects**
Brighton New Regent: **Dansette / Partizan Rio / Greetings No. 4 / Dream Alpha**
Brighton Top Rank: **Shakatak**
Bristol Green Rooms: **Choice Treats For Children**
Camberley Civic Hall: **Neil Innes**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Float X21**
Carlisle Micks Club: **The Cheaters**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Roy Weard's Last Post/Wild Dogs**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Streetwalker**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Altered Images**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Genes**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Run-Rig**
Gt. Yarmouth The Oakwood: **Ruby Joe**
Hanley The Vine: **The Bible For Dogs/Va-T-En**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gilrschool/Tank**
Keele University: **Fashion**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Camel**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Pencils**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Charing cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Pinski Zoo/Spit Like Paint**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allen Eager/John Burch Trio**
London Finsbury Park George Robey: **The Influence**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Living Legends / Steve Boyce Band**
London Fulham King's Head: **Laslo & The Leopards**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Birthday Party/The Go-Betweens**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Janey & Andrea / Alison Fox**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor **Wipeout**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Nikki Sudden / The Red And The Black**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Tandori Cassette**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey**
London Plumstead The Ship: **David Clarke/Nikki & The Enemies**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Carr / Guests**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kissing Sharks**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay & The Jaywalkers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Moving Hearts**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Survivors**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Deltas**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **China Crisis**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Design For Living**
London W.1 (Down St) Gullivers: **I.C.Q.**
Malvern Nags Head: **Dan Russell / The Projectors**

Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Johnny Mars/Victor Brox**
Moston Lightbown Hotel: **Beau Leisure**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Record Players**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Level 42**
Norwich Jaquard Club: **Jah Warrior**
Nottingham Rock City: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Funkapolitan**
Poole Arts Centre: **David Soul**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Jets**
Southampton Park Hotel: **The Headless Horseman**
South Shields New Crown Hotel: **R & B Spitfires**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Heartbeats**
Swansea White Swan: **The Lightning Flyers**
Trowbridge Peewees: **White Spirit**
Wigan Pluto's Club: **Rockin Horse**
Wrexham Arts Centre: **Fred Wedlock**

Cabaret Voltaire: Nottingham

Send gig information to Derek Johnson, Gig Guide, NME, 5—7 Carnaby St, London W1; to reach no later than Wednesday a week before publication.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

VARIATIONS at the **BARRRACUDA**
1 BAKER ST, W1 (836 4853)

Monday 24th May
THE SINATRAS
+ COLD FISH

Wednesday 26th May
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REGGAE RUNNINGS

Burning Spear — *Pic: Claude Gassian*

IN TUNE to the sound of the **Burning Spear** transmuted by Winston Rodney to the conclusion of eight titles collected on Radic and entitled 'Farover' (RDC 2004).

The warm languid vocal invokes familiar theme in the 'Image' of Marcus Garvey, with which Spear identifies his Pan-African 'Message' and expresses his 'Greetings'. The 'Message' a third rendition of 'Free' again. Also reworked are Studio 1 songs like 'Rocking Time', abbreviated to 'Rock', the wistful 'Don't Mess With Jill' now 'She's Mine', and included too the recent single 'Education' proclaiming *"youth, you must have behaviour, approach and intelligence,"* urging *"mummy, mummy, mummy, mummy, mummy, mummy, please don't beat the children so hard."*

Recorded and mixed at Tuff Gong in Hope Road by Rodney and engineer Errol Brown, the set features the Spear band led by trumpeter Bobby Ellis with Anthony Bradshaw on bass and harmony vocals, Nelson Miller on drums, and enhanced by the embroidery of Aston Family Man and some groundation percussion.

Out in the US on Nighthawk is the Bingy Bunny and Blacka collaboration **Morwells** with 'The Best Of', an album of 10 tracks duration assembling previous Mor Well Esq single releases in Jamaica, such as 'In God We Trust', 'Africa We Want To Go' and 'Young Lover'.

A compilation of eight tracks completes the newest Music Works by producer "Gussie" Clarke for a 'Sho'case' that includes rendition by the **Mighty Diamonds** trio of the Bernard Collins 'Declaration Of Rights', as well as contributions from **Hopeton Lindo, Bunny Maloney, Cultural Roots, Johnny Clarke** and **Raving Mike.**

Out on Silver Camel 10" slate is a pair of early **Gregory Isaacs** recordings composed by Delano Stewart and produced by Eli Immanual for 'Who Cares' c/w 'Don't Believe In Him' (SC 009), and another from Stokie septet **Mindlinkk** with the Camel's production of 'Pussillanimous Child' c/w 'Shu Been Rock' (SC 015). Also issued on slate via Carousel is an **Errol Dunkley** the Man coupling 'Love Of My Woman' and 'Mount Zion' (CAR 01).

On the classy Ital discomix label **Legato** follow up their 'Lately' hit with the benefit of a Leonard Chin arrangement and song 'Fool For Your Love' c/w a composition from the group's Mario Frendo with 'I Care (ITO 0011). From the company's subsidiary Student imprint Love And Unity lead vocalist **Sandra Cross** makes her solo debut with two songs of her own: 'Glue On The Paper' c/w 'Want You For Myself' (STU 009).

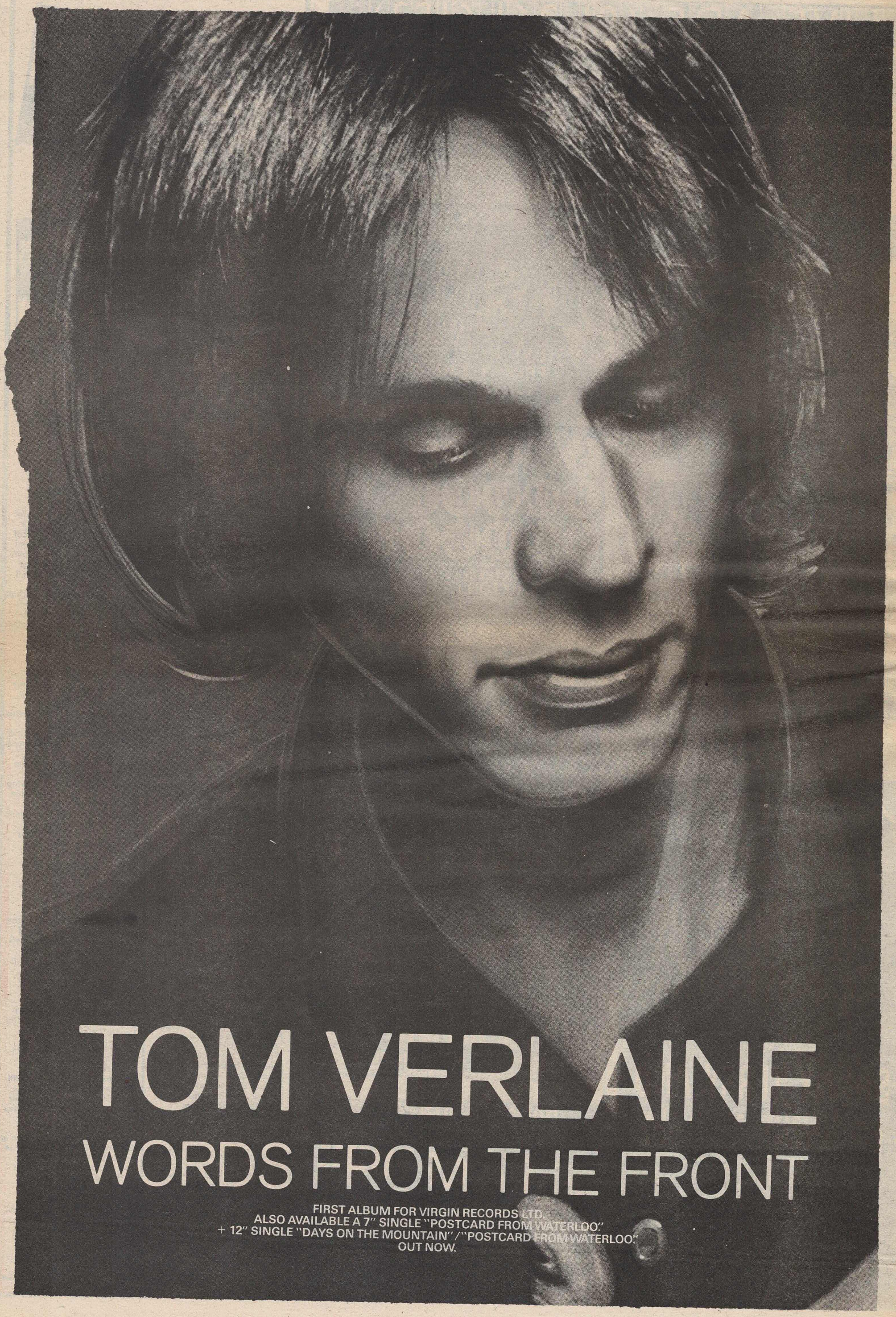
Other new 12" include a Lee Perry production with **Bunny Rags** interpreting 'Let Love Touch Us Now' and Neil Diamond's 'I Am I Said' issued on Black Ark through the graces of Asiha Morrison and resurrecting the 1975 **Bunny & Ricky** duet on 'Freedom Fighter' here credited to The Fighter; **Black Harmony & Inity Rockers** with 'Stop Lying' c/w 'Everything To Me' (Blue Inc — INCD 15); **Tippa Ranking,** 'You Shouldn't Lie to Me' (Red Man — RED 001); **Aquizim,** 'True True Loving' c/w Aquizim and **Ranking Ann,** 'Concrete Slave Ship'/'Liberated Woman' (Ariwa — ARI 1005); and **Basilisk,** 'Think About That' (Musician Survival — MSR 001).

Sound system runnings this weekend present a night of entertainment at the Bedford Civic Theatre on Friday — 7pm to 1.30am — with North London lovers sound **Sir Biggs** plus the rub-a-dub of **Quaker Tone** and **Ranking Tony.** Coaches leave from Northampton (MFM) at 7pm and Wellingborough, Victoria Centre 7.40pm.

The following night (22) is held Dee & Spike's fancy dress dance of the year at Wessex House, St John's Hill, Clapham Junction, SW11 — 9pm till 2.30am. Music by **Sir Lloyd** and the rest plus **Valdes International.**

And on Sunday afternoon at Brockwell Park, Brixton, SE24 — 2pm to 6pm — cannabis law reform rally invites one and all to a Cultural Herb Festival with the sounds of **Jah Shaka** and **Coxsome Outernational, King Sounds, DBC Rebel Radio, Ekome Dance Troupe, Freedom Showcase** and **Tibetan Ukranian Mountain Troupe.** Also poets, clowns, food and stalls.

Penny Reel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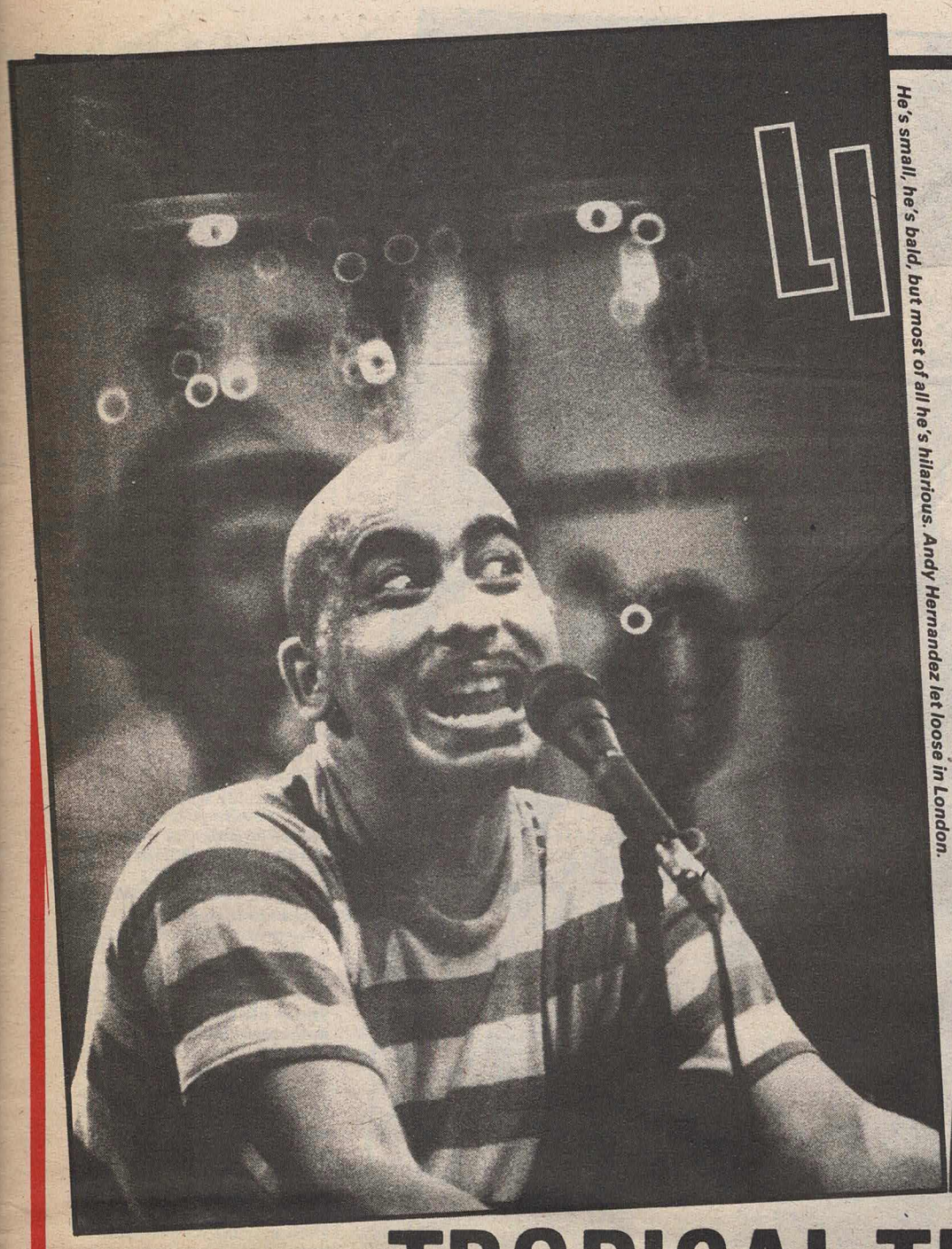


August Darnell and the look of love. Pics: Peter Anderson

He's small, he's bald, but most of all he's hilarious. Andy Hernandez let loose in London.

TROPICAL TRIUMPH OF THE COCONUT CREED

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS
Dominion Theatre

BY TEN to ten the anticipation was wearing thin. The cries of joyous greeting and the hearty waves of welcome that wafted across the auditorium as acquaintance chanced upon business associate gave way to sullen slow handclaps and isolated patches of chanting. There's nothing like the music biz *en masse* to sour the atmosphere of the sunniest occasion and in the long wait for Kid Creole and his Coconuts the enormity of the task in front of them became apparent.

With the stale seen-it-all cynical air of professional rock *aficianados* contaminating the front half of the stalls and with popular attention so far failing to match the clamourous press acclaim, it seemed impossible that this could be anything other than a severe anti-climax. That it turned out a triumph says more for the motley crew captained by August Darnell than the country's combined reviews ever could.

From the start it was apparent that this had very little to do with a conventional rock or pop concert, although like almost every other idiom of popular music past and present, Darnell takes what he wants from them to weave into his own fantasia on a loosely tropical theme. This was more like a cabaret, a revue, a much more rounded entertainment, using skill and artifice to effect a closer communcation. Very little is left to chance and yet however polished the routines, it's a ritual that can't function without response. Burdened by the problems of tackling a capital with different cultural sensibilities from cerebral New York sophistication and proving himself in the flesh at last to an informed audience, August Darnell, the Creole Kid in outsize tropical issue zoot suit, sometimes looked as if he had the weight of the world on his padded shoulders. Darnell also has to break through to a mass audience pretty quickly or the ethos of his music is going to be invalidated.

In these circumstances, with the romantic lead looking a little too preoccupied with mundane matters than is proper in a slinky Latinate lover, an amorous adventurer whose macho pride is perpetually being punctured, it's fortunate that the Creole cast falls into several distinct subdivisions. There's the relationship between the Kid as straightman and Coati Mundi as comedian. And besides the cut and thrust of their musical repartee there's Sugar Coated Andy Hernandez solo who's quite capable, and more than willing when Darnell diplomatically retires for contemplative spells with his percussion, of taking charge of the entire stage himself. It's during 'Que Pasa/Me No Pop I', Mundi's song and the Creole collective's one British hit to date, that the paying audience surges down to the stage and the atmosphere alters.

A cartoon animation of a spiv indiarubber rodent, Mundi supplies much of the show's anarchic sense of levity, either clowning behind his percussion or executing an indefatigueable series of flips, leaps and springing dance steps. The Kid persona would only be half an entity without him and we're lucky that disagreements in the Creole camp didn't precipitate any final split.

Since I've never seen the show before, I can't comment on the departure of Lori Eastside, although if there was one weak area in the evening, it did seem to be the lack of a single sufficiently characteristic female voice. Nevertheless, The Coconuts were not, as I'd feared, some incidental ornamentation. Blatantly erotic, they equate sex with strength not submission, and there's nothing coy or ingratiating about an immaculately choreographed amalgam of vaudeville routines, cheap-cabaret-a-go-go pastiches, mixed up again with angular and inventive modern dance movements. The Coconuts make you realise the poverty of most live music as visual spectacle; they add ironic nuance, powerful glamour and in another dimension they flesh out the sex tribulation theme. It's on a song like 'Mr Softee' that you see the full splendour of the Kid Creole scheme: touchy male fears exposed to merciless ridicule, the stylised attitude striking of the untouchable Coconuts, the taunt, feint and implacable put-down as stereotypes are swapped, challenged and celebrated on so many different levels. Of course, like everyone else, it's sometimes ambivalent; their charm is in the dazzling speed that it changes sides and its subtle awareness of contradiction.

Behind the big band stands, perched at different levels in their pith helmets, safari suits and panamas, the Kid Creole orchestra give the more sinuous sound of Creole on record a tougher treatment that's no doubt in keeping with Darnell's recently stated aim of reaching a mass audience through more R&B. Most of the songs are rearranged with a rougher edge that's overtly more attacking. Although Darnell hasn't compiled a collection of such consistent quality as 'Off The Coast Of Me', it's worth remembering that his mediocre melodies and arrangements still surpass most people's best, and the outstanding songs from 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places' and 'Tropical Gangsters' shine as sweetly as his earlier material.

For the rest, it's an evening that's some sort of intricate, intercut masterpiece of timing and imagination; a seductive spectacle without the distance and reciprocal passivity that the term usually implies. When Darnell announces "the first half was for the eyes, the second is for the feet", he means it, and while August is extending a more orthodox invitation to the dance, Hernandez is scurrying along the front of the stage, exhorting the audience with a stream of semi-abusive NY invective. "Don't give me that. Come on, be real! Don't be embarrassed." It's one of the rare occasions when a stage invasion reflects spontaneous revelry rather than stiffly self-conscious exhibitionism and Coati, the Kid, and The Coconuts go off stage for a while and leave it to the audience and the orchestra.

Some points of recall to stick in the memory: the fierce and frozen faces of the Coconuts making their entrance in straw skirts and leopardskin, the brass section standing up for a brilliant big band break in 'Stool Pigeon', Coati Mundi vigorously kissing an unwary girl who strayed too close to his clutches, August Darnell regally advancing on the audience to shake hands, 'Table Manners', 'Schweinerei', 'In The Jungle'. . .

Enjoying Kid Creole and The Coconuts has nothing to do with a false cocktail dichotomy and they're a wonderful thing partly because they apply intelligence to the function of glamour. The Darnell corporation is in the egalitarian business of supplying the best in aptitude, inspiration, care and endeavour to the greatest possible number. *"Music belongs to the people."* By the nature of the musical process in our society, it's bound to be a two-way process of enrichment. It will also be a minor tragedy if his manifesto fails.

Lynn Hanna

AMAZULU

Hope & Anchor

IS THERE a buzz out or what? The Hope & Anchor is packed so tight as to create active physical discomfort of the type that is only endurable in the pursuit of extremely interesting music, and is itself created by expectations of something fairly wonderful. Amazulu are six women in white who play an uncommonly punchy distillation of reggae music, and the atmosphere in the room preceding their appearance had a flavour of intense anticipation that didn't appear to be derived simply from idle curiosity.

Now: much of the accepted mystique of reggae music has to do with the Rastaman as symbol of righteousness and revolt, and there has been much discussion of the adoption of reggaematic devices by white musicians as well as debate concerning the sexual politics of Rasta (which is to say, the attitudes which inform reggae music). Therefore, when white women get together to play this music, the sound you hear, which, I should say, commences with murder — pure *murder!* — on the bass and drum, is the sound of a few barriers coming down and a few A&R executives' ears pricking up.

See, Amazulu are going to be giant: they've got presence, personality, immense style and *songs* (mind you, pot-holers are still looking for the last group I said anything like that about) plus drummer Debbie Dread and bassist Claire Kenny are as serious a reggae rhythm section as any band their age could put up in competition. Lay it down? You best believe it stays laid down.

And vocalist Rose Reichman is definitely en route to *The Face*. She has a fairly thin voice, but that's offset by big eyes and a *wicked* delivery, particularly on the hilarious skanking-throughtheCabash epic 'Cairo' (it begins, *"you can't draw no Giro smoking in the bar in Cairo"* and then gets silly).

To say all that would be misleading, however, without also saying all this: percussionist Sharon Bailey still seems on the peripheries of the band and needs to become part of things to a far greater extent, guitarist Margo Sakhar could get a lot crisper and Lesley Beach's saxophone would be none the worse for some occasional variation of tone. The set also ended on a rather anticlimatic note with a number called 'Point Blank' which was so new that half the band didn't appear to know it. Still and all, no-one seemed disappointed.

Amazulu have only been together five months, and they've achieved an awful lot in that time, but they've still got work to do. It is to be hoped that they don't get pushed too far too fast by greedy backers or labels. In the meantime, I expect to see them again somewhere bigger and a touch less cramped.

Charles Shaar Murray

LIVE!

VICTORY V-SIGN OF KELLY'S HEROINES

GIRLSCHOOL

Hammersmith Odeon

IT EVEN LOOKS like a concert — a big band in a big place doing big things. Here in the hangar, thousands of be-denimed hairies are keeping the spirit of the Big Concert alive and this evening it's Girlschool who face the jerking throng.

Girlschool are one helluva metal band — less a tortoise, more an anomaly. While other girls dress in pinky blue and squeak with the vocal presence of sugar mice, Girlschool dress in leather and guitar straps, knocking the rest of the mean mutha brigade into a cocked satin trouser leg while they're at it. No kiss-kiss coy cuteness, the publicity posters by the tube station (bit daft when everyone 'cept me came to the gig on the back of a Beezer 750) mock smartly 'Lock Up Your Sons!' Girlschool stick two up to the bollock brothers and start their 'Screaming Blue Murder' tour at the place you're supposed to finish with — Hammersmith.

Hammersmith Odeon is a big place to play (but I thought it'd be bigger), a lot of people to be won over, a lot of heads to be shaken into frenzied, nodding submission. This mob managed it . . . just.

Girlschool are a loud night out (but I thought they'd be louder), a whirling daze, tho' tonight they seemed happy to play half-way and keep the roaring adulation and pillock V-signs down to a minimum. And herein lies the dilemma: do Girlschool retain their distanced position from the crass metal god Mayhem or do they give in and go the whole way with grandiose grossness (gothic castles, dead doves 'n all)?

For now, Girlschool are no AC/DC. Their stacks aren't cranked to explosion point, they don't punctuate guitar solos with dayglo thunderflashes and their light show at the Odeon only really started making an exhibition of itself t'wards the end. Unlike a thousand other rock (as in dandruff) bands, they've no desire to one day launch their own personal Trident missile at the back row of the stalls come the climax of a seven night run on this godforsaken aerodrome. Girlschool don't figure amongst the band who get lost onstage 'midst pyromania and look like they're playing in the middle of an SAS raid.

Natch, and there's me itching for a night of blinding extravagance and chundering volume (a morning after of migraines and brain damage) . . . They look great, sure, but where's the awesome CRUNCH? At the moment they're stuck, stranded between polished metal rock-assault and the chaotic, rough punk aggression of a band as endearingly mental as Motorhead. Aw, I'm only griping cos there's only two HM bands worth loving and Girlschool are one of them.

Girlschool are a tuff unit but it's still Kelly who makes it (anyone who puts 'Never Mind The Bollocks' and 'Virginia Plain' in their 'Portrait Of The Artist . . .' has got to be a good 'un). When it comes to taking on the rock 'n roll prima donnas, Girlschool walk it.

While 15,000 Status Quo fans grovel on their knees to Prince Big Ears Charlie and a million AC/DC fans vote Tory, Girlschool are a metal band who challenge. Like Lemmy spits on 'Leavin' Here': "Hey fellas, have you heard the news? / The women of this twon are being misused . . . Loving a woman is a wonderful thing / But the way you treat them is a crying shame." This tortoise spits back.

Girlschool have got their share of suss. If you want mindless CRUNCH, get a lobotomy.

X. Moore

The tortoise spits back

Pic: Peter Anderson

EDDIE MAELOV AND SUNSHINE PATTESON

The Fridge

WELL, BLESS ma soul, if the Sarf's not about to rise again. Following a mention way back in an early Clash song, that distant suburban Streatham — way down yonder of the dixie line — hogged two front covers just recently, courtesy of boy wonder Junior Giscombe, and now all of a sudden everybody's claiming to be from this side of the Thames.

Why, down at The Fridge Sat'day night even my good friend Mr Stanley Laurel was at it!

"Well, shut ma mouth, ah'm from the Sarf, too! "Liar, Stanley! South of what? "London! Yessir . . . hmm good old fish and chips. I can smell em . . ."

Now, if it weren't for The Fridge's relaxing of its elitist door policies, someone so gauche as my good friend Stanley would never have been allowed in. However, since it has opened up to the rest of the world The Fridge has thawed into one of the capital's warmer, less pushy or obsequious clubs, and the way things are moving it could figure in a new Sarf renaissance.

My! Even Eddie and Sunshine were taken with the rejuvenation fervour. They respectfully turn up with a new haircut each — his shaven a good inch above the ear, hers clipped pageboy style and coloured red — new clothes and a whole new act. And very good it is, too.

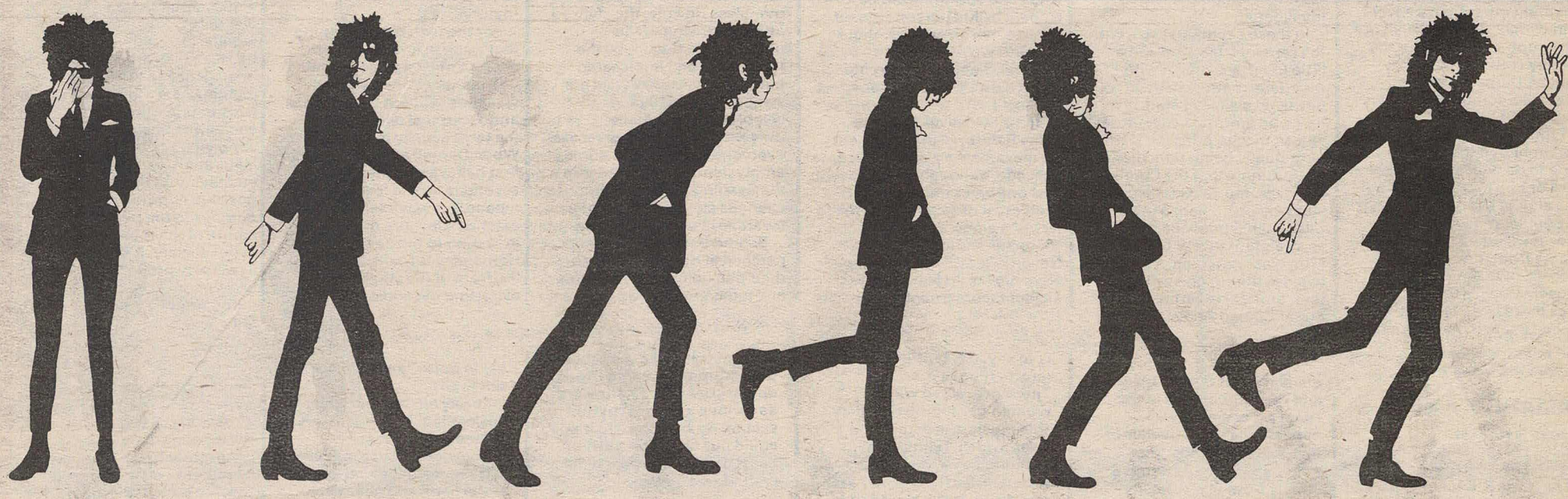
Their extensive touring with Ultravox last autumn and winter not only polished and strengthened their performance considerably — and with a show so closely choreographed as theirs this is no bad thing — but also furnished them with a set of impressions that form the basis of their new material, expanding on their poignantly executed concept of Mr and Mrs Suburban at work, rest and play.

One, 'Somewhere In Europe' draws directly from their experience. (If you saw them at Battersea Cricketers lately, you'd have seen their aposite slides, of themselves immaculately (dis)placed against European settings. You'd have noticed, too, the urbane air that marks them out from their surroundings.)

While 'Somewhere' sees them in different land territories, their best new song, the title of which escapes me, explores deeper the emotional areas more conventionally touched upon in their great non-hit 'Another Teardrop'. This one moves closer to that no-man's land where love has cooled into something less than friendship — a non-communicative/combative familiarity, maybe.

All this and chuckles, too. Eddie and Sunshine are more and more the perfect modern cabaret pairing: artful, ardent, funny and illuminating. Go see the best dressed act in town and learn something about the couple next door.

Chris Bohn



JOHN COOPER CLARKE

SHOCK TREATMENT

MALARIA
NADIA KAPICHE

ICA

WHEN NADIA Kapiche introduced a song about coalmining and said she knew about it "because it's what my dad used to do" it might have had more impact if it hadn't been in the same drearily chunky, middleweight transatlantic rock mould of all her other songs.

A phoney, suspiciously bourgeois craving for decadence and neutered sensuality was undone somewhat by her facelessly efficient group refusing to get their chops dirty, while Kapiche attempted to hoodwink her audience into thinking she's an anguished-but-cool new Dietrich for jaded bierkeller palates. She isn't.

Malaria's rejection of spurious camp is so total they risk the imposition of complete darkness. Malaria berate joy. It's disturbing in a way that compels a reaction inside — and it echoes in a manner that can seem far from pleasant.

Malaria don't play songs as such: they're more like episodes of rhythm with an extensive brief of possible superimpositions, much like DAF — although that brand of theatrical triviality is not to my taste. Where Malaria hit the mark is in eschewing ephemeral repetition and introducing any number of random, makeshift ingredients to shake up any sense of brooding trance.

'Cold Clear Water' is one instance. It opened with a juxtaposition of disparate beats and electric reports and took shape with a riveting immediacy. When singer Bettina Koster blew a cluster of folky harmonica phrases into the pitched climax of the tune it sounded unnervingly poignant, a transmutation of broken memory into a charged present.

They have a strange instrumentation: two drummers (one doubling guitar), synth, guitar and whatever additives the singer chooses. Although all female five of Malaria summon attention it was Koster who I watched most. Her shyness between musics is countered by her complete involvement, sonorous Berliner voice, marble-eyed stare reminiscent of Curtis. At moments when her singing stops she pirouettes like a Petrushka only partly unstiffened. Her saxophone playing on some tunes was unfortunately less inspiring, well short of the wintry expressionism aimed at.

Particularly on a couple of funeral instrumentals. "That song is about jealousy," she announced after one, and its emotional shading obviously suggested such an impasse — yet this was too reliant on negativity. I could hear jealousy, frustration, foreboding, perhaps a masochistic love in here; I missed anger, heat, a *constructive* sense of disquiet.

Though they dismiss notions of traditional femininity in their presentation — an androgynous show of short hair and unpouting physiognomies — there's something troubling about the undertow of suppliant, *madchen in uniform* eroticism in their stage persona. The cumulative effect of a Malaria set is a deeply scored image hewn shockingly open by the ice-cold incursive power of the sound, realms away from the customary impotence of rock aggression. But there are also (unwitting?) overtones of sadism which are difficult to dispel. I want to see Malaria again . . . and I'm not sure I'm looking forward to it.

Richard Cook

The face of fever. Malaria's Bettina Koster

Pic: David Corio

THE FARMERS BOYS

Rock Garden

HERE TONIGHT — another band that has reached the age of consent and have the resolution to cross the Norwich meridian. Roll up! Roll up! Watch the natives, see them perform under the big top. Watch them jump to the crack of the whip — watch them whip you to crack the circuit. Welcome to the circus.

Jumping through hoops: four Farmers Boys, two ironing boards, a rhythm box and an overgrown Casio keyboard. Watch them dance, watch them sing. Watch them move the freshly imported, locally grown audience. WAAP seems intent on deluging the country with its crop of giddy young things, these Serious Drinkers and these Farmers Boys.

The fun of the fair: you cannot dislike the Farmers because they are young and friendly; full of the boyishness that Haircut 100 exploit so well, playfully amateur on stage and childlike in their embarrassment on finding themselves in this predicament. So embarrassed that they smile and drink their beer and wave the glad tidings at their friends. This is Worzel Gummidge at the fair — innocent and awkwardly funny, but whatever the outcome The Farmers Boys are still only scarecrows — all padding, no meat; this band needs fleshing out.

Under the big top: 'I Think I Need Help' — the single, the group, me. This is the best track in a weak set, unfortunately credit is due more to Talking Heads than to the band. The Farmers Boys are youthfully effete, their music is weighed down by the deadbeat of the rhythm box and when held in the balance they are found wanting.

David Dorrell

THE COSA NOSTRA CLUB

Sheffield

THE GRAND opening night of the *Cosa Nostra Club* has been preceded by a glut of publicity and discussion. A blitz of kingsize posters, sprayed around town, inform the reader that this will be no ordinary disco but a cool cosy compendium of imported DJ razzamatazz, slinky video screenings and scintillating live revues in a sophisticated evening of good times chic aided and abetted by half price cocktails. And with the only alternative choices of Wednesday night entertainment being the sweaty aggression of Penny's Hollywood evening or the student dominated Limit Club disco ... there's really nowhere else.

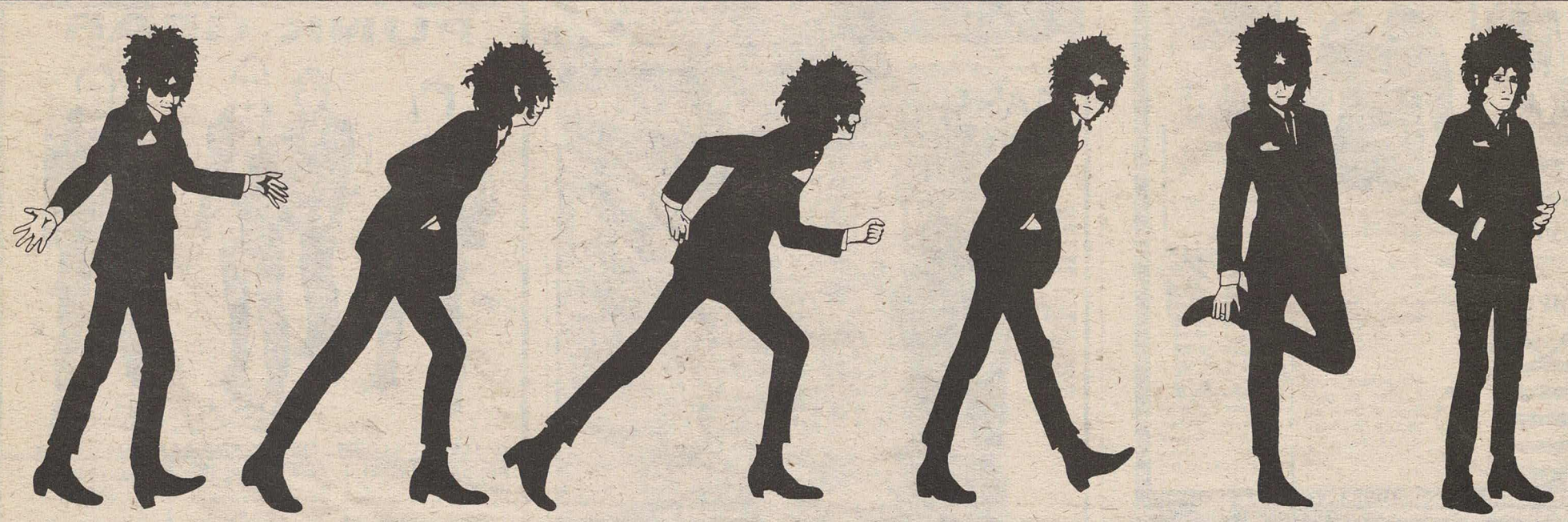
As the garish garbs and futura finery glide through the portals there's more than one security person chuckling sheepishly up his sleeve, the others looking decidedly bemused at the intrusion of night clubbers into their normally mundane domain.

The expansive interior houses three bars and a maze of prettily perched alcoves descending gradually to the steaming body contact of a rectangular dance floor. But the cocktail parlour seems to be inundated with thirsty thirties popstars. Apparently anyone of even slight fame / notoriety has been invited along on the guest list under the peculiar misapprehension that everyone actually likes to see these people cluttering up the bar. Charlie Collins, of Z.Z. Top and The Box, was forced to bring along his birth certificate after seeing the 18-30 age limits and is complaining bitterly that he was the only person / star to have paid to get in. Over in the corner Richard H. Kirk is lolling about in a drunken stupor already ... and only days after being discharged from the intensive care unit for a lacerated appendix as well. The big news is that ABC's bassist Mark Lickley has left . . . shame that!

The Blue Lagoon and Mahogany delights are considerably soured by short measures and perfumed cucumber slices but at least Tricky Dicky is having more success on the dance floor than Hurricane Higgins across the road. The Rum Runner disc spinner takes few risks, casually slipping in the odd miracle and poison arrow amongst the fop pop and funk junk of moderne convention. His success lies more in being an intergral component of the Cosa Nostra ambient mood relaxation machine than in any choice of music or placid patter.

"Have a rest," urges the record player as B Movie prepare the live entertainment props. To which sound instruction anyone with any sense retires to a safe distance to sample a few further delights and those without remain and digest the slushy synthesised slop of the one-hit-rocky-bore-movie. The monotone voice against a monochrome background creates a severe dislocation in mood, turning the colourful serenade into a tawdry dirge. B Movie left nothing more than an extraneous bump on the silky sheen of a beet bop evening de luxe ...

Amrik Rai



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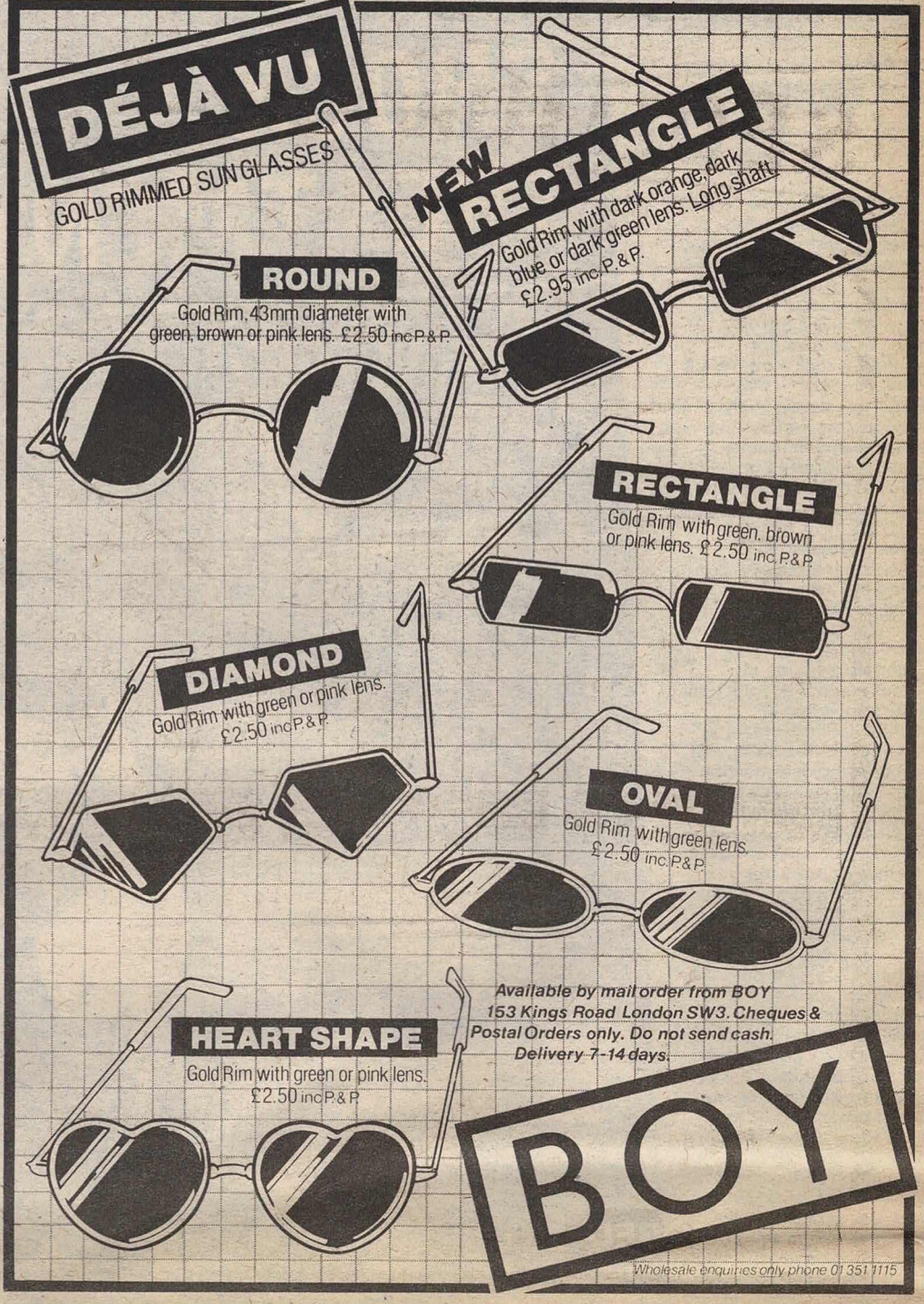

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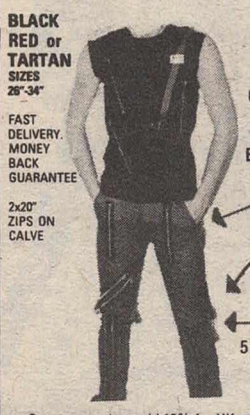

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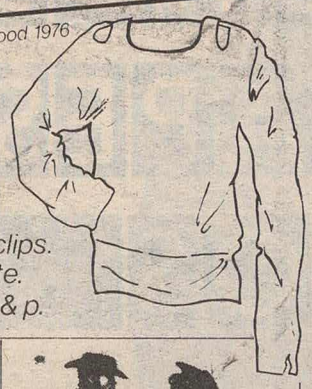

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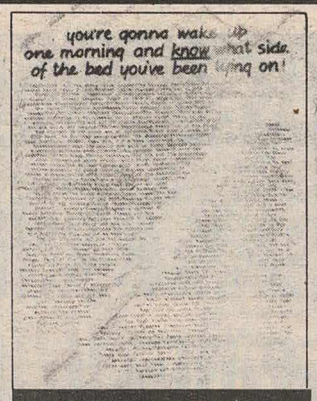

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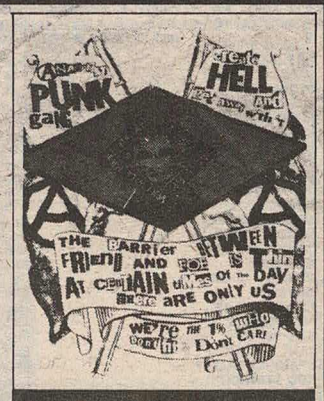

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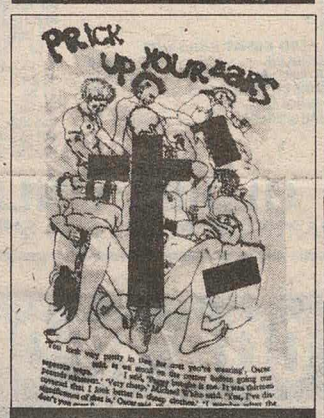

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ALLEZ

FROM PAGE 13

"Five o clock in the morning
too drunk to stand or speak,
"Still she beckons . . ."
('African Queen')

LATER, CORNERED, a stroll through the singer's scrapbook. Although the Allez Allez 'sound' of the moment is a relatively happy echo, some of Sara's covered, coveted subjects — heart murmurs — aren't so very easy to see. Sara's songs . . . drawn from an (un)well spring of nerves, *"fragile memories"*, self without its *Contents* list, things that goosebump in the night. Self obsessive, tongue possessed.

Secret adjectives. Her hide-and-speak language camouflaged, so the obviousness of confession has been rinsed from the skin of speech. A lot about herself — a lot of the songs using the more schiz-y "she" rather than easy "I" — and a history's cavities; depravity of teen years, casualties, not so casual ties . . . the holes in her story.

"RAP . . . unzel!" I name her. Don't think she likes it.

But she raps, rip-rap, getting fed up — situated — in the repetition of current material, keeping on craving the cRUSH of the new.

Oh no! I make an uncharacteristic, pompous, flimsy comparison with . . . the unremitting and therefore unmovable, unlikely and therefore unmoving, HAPPY! dennotative popwork of Clare / Altered Images, thinking how much happier I am in the veils of 'honesty' and humour Sara / Allez Allez's poised patchwork permits me. (Both singers are 20. But then we're talking birthday card numbers and not projected mental ages, here.)

"Words mean more than they did before . . ."

Onstage, Sara's voice is far more dramatic and playful than the recording process has so far been able to convey — effortlessly impolite, lifting-up and tying knots, just about to open those tiny hinges only your more cherished singers find. ". . . *those stumbling words that told you what my heart meant . . .*"

TURN OVER and rest your weary culture. Wrest its passion back! Come out, come out, wherever . . . *Allez, allez, vite!*

"The only thing those two have in common is their uncommon spirit."

SO, WHAT do you think he means?

"These — are — real — good times, leave your . . . I think.

I don't think my receptivity at a live performance has been opened up quite so much — so unusually, unexpectedly: a *jagged* active, almost certainly threatening pleasure — as it was this sweet long weekend in Europe. There are notebooks — novels! — of details I simply haven't the time, or the space, or the nerve, to translate. After all, *"there are such things . . ."*

The piece stops in a few words duration; the process is always just about to begin, again. And furthermore . . .

V. SQUAD

FROM PAGE 25

think you've got a point to make.

I still think that the majority of punk is constructive. I think people go to gigs for like aggression, not to have their heads kicked in, but that aggression that comes off the stage. The energy is aggression, kids are climbing on stage and getting lobbed off, and there's a very fine line between healthy aggression where everyone's smiling and it's a good laugh and then suddenly it isn't a good laugh anymore and someone gets hurt, but it's that excitement and danger that gives it its attraction. If you can go to a gig and jump on stage and dive off and go home knackered but happy it must be better than actual violence.

If punk music means something to the people that wear the leather jackets and have the spiky hair and go to gigs and buy the records and generally live the life, then it must be worthwhile.

It can turn into the routine, perhaps it is just covering up something that's missing from their lives, but I know lots of people, myself included, that have become much better people since getting into punk. It can turn you from a bit of a wanker into someone who really thinks about things, from someone who just has a few pints, a few fights, isn't nice to anybody, into somebody who questions everything. Like really I've been happy for the past five years or so apart from the odd up and down.

I'm happy personally because punk has made me a better person, me mum and dad are great so I'm happy at home, and I really enjoy being in Vice Squad. It may seem hypocritical that on one side you see things that are wrong and you want to do something about it and on the other hand say that you're really happy, but I don't think it is. People call us rebels, but I don't think we're rebels. If you say that you're a rebel you've got a lot to live up to, but if you just live as you want to, put over what you feel without shoving it down people's throat, then that's honest. Which is all you can be.

AFTER THE interviews are over we go to a nicely austere pub in the Fishponds area of Bristol, where the group live, for a Saturday evening drink. On the pub TV it's Higgins versus Reardon. A round of drinks for the group will consist of two pints of Bass draught, a pint of Bass special and a pint of lager for Beki.

In their almost listless offstage way Vice Squad represent the folksy traditionalism that there is inside today's punk: beneath the frantic surface, aside from the vulgar yearnings, there's a very quaint Britishness, more especially an Englishness. To talk of challenge inside the punk context is to talk nonsense; this Englishness is all embracing, and today's punk is trapped by it.

When I think of punks hanging around sterile standardised shopping centres I imagine them sub-consciously yearning for the days when Britain was great, and uncomplicated, and fresh, and when people were poor and proud of it. I don't think of Anarchy, I think of Barnsley in 1933.

Vice Squad stand for that side of punk that wants a corner shop, a friendly pub, a cheerful chat. Punks in a tangled, unformed way dream of a time of a place where people really count, and where there's a cosiness, and potterers in the garden, where 'character' is admired rather than 'brains', stoicism instead of temperament, nonchalance instead of diligence, the tongue tied stammer instead of the art of eloquence.

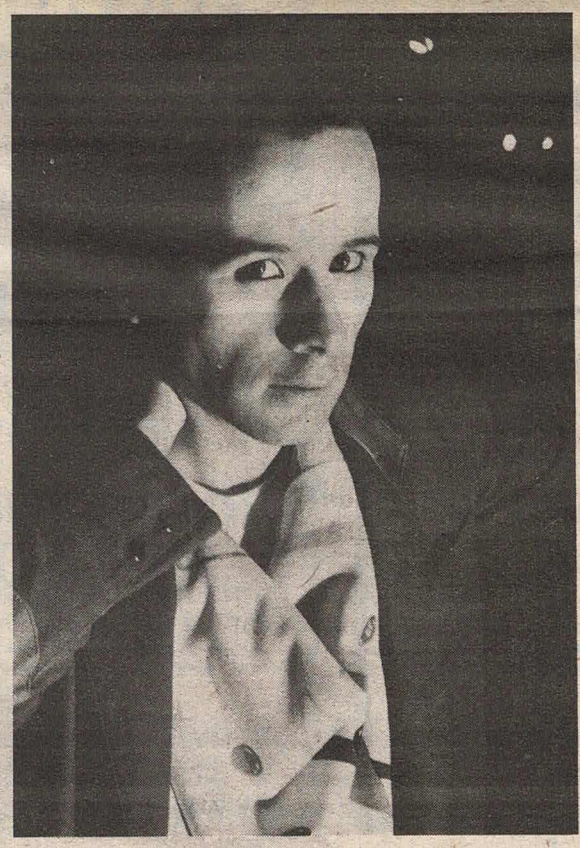
Vice Squad talk of "making people think", of provoking, of helping, of singing about things that mean something: it's all vague, faded, snuggled into a context long since broken up. Punk has become a sad homesickness: a sickness for a 'home' that's never been had, a diffuse nostalia for an unspecific human climate, an emptiness that manifests itself mostly with mere uncouthness, or futile contempt.

The Sex Pistols weree city dwellers: Vice Squad are villagers. Harmless and charming where the Pistols were harmful and charmless, artless and hearty where the Pistols were artful and heartless. Vice Squad, like punk in general, as with the classic English attitude, are sticking in the mud. Not even bright, brazen Beki — bursting out of the snag punk wrapping — can transform Vice Squad into being anything other than a scrambled dreg, a cute appeal, an ultimately aimless daydle.

Beki herself is sat caressing her pint, and she seems to be sulking. The last I see of her is when I'm leaving the pub, driving up the High Street: she's walking along the street, past 'Curry n'Hurry' to buy some chips at a *cheap*, local version of McDonalds. A vegetarian who's thinking of becoming a vegan yet who wears little other than leather, with brightly coloured hair, tatty tights, studded boots, yards of chain. It could only happen in England. Orwell's nation of "flower-lovers and stamp collectors, pigeon fanciers, amateur carpenters, coupon snippers, dart players and crossword puzzle fans" is not disturbed in the slightest by Beki Bondage The Aberrant Character and her punk rock.

It just adds to the soothing muddle: something else to cuddle.

START TO SWIM AGAIN



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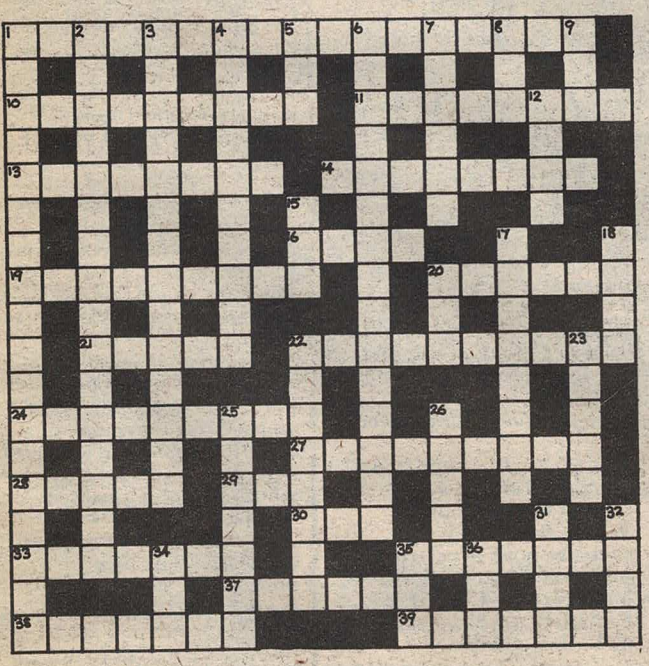

Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

ACROSS

1 Pigbag's dig and jig people bag (2-6-3-2-4)
10 Their smallest hit was 'Trash' (4-5)
11 Born Chicago 1937, he died in motel shooting 1964 (3-5)
13 Best remembered for their version of 'Lovvie Lovvie' (8)
14 See 21
16 & 39 Perfect Cure — what, not even a lump in the throat lads? (4-4-3)
19 'Search and Destroy' by them in 1977 (9)
20 What Mike Batt nearly was one — rubbish! (6)
21 & 22 & 14 & 26 *"I need the noises of destruction, when there's nothing new"* line from 1978 hit (1-4-3-5-2-8-5)
24 Special instruction in case of outbreak of lethargy (2-7)
27 Ooh - wakka - doo - wakka-day, no matter how I try, nothing rhymed (9)
28 See 32
29 Group sex unter wasser (3)
30 The heat's off recently for this band (3)
33 Rainbow chasers (7)
35 African bongo rhythm rock band (7)
37 Eye To Eye asked Am I —— (6)
38 At one time she was married to Stevie Wonder (7)
39 See 16

DOWN

1 Their numbers are made up of Slowhand, Carl Radle, Jim Gordon and Bobby Whitlock (5-3-3-7)
2 Fall — ouch! Dee Nixon hurt badly (3-9-4)
3 In their early days the Supremes wanted your eyes on them . . . . . (4-3-5-2)
4 . . . . . and Buddy Holly wanted your ears (6-2-2)
5 They're followed neatly by DEF (Leppard?) (1-1-1)
6 Charge do in a few minutes what Old Father Time takes years to do (7-3-5)
7 Bringers of Black Betty (3-3)
8 & 34 Neil Sedaka's first hit (1-2-3)
9 Reggae noises dept — Wa Do Dem (——!) A Mouse . . . . . (3)
12 . . . . . now dem pigs — anudder one bite de dust (——!) (4)
15 Currently benefiting from a Repercussion (3)
17 Fourmost hit from 1963 (2-2-4)
18 Founder member of Yardbirds, then Renaissance, and later member of Medicine Head (4)
20 They were once Meaty, Beaty, Big and Bouncy (3)
22 Macca takes the strain and heaves up another album (3-2-3)
23 Buck ——, U.S. country singer (5)
25 The State of R. Dean Taylor (7)
26 See 21
31 A record from an undiscovered band (4)
32 & 28 Member of Thin Lizzy, has also had solo success (4-5)
34 See 8
35 Shep, MacDonald or Siam Sir? (3)
36 Janis at 17 (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Seven, 4 + 10D, Vic Godard and Subway Sect, 8 EMI, 10 Ann, 11+ 33D Ronnie Scott's, 14 Scar, 15 Vici, 16 D.I.S.C.O., 17 Enduction, 20 Arf, 21 Basil, 24 A.K.A., 25 Beans, 26 Oakey, 27 N.O.J. or Noj, 29 Uty, 30 Ash, 31 N.U.S, 32 R.S.O, 35 Cure, 37 Squeeze, 39 Note, 40 Win, 42 Are, 43 Tide, 44 Talking Heads.
DOWN: 2 Venus, 3 Nervous System, 4 Vince, 5 CTI, 6 Arc, 7 Duran, 9 Moi, 10 See 4A, 12 Nina, 13 Enuf, 14 Set, 18 Drakes, 19 I Ran, 21 Bauhaus, 22 Ant, 23 Lounge, 24 Ayer, 28 Joke, 33 See 11A, 34 + 38 Out Fire, 36 Reedy, 38 See 34, 40 Wah! 41 Nea.

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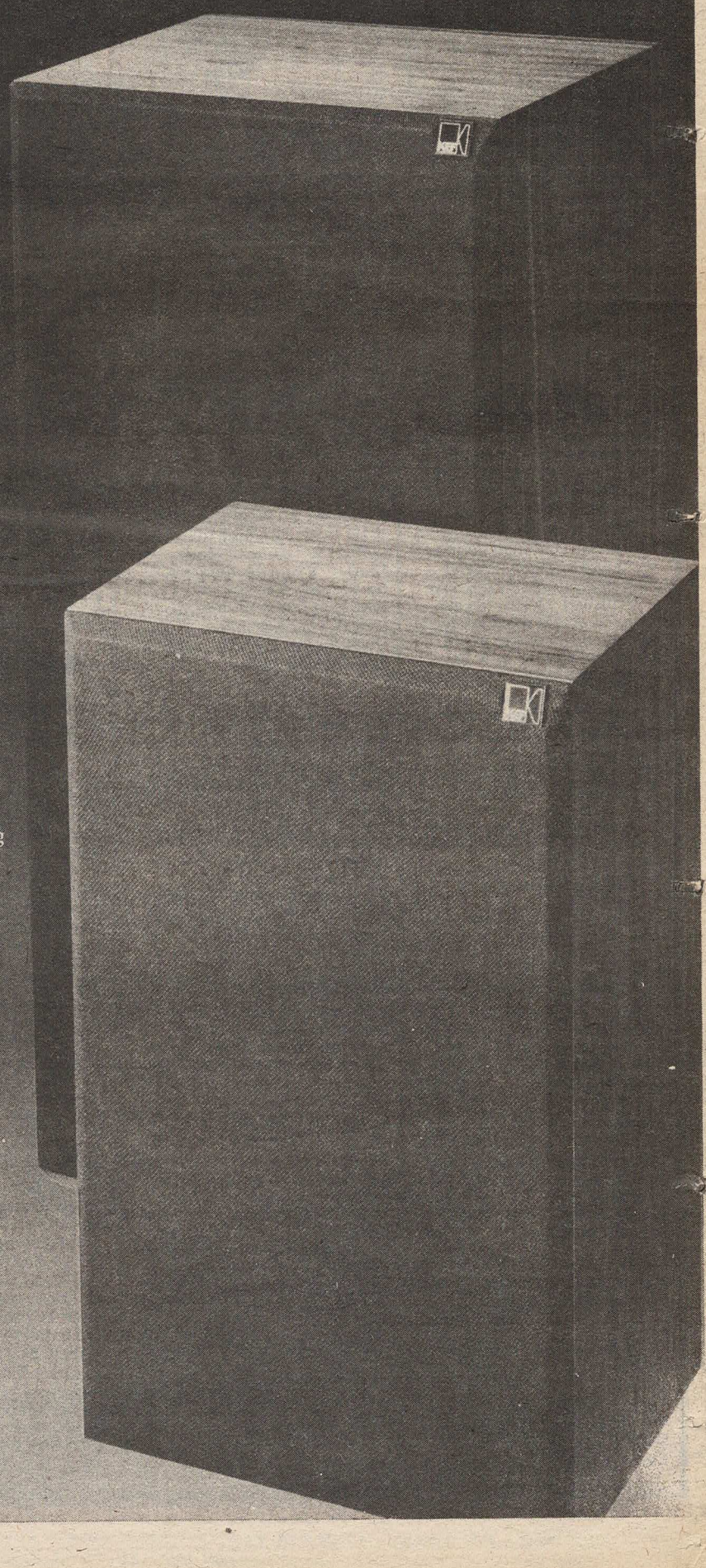

Illustration: Mark (Luc Here) Godard

Pen your yen, quill your fill, and biro your giro to us at GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE LITTLE LETTERS

I THOUGHT the other day "Whatever happened to those short letters that used to appear in *Gasbag*, those witty one-liners that deflated pomposity, extracted the urine from people who used big words, contributed to the general tone of bitchiness prevalent in this microcosm of human intercourse we call the rock biz?"

So, I thought, let's have a little look through past copies of the *NME* and see when they became almost extinct.

September 27 1980: Not long ago but ah, dear reader, what nostalgia. Gary Numan was doing his last tour, Wendy O'Williams was baring her breasts, and — what is this? — *Garageland!* Oh, the old days when small labels were trendy and avoiding the established music business was hipper than sipping cocktails.

And what was in *Garageland?* Soft Cell with their first release, the 'Mutant Moments' EP. My God, and who else is in *Garageland* but Heaven 17 with 'The Tenant' from a Bradford flat for £1.05. Er, well not exactly *the* Heaven 17 but a much bigger name nonetheless than Performing Ferrets on Dead Hippy Records.

Those were the days — when hippies hid in cupboards instead of reviewing Vic Godard 'events' — but still very few short letters in *Gasbag*.

Hmm, March 1980 — a couple of decent short letters alongside sexism debates, but still not much.

Aha, January 5 1980, the first issue of the '80s. Singles reviews: 'Rhythm On The Radio' by ABC. Very strange. I didn't think they were around then. English pop reggae? "ABC used to play this one live down the Spurs in Tottenham." This is news to me. I thought they were called Vice Versa at that time, and used to play the Sheffield Blitz. ABC discovered by Charlie Gillett, the review claims — and I thought it was Paul Morley. Actually, this is obviously a different ABC, but the important thing is the presence of twelve very short letters in this issue. (Obviously, several readers hadn't realised that 1980 had arrived and it was unhip to write them).

So there we have it — the end of the '70s killed off the short letter. A sociological phenomena. But if one looks back further it becomes even more clear that the short letter was once dominant. In the May 6 1978 issue, 60% of the letters were short. Contents were interesting too — the days when excrement was called excrement and you could tell a hippy by his long hair. (Now they need short hair so their Walkmans will fit).

I'd recommend anyone to look through their back issues and see which members of the *NME* staff gave Abba good reviews etc.

John Donkersly, Academic Affairs Officer, London School of Economics.
Longest ever letter about short letters prize winner. Actually, I'm a great fan of the little 'uns and will be going all out for a 1982 record: at least 55% of this Bag will be guaranteed short. — M.S.

It seems that being in a successful football team can insure chart success. Would someone please inform Wreckless Eric.
D. Robinson, London W2.
Who he? — M.S.

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE AULD SOD (WHO? — ED.)

"English hepcats"? "Altered Images . . . New English Pop"? Oh yeah! Simple Minds, Associates, The Scars, Fire Engines, Orange Juice, Josef K (RIP), Cuban Heels, Aztec Camera, TV 21, Berlin Blondes, Bluebells, Altered Images . . .

I could go on *(You probably will. — Ed.)* but I'd sooner put some facts back into this 'rag' called malice.
Robert de Bruce, Dundee Utd, Scotland.
Many thanks for pointing out this error in taste and judgement. — M.S.

EPISODE 16

This week we would like to draw to the attention of his public the source of Mark Cordery's sincere admiration for Carmel. Yes, you've guessed! Mark's girlfriend shares a flat with her.
Captain Hardon, your resident spy, London NW1.

TALES FROM THE LOUNGE BAR

I was quite surprised to read the review of The Fall gig at Derby. Your reviewer 'Amrik Rai' obviously pays great attention to the groups he reviews since, firstly, they are called Amsterdam, not Purrkur Pilnikk and, secondly, they come from a little further south than Iceland, ie Manchester. All I can say is that if he was close enough to hear 'trash chords' then presumably he would have heard the group introduce themselves with "Hello, we're Amsterdam. This is 'Dark Choices' . . ."Now that really does sound bleeding Icelandic, doesn't it?
Angry of Whitefield.
We can't imagine how such a gaffe could have come about. — M.S.

Errol is alive and well and living in the form of Amrik Rai who spent the whole of The Fall concert at the Derby Blue Note in the cocktails bar.
Tony Paley, Loughborough, Leicester.
Ah, that may explain it. Our sincere apologies to Purrkur Pilnikk for any embarrassment caused. — M.S.

So farewell then
the real
E. J. Thribb
Anybody can
string words together
And
mention Keith's mum
Anybody can
do it.
Done.
Lenny Byart, London SE8.

MOVIES!

Here is a *Silver Screen* joke:

What bubbles over with enthusiasm for art house movies?

Cineasti spumanti!
Chris McLeod, Paignton, S. Devon.
Kia-ora hell . . . — M.S.

AN AMERICAN WRITES

Come on guys! How can you actually say that Van Halen's rendition of 'Where Have All The Good Times Gone' is "great" and "timely"? Time to go into the toilet and stick your finger down your throat maybe. I am not even going to *mention* 'Dancing In The Street'. I am a record reviewer myself and was sent a copy of 'Diver Down'. I decided that it was an apt title; Van Halen sink lower than any other group on vinyl *ever.*

I like the *NME.* I really do. But I think the fact that you devote a whole spread to some jerk called Boy George shows a distinct lack of something. (I haven't quite decided what.) And the gig reviews! Most are OK, but there was one last week that was so strange I almost read *Rolling Stone* instead. (I don't mind Paul Morley, by the way.) If you want to write state of the art poetry, do it in your own time . . .

But just today I bought 'Dr Heckle And Mr Jive'. Got home and put it on the stereo. Someone walked into my room and asked what it was. I had to tell her it was by Pigbag. She burst into laughter. But we all wound up dancing. That is one reason why I read *NME.*
Sharyn November, Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, New York.

PS David Gamson goes to Sarah Lawrence and he is an embarrassment to us all. Why in the hell is he on 'Jive Wire' anyway? You can find a better token American . . .
Paul Morley thinks your letter shows a distinct lack of Englishness. (Paul announces his engagement to Boy George next week). Me? I'm definitely leaving the country. — M.S.
PS It's a different David Gamson — this is the English one who does steam train impressions for the BBC Light Programme . . .

MORE FOREIGNERS AND STUDENTS

Thanks for opening your cassette offer to anyone, even to those foreigners overseas. Now I don't have to bother my English friends anymore. That's all. I just thought: what's worth a compliment should be mentioned! I hope you do the same 'next time'. Many more compliments for your magazine.
Lieve, from a small town in Belgium with a small crowd of NME fans.
Why don't you do us a real favour and buy *two* copies each week? — MS

If one wishes to purchase both the 'Jive Wire' and 'Hit The Road Stax' cassettes must one supply six of those little coupons or will three suffice?
Ralf Dahrendorf, LSE, London WC2.
Sure, three'll do. Except if your name is Ralf in which case you require 26 coupons. Then we toss a coin to decide whether we send you one or not. — MS

Zanking you for ze zoughtfully provided white margins in your papier. I find zem uzeful for translating into ten words or less of standard Engleesh of your lengzier articles for my pupils. I pray to you to accept ze expression of my zentiments ze most respectuous.
Pierre Pedagogue, Nancy, France.
You Nancy boys make me puke. — MS
Steady on, Monty. You're getting a bit gratuitous. — Ed.
Me gratuitous? Cop a load of this lot . . .

REALLY GRATUITOUS STUFF

Being Paul Morley must be like being born dead with rabies.
Pat Bennett, New Malden, Surrey.

If there's three million reasons why Maggie Thatcher should quit her job surely there's *one* why Paul Morley should give up his.
The Optimist, Sunderland.
. . . And they beat us on Saturday as well, the bastards. — Paul Morley

If God had intended us to write like Paul Du Noyer He wouldn't have given us erasers.
Stan Du Bonnet, Cricklewood.

Paul Du Noyer's brain is like Dr Who's Tardis — it seems smaller from the outside.
Reg Du Bonnet, Flitwick.
Actually, none of us can quite work out if these last two are insulting or not. In any case, Paul Du Noyer has just burst into tears. — MS

ASSORTED IDIOTS

We always thought the initials *NME* meant New Musical Express. I bought a recent copy and inside found bloody film reviews and adverts for things like coffee. That was bad enough but last week they'd sold out of *Sounds* so I bought your rag again and to my utter disgust found inside a Communist bastard by the name of Tony Benn. If you must print all this anti-British shit, change your name to *Communist Politics Express,* or better still piss off to Russia and take all your Red twats with you.
Mare Bear (on behalf of Negative Impulse).
Fair enough! — MS

What watered-down Benn it was. It only needed Bill for a *real* children's hour.
Little Weed, Loughborough, Leicester.

Ha ha ha ha ha! Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Haaa . . . cough! Ha ha ha! You spacs! I just can't believe it. It's too much.

Do you seriously expect me to swallow large, prominent, 'serious' reviews of Ornette Coleman and Miles Davis? Oh come on . . .

I suppose you've always liked these old jazzers really. I suppose your dads used to play loads of old jazz records when you were kids, back before you got into the Stones, like, and the Pistols and that, eh? Good grief!
Steven Train, Ramsgate, Kent.
Keep writing in, music lovers! — MS

THE STRUMMER SAGA: CLASH FANS WRITE

I've just read about Mr Strummer, and he seems to be puzzled about why he can't sell records in Britain. I can suggest two reasons:

1. He doesn't think the same way as the so called 'kids' anymore. This 'You ain't gotta fight', or anti-authority crap, is old hat. People just don't think that way anymore. If there's a 'Call Up' I don't wanna die. Nobody does — but if we got to, we got to.

2. The Clash are trying to sell a product of music on an international scale, and we all know the British music scene is unique.
Moose.

Poor old Uncle Smokin' Joe Strummer! What hurricane confused thoughts must be going through his tormented, lower class mind. "Do I, as a committed flag bearer of socialist ideals, as one opposed to the oppression of the working class by dictators of any hue, enlist for military service to help my fellow countrymen give the heinous Argies a mighty rap across the knuckles?" the thick yobbo asks himself. "Or do I, as a conscientous coward, abandon all allegiance to Queen, country and the London East End, on the basis that the present British government is a Conservative one and therefore rotten to the core?"

While the rest of Britain is now daily doing bayonet practice on their gollywogs and eye-rolling Action Man dolls, it is disturbing to realise that there is one, at least, whose thoughts are otherwise occupied.

Let Strummer eat corned beef, I say; the great unwashed's admiration for the man will be superseded by a profound hatred and resentment if he does not.
Colonel Jack, Nomansland, Wiltshire.

I think Joe Strummer wishes he had been in Vietnam. If he had, he would wish he hadn't been.
Doug Rhodes, ex-patriate American, Liverpool 7.
Well, that little lot should cheer up Joe no end. — MS

In a bizarre parallel to the latest Strummer tantrum, John Weaver — singer and keyboard player of beat combo Fire Hydrant Men (featuring The Fezettes) — went missing last week. Some reports say he has been sighted in Brighton, some say Hove. His manager, Frank Key, has this to say: "Me and my co-manager, David 'Ken' Roberts, don't take the hard line Bernie Rhodes "he'll get a bollocking" attitude. We feel that John is crying out for understanding. When he gets back, we'll make him a nice cup of tea and sit him down in a comfortable armchair."
David Roberts, the Fire Hydrant Men office, Norwich.

Re: the 'Combat Rock' LP review.

Did Neil Spencer hire X. Moore on a bet?
Sgt Preston of the Yukon.
Yes. How do you think it's working out? — MS

THE BIG KISS OFF

Sorry to say that I can't take Ian Penman's advice to go and fight down in the Falklands. I am a masochist, you see, not a sadist — maybe that's why I enjoy Ian's pieces so much. Ha! It's the way I tell 'em.
John Connolly, New Barnet.

Does Ian Penman by any chance write Johnny Carson's monologues? Because I don't understand them either.
Jaz Patel, Birmingham.
This one was the last straw for our own wee chap. Now Ian has joined Paul in the corner, sobbing his heart out. — M.S.

Argentina, Royal Baby, World Cup, Pope in Britain, second space shuttle, South African Test cricket, Arthur Lowe, Alex Harvey, Chariots Of Fire, Channel 4, The Famous Five!

Qu'est ce qui se passe!?
Tom Tom, Cardiff.
Not a lot, by all accounts. But just wait till next week! — MS

Blotting readers' copybooks: Sgt. Monty Smith

(Right: Sgt. Smith at home on leave with his 'friend' Melanie)

"Jolly good show! Jolly, jolly good show! One is so awfully, terribly pleased to meet one, isn't one, doesn't one think?"
"Er, well, yeah, s'pose so," replies Prince Charles — clearly overawed at the thrill of meeting Status Quo at their 20th anniversary gig in Birmingham, headbanging capital of the world.
For the lads, it was just another day, another date. But for one lucky fan, it had certainly been a night to remember!

t-zers

OK TEAM? Fit and well, I hope. Shall we start with the *T-Zers/Gasbag* war again or have you had enough of that one? Really? OK then team, whatever you say. What about a recap then on some of the Great Flop Wars of History. Like the obscure Japo-Welsh flare-up of 1833 in which the massed Welsh ranks were halfway through Greece when their commander-in-chief lost the atlas and they all had to go home without a shot being fired. Allegedly, a crack Jap legion still awaits the Taffy's to this day — The Emperor's First Short-Sighted Horse & Bamboo Field Reserves, in fact — and even now most Tokyo hotels will give any guest surnamed **Jones, Evans** or **Cartwright** a room with inadequate towelling facilities. Will Nippon Never Surrender! *(Cartwright? — Ed).*

Great weather eh? (Enter **Ken Dodd**) Dodd: 'By Jove! What a wonderful day, what a wonderful day missus, for sticking a cucumber through your neighbour's letter-box and shouting, "The Martians are coming, **Ethel!**" '. Right then. Let's dip the hand deep into the sack full o'press cuttings and see what the world's being saying about us rock and rolling crazies this headbanging week. *(See me after the meeting — Ed). . .*

London's pace-setting journalists got an old-fashioned launch to be vulgar courtesy of the ailing giant Motown company last week. The disgusting bash was held at smelly London Zoo, in foul pea-green Regents Park, to celebrate the 'release' of **Stevie Wonder**'s new double album full of creaky old material with the odd 'new' titbit tossed in to entice the dithering punter. Oh, but nobody minded what was getting released — the cry was 'Give us food and drink. We don't wish to pay for any of it. We want it free and lots of it thanks.' And Motown said OK team. Firstly everyone was assembled in the dank, dark Aquarium where no music was allowed because it upsets the silent fish! *T-Zers* spotted Wonder himself hiding beneath a clam shell, giggling. All around there were blonde models done up as mermaids. We swear! Later everyone was herded across to a hall where the tarpaulin was pulled off a huge vat of baked beans garnished with two dead horses and we all waded in and began sucking up the food. Above, massive soup tureens filled with cheap wine were upturned over us and we had to catch it in our mouths. Then it was back to the beans and horsemeat! Stevie never actually showed but he was due to 'link-up' on video. This never happened because a valve went wrong or something. At the end, we all climbed out of the pit — well-sated by our beany feast — and were given a free LP — *two* copies if we wanted it! If YOU would like a job as a rock journalist — you can't — there's no room. Get your own racket. . .

Vic Godard — who's allowed a baked bean or two in his dreary time — is currently trying to arrange a rocking Pro-Am Golf tournament. Anyone who might interest the old swinger should ring 491 4600 and heckle the answering machine. . .

ADAM ANT reveals to the *Star* that he believes his **Prince Charming** phase may have been "a mistake". Ant blames the pressure of the pop business for dashing (ho!) into the ridiculous image. (You'll remember that for his 'Stand & Deliver' record, Ant — Christened some 38 years ago as **Herbert Whales** — appeared as an ape, a chicken, a dalmatian dog and then two scoops of pecan ice-cream in the award winning video. Only the chicken costume caught on with the kids. (That is, **Wally** and **Bernice Kids** of Mossop Road, Lancs. Close brackets again). Ant also thinks that his fans will not prove fickle. "I don't think one pop star necessarily gets passed over for another," he said whilst crossing every finger and toe, touching six cwt of mahogany, stroking the world's largest rabbit's foot and munching on raw heather. Mr Adam's baldness is reported to be making large advances all along enemy hairlines. . .

Great stuff! The lofty esteem in which these here US jazzers hold their new roles as groovy pop/funk commercial artists was subtly pinpointed by **Herbie** 'The Lad Himself' **Hancock** in an interview on Capital Radio. When informed by toothy DJ **Greg** 'King' **Edwards** that **Donal Byrd** was happy that Herbie had surpassed all Byrd's expectations of him, Herb replied, "Hey, that's kind of double-edged, ain't it? I mean, if that's so he can't have expected that much of me, can he?". The fugitive of East Cheam was supposedly 'pushing' his new LP at the time. Fact! Herbie Hancock laughs *exactly* the same as **Joe Stevens,** the *NME* smudge and full-time whippet sniffer. Fact! Nobody has ever, we mean *ever* seen both Hancock and Stevens in the *same* place at the *same* time. We put this to a clearly ruffled Hancock. "Aw come on," he snapped, "Joe's Joe and I'm me. Anyway he wears glasses." So do you. "What? Oh yeah well . . . I got a gold tooth just here see?" So has Joe! "I got brown eyes." Joe Stevens has brown eyes. Hancock swallowed. "I'm a 40-year-old black man." Stevens is a 90-year-old white drunk. "OK, you got me. We're the same guy. But we figure a guy has to have two gigs in order to pull down any real bread these days, right?". . .

PAPAL Bull: If the rocking **Pope** blows out his forthcoming UK tour then **Bert Weedon** may throw his grizzled old frame in the Thames. See, Mr 'Ever Been' Weedon was due to play as support before 72,000 people at Canterbury's Victoria Park. *(So he was 72,002nd on the bill then eh? — Ed).* Belt up. You may be aware that the Pope is talking of cancelling the tour because of the sudden disappearance of his partner, **Cardinal Hume.** "Wherever you are, Joe," said a distraught pontiff, "get in touch. Forget about the fiver — I don't even want it back". . .

The aftermath of the Capital — QPR football tournament sees a pale and wan **Jock MacDonald** nursing two broken legs — one of them his own. The spikey Pict was actually voted the competition's most outstanding player — or so he tells me (Phrase c. Super Soaraway **John Blake**). But who, who on earth, is **Flagface?**. . .

Meatloaf is ensured for £1½ million! That works out to less than .07 of a pence per pound or two bob a square inch, whichever the greater. . .

"I haven't seen girls in that state since The Bay City Rollers," mumbled a shell-shocked bouncer. Cause of all the Ballet-hoo? Hey-hey it's the Spandaus, beseiged by screaming scallies and scall-esses after their Liverpool Empire Concert. Yup, there are two of the artful posers in their somewhere.

Pic: David Johnson

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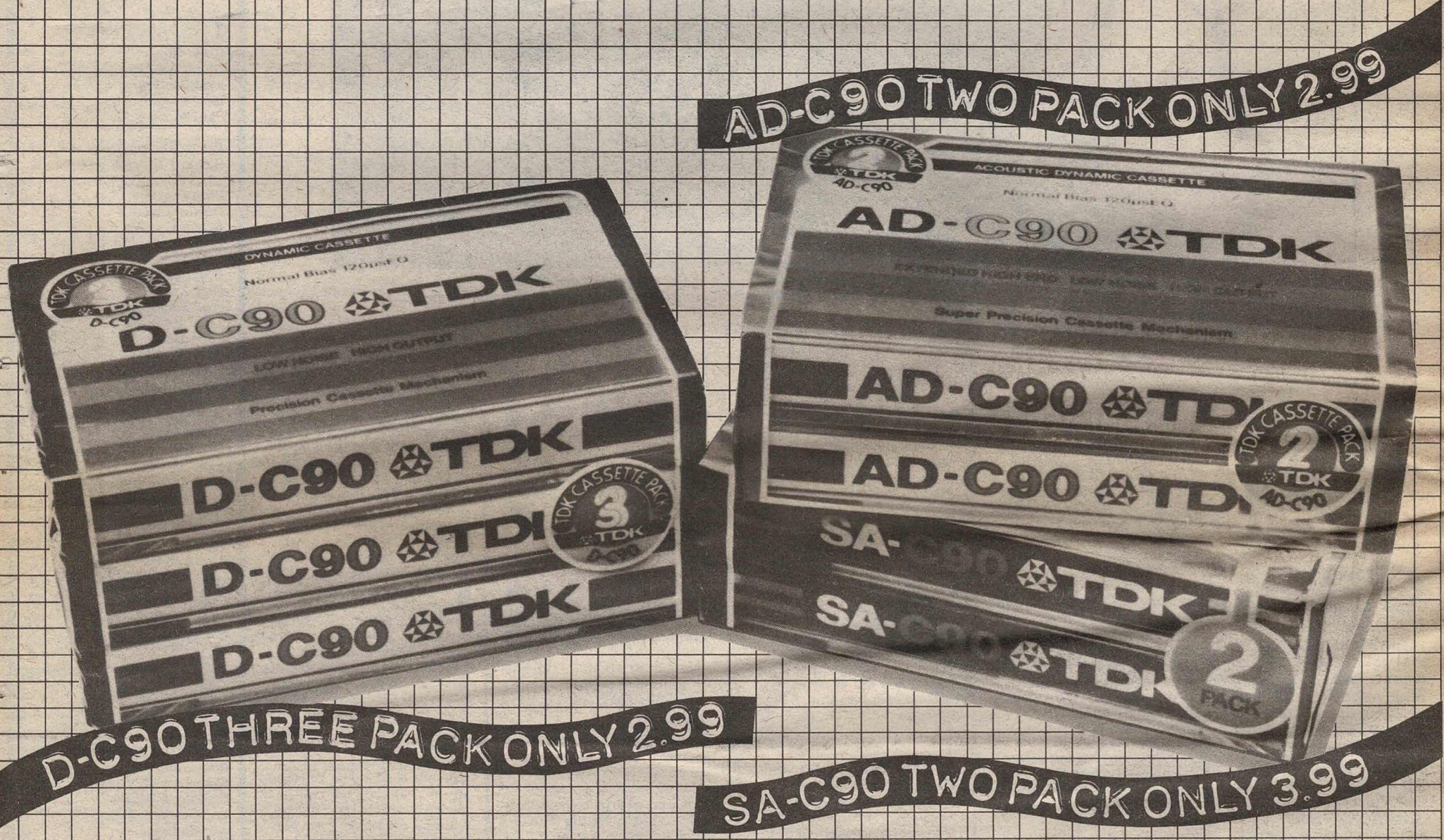

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